CHOICE

Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the

THEORBO-LUTE, or BASS-VIOL.

BEING

Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs, Sung at COURT,
And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by Several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others.

Newly Re-printed with large ADDITIONS.



LONDON.

Printed by William Godbid, and are Sold by John Playford near the Temple Church, 1676.

Goe lovely rose tell her yt wast her time and mee I her I resemble her to thee how fare and mee She shemes to been tell her to sufer her self to

CHOICE Ayres, hongs, & Dialogues To SING to the THEOREGIOTE, of AdstillOL. Most of the Newell Asset Seage, Cange a 6024 T. And as the Tallies Title ATRE Composed by Several Continuen of IIIs M. Gies Mussielt, and others. SHOPTICCA OFFICERS. Printed by Wallant Godbid, and are at by John Physical u the Thank Church : 6; 6.

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To the LOVERS of

MUSICK.

Gentlemen & Ladies ,

USICK is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to please all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections sometimes into a sober Composure, and other-times into an active Jollity. These Songs and Ayres are such as were lately Composed. and are very suitable and acceptable to the Genius of these Times. Many of the Words have been already Published, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Persons, who thought them as dead, unless they had the Airy Tunes to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impression of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to present you with this New Edition; wherein I have taken special care to Correct those Errors that before escaped in the Musick untaken notice of; and have likewise added several Stanga's of Verses to the Songs that then wanted them: as also now added above Forty new Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, never before Printed; Not doubting, but the Excellency of the whole Work, as it is now published, is such, as will be kindly received by all true and ingenious Lovers of Musick; which is the Endeavour of him, who is your

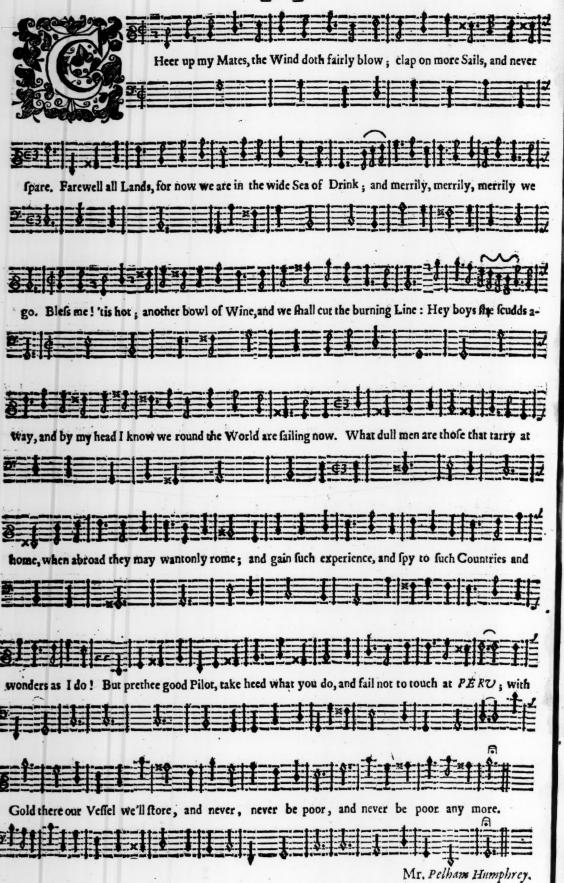
Most Hearty Servant?

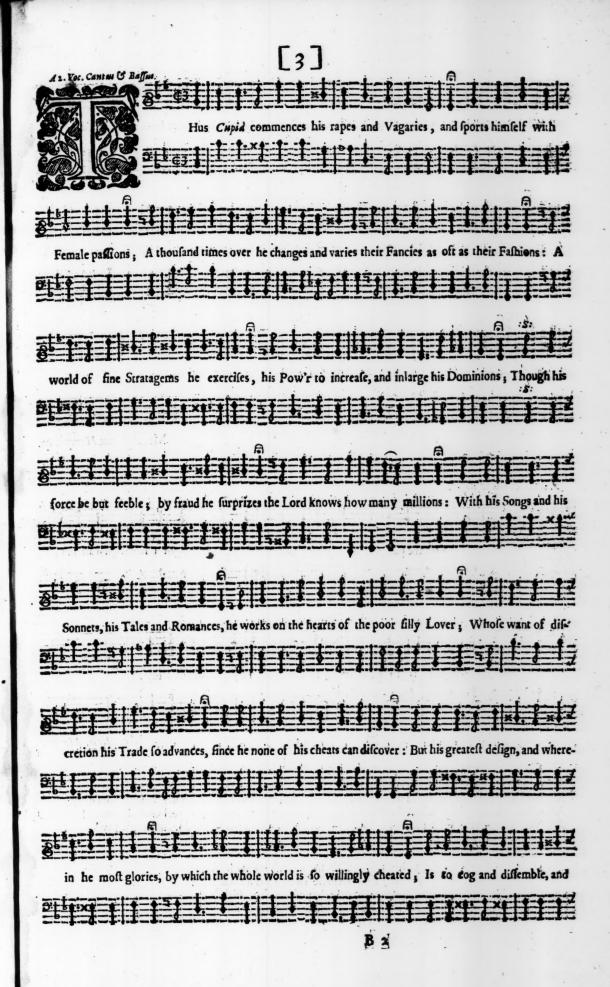
JOHN PLAYFORD.

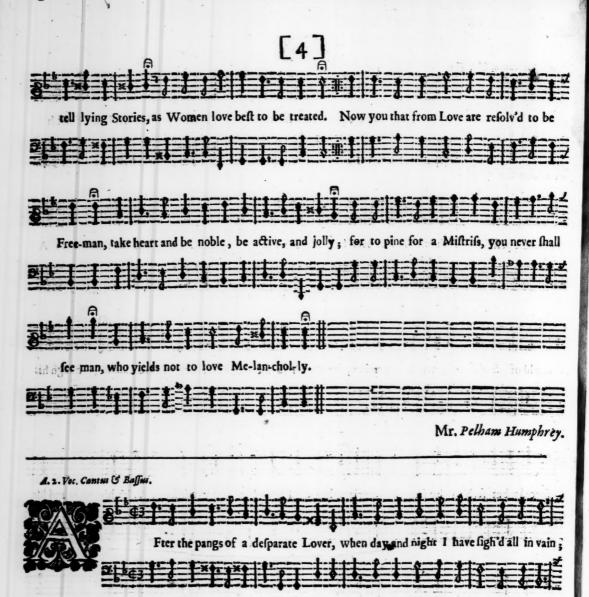
An Alphabetical Table of the Songs and Dialogues in this Book.

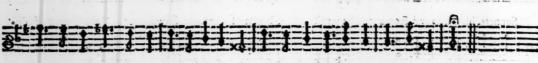
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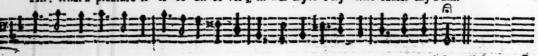








Ah! what a pleasure it is to dis-co-ver, in her Eyes Pity who causes my Pain.



Mr. Alph. Marsh.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is: And both have punish'd our selves with the pain; Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is! Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

II.

When the denyal comes fainter and fainter, And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny; Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture! Ah, what a trembling does usher my Joy!

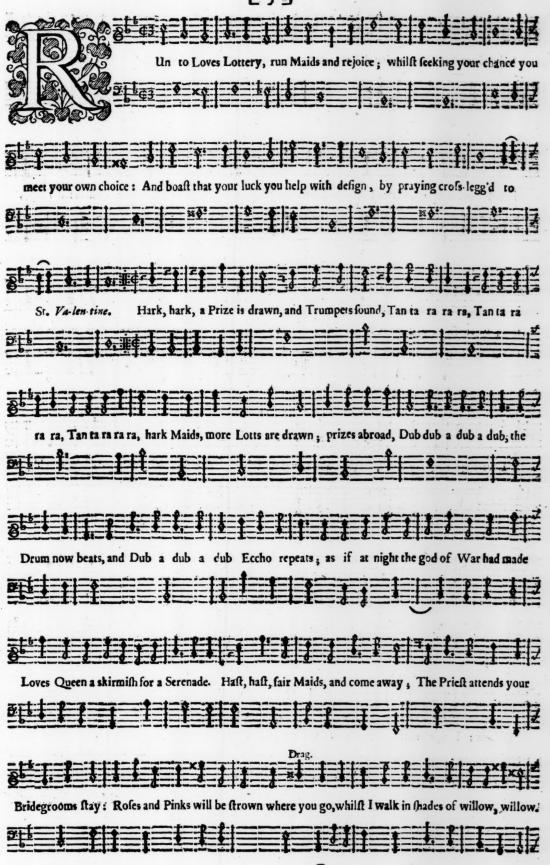
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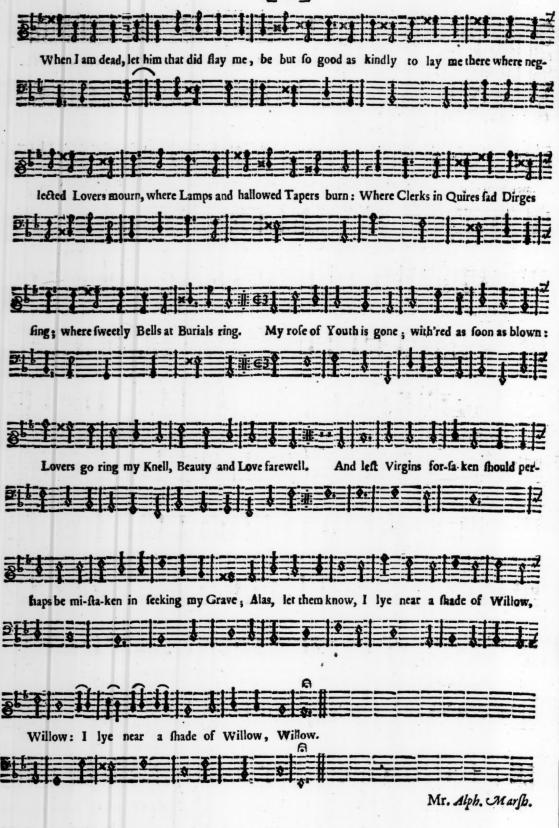
When with a Sigh, the accords me the bleffing, And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain: Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing! Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?

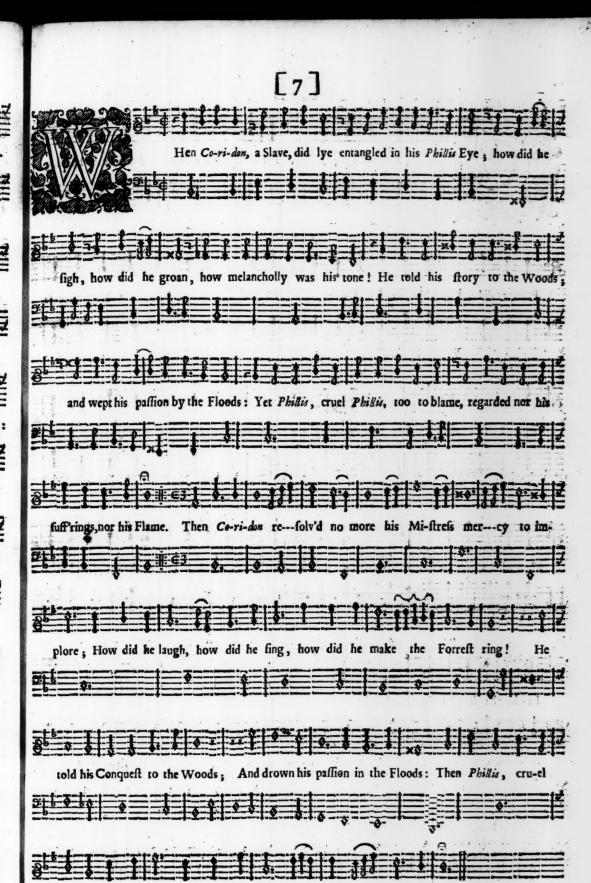
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Phillis, less severe, would have had him; but he would none of her.

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Mr. william Gregory ..

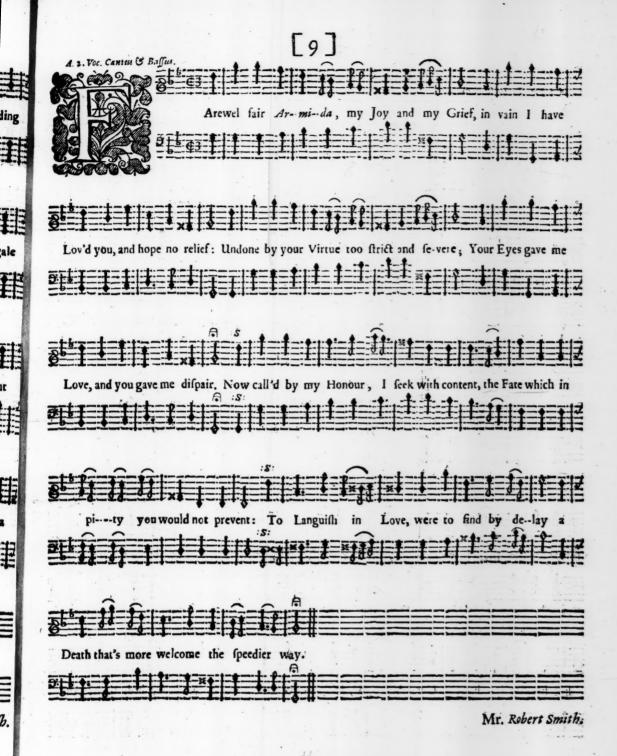


II.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while, His modesty curb'd his desire; But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile, And added new flames to his fire : Ah, Sylvia! faid he, you are cruel, To keep your poor Lover in awe; Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,

But was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha, ce.

111. I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear, And therefore I pitty'd his cafe; I whifper'd him foftly, there's no body near, And laid my Cheek close to his Face: But as we grew bolder and bolder, A Shepherd came by us and faw: And strait as our bliss, we began with a kils, He laught out with a Ha ha ha ha lia, &c.



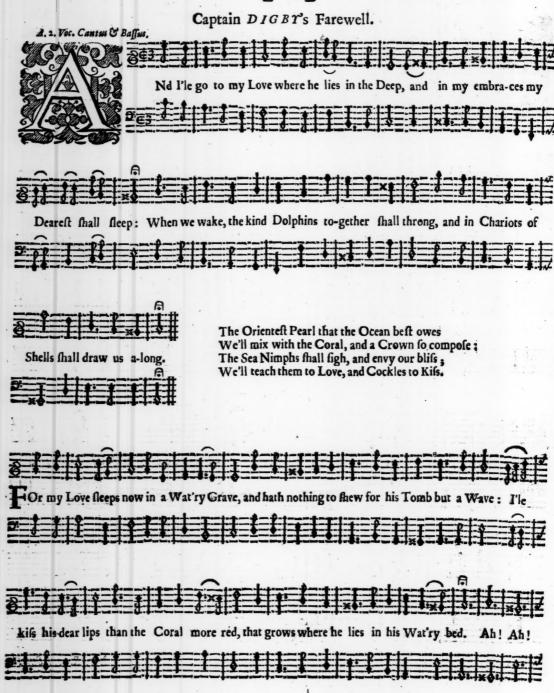
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On Seas and in Battles, 'mongst Bullets and Fire,'
The danger is less than in hopeless defire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,'
My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear.
But if the kind Floods on a Wave will convey, And under your Window my Body should lay: The Wound on my Breaft, when you happen to fee, You'l fay with a figh, it was given by me.

[10]



Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell, but a Triton's Shell to Ring, to Ring out his Knell.

Mr. Robert Smith.

8



- II. But each Shade and each confcious Bow'r, when I find Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind: When I fee the print left of her shape in the Green, And imagin the pleasure may yet come agen:

 Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joys above Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.
- III. While alone to my felf I repeat all her Charms;
 She I love may be lockt in another mans arms;
 She may laugh at my Cares, and so false she may be;
 To say all the kind things she before said to me:
 Oh then tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
 Like Loving, like Loving too well.
- IV. But when I confider the truth of her heart;
 Such an innocent Passion, so kind without Art;
 I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
 So full of true love to be Jealous of me:
 And then 'tis, and then 'tis I think no Joys above
 Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.





Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II. But thus, as I fat all alone In th' shady Mirtle Grove ; When to each gentle Sigh and Moan, Some neighb'ring Eccho gave a Groan, Came by the Man I lov'd: Oh, how I strove my Grief to hide! I Panted, Blush'd, and almost Dy'd, And did each tatling Eccho chide, For fear some breath of moving Air Should to his Ears my forrows bear.

And, oh ye Pow'rs! I'de dye to gain But one poor parting Kiss; And yet I'le fuffer wracks of pain, E're I'de one thought or wish retain That Honour thinks amis: Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd; By Love and Nature both abus'd, Our tender Hearts all ease refus'd: And when we burn with fecret flame; Most bear the grief, or dye with shame.



11.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry, The Partridge, Hare, the Phesant our Quarry; The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase, And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass:

And when we have done, &c.

111.

About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, &c.

IV.

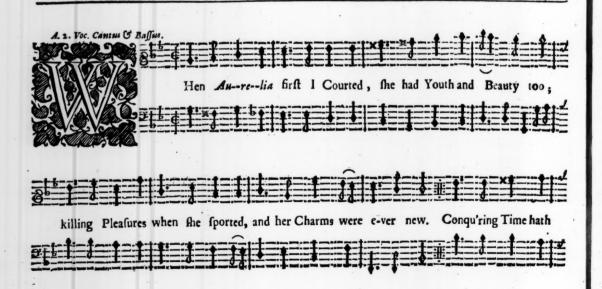
With our delicate Nimphs we kifs and we toy,
What others but dream of we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally fo long till we find
Their pretty Eyes fay their Hearts are grown kind.
And when we have done we laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

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Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



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Those Airy spirits which invited, Are return'd, and now no more; And her Eyes are now benighted; Which were Comets heretofore. Want of these abates her merits; Yet I have passion for her Name: Only kind and amorous Spirits, Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



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Mr. Robert Smith.

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II.

For happy Shepherd, well you know Your Flame does mine excell;

All generous Coridon doth know,

But none my Tale will tell:

Cloris, though true, must lose her name;

But Coridon will keep his fame:

For all will say, Cloris was false,

And went astray:

Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed;
I do believe you'll shed one Tear,
Though now you have decreed,
That Cloris true, must lose her Name,
For Coridon to keep his Fame.
For then you'll fay, Cloris was true,
And ne're did stray:
Cloris was true, and I deserve the shame.



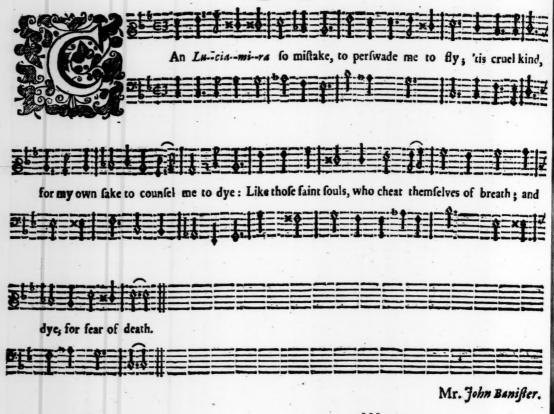
Sure Nature delign'd us a bleffeder state;
There's no other Creature but chuses a Mate:
And the Turtles in pairs, through an Amorous grove,
Do Love where they like, and enjoy where they Love.
What Tyrants are those who do seek to destroy
The liberty we do by Nature enjoy.

III.

Yet fince 'tis a bleffing the Gods have ordain'd,'
That our wills should be free, though our pow'r be restrain'd;
We'll Love while we live, for the constant at last
Do the perfectest Joys of Elizium tast:
O there, O there, we may Love out our fill,
When to Do and Enjoy is the same as to Will.

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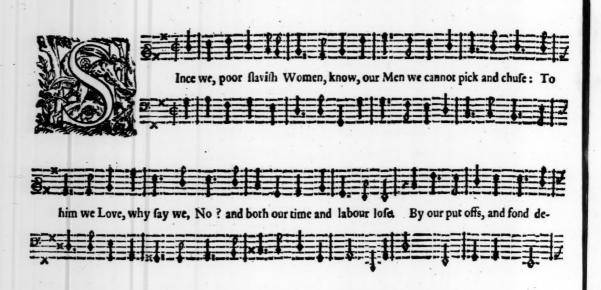
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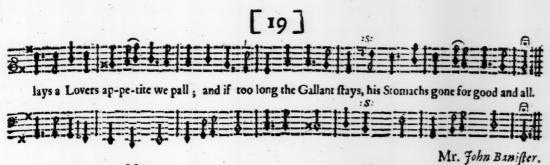


Since Love's the principle of Life,
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we Love by sense.

III.

If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies Love;
Had with respect, well understood
The Passions of the Blood:
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part;
And seated Love in th' Hears.

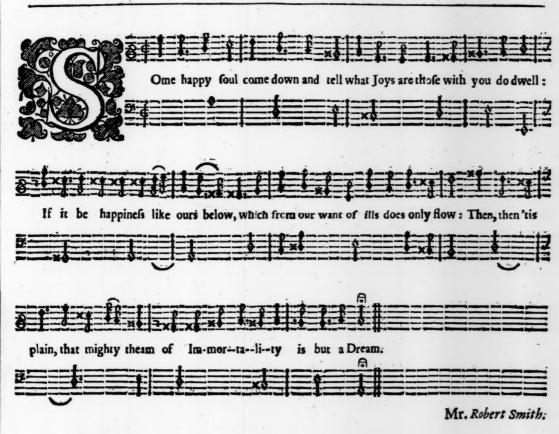




Or our impatient amorous Guest, Unknown to us, away may steal; And rather than stay for a feast, Take up with some course ready meal. When opertunity is kind, Let prudent Women be so too; And if the Man be to her mind,

Be fure the do not let him go.

The Match foon made, is happiest still;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off, when her Parents Woo:
And to the Sutor be not coy:
For the whom Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain?



II.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man:
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy,
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls selicitie.

Are your delights in what you see ?

Of wonderful varietie?

Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things;

Your Taste, or Smelling, to your fancy brings?

No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,

Eternity by gradual steps must go.

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Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

Both by our felves, and others tormented, Still in suspence betwirt Heaven and Hell: Ever desiring, and never contented; Either not Loving, or Loving to well. Parting we still are in each others pow'rs; Our Lov's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs: Its days are bitter, though sweet are its hours.

III.

Why should we Fate any longer importune, Since to each other unhappy we prove:
Like losing Gamesters, we tempt our ill Fortune;
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our reason bear sway;
But when we so pleasing a Passion destroy,
We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



There's none in the world madder than he;
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
I'le ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
For ferying in Love, a fantaffical God.
Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
Of curbing my Eye-fight, to preferve my Heart;
Where e're I encounter a Beautious face,
I'blefs my felf! turn aside, and mend my pace.

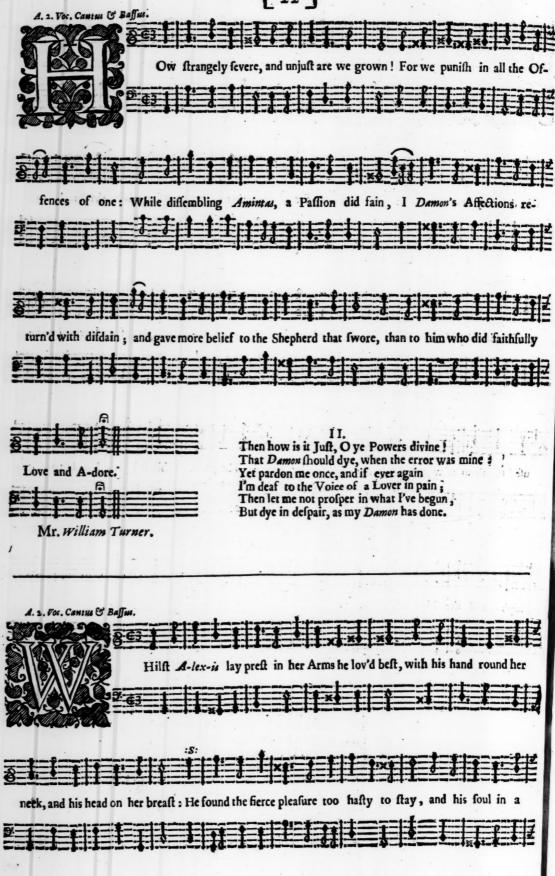
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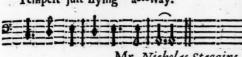


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Tempest just flying a---way.



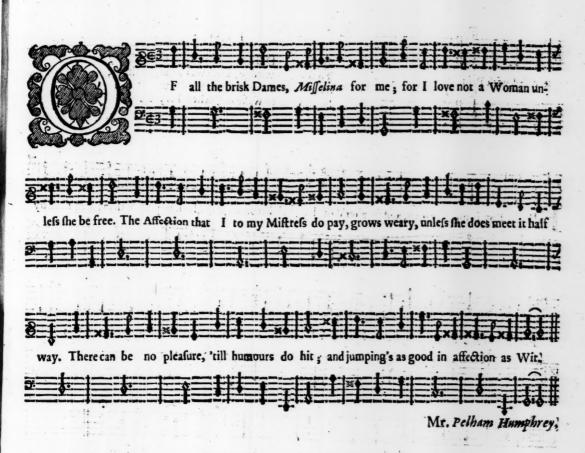
Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

III.

The Youth, though in haft, and breathing his last, In pity dy'd flowly, while fhe dy'd more fast, Till at length the cry'd, now, my Dear, now Let's go; Now dye, my Alexis, and I will dye too. 11.

When Celia faw this, with a Sigh and a Kifs; She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my blifs: 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done; To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

Thus imrane'd she did lye, while Alexis did try To recover new breath, that again he might dye: Then often they dy'd; but the more they did fo, The nymph dy'd more quick, and the shepherd more flow.



II.

No fooner I came, but the lik'd me as foon; No fooner I ask'd, but she granted my boon : And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture, She promis'd to meet me, where e're l'de appoint her. So we struck up a match, and embraced each other, Without the consent of Father or Mother.

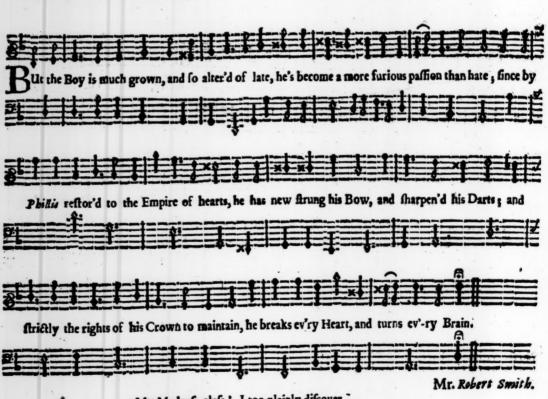
III.

Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy? Let her ends be the pleasures that we do enjoy : Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight, And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night. I believe my Selina, who shews they'r all mad To feed on dry Bones, when Flesh may be had.

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My Madness, alass! I too plainly discover;
For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit:
The Joys of Hide-park, and the Mak's dear delight,
To be Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.

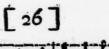


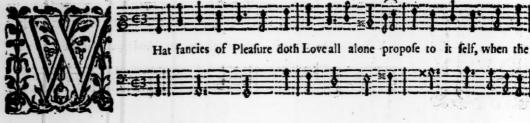
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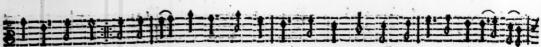
I Lov'd with a Zeal and Paffion fo firong;
Forgot she was woman, and could not love long:
I never consider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts:
At length I discover'd, and plainly I knew
My Phillis was sickle, and could not be true.

III.

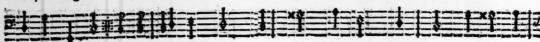
I curst my hard fate that kindled my flatte;
I oftner my self than my Phillis did blame:
Yet I bore such respect unto her, that I thought
Want of merit in me, this humour had wrought.
And then I resolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.







Object is gone. But, a-lass! how vain is the strength of that Joy, which a word or a frown, has





For though the first venture prove calm in her Eyes, In the second access a storm may arise:

Then with sighs and with grief are those spirits display'd,
Who to cherish dispair have given their aid.

Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindness pursue, Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue: They're either possess with the thoughts of dispair, Or esses lay on Love a continual care.

Then since we're endu'd with so gentle a Soul,
That every small signat our heart may controle;
'Twere a sign of Loves pity, our care to restrain,
By making us free-men, without so much pain.

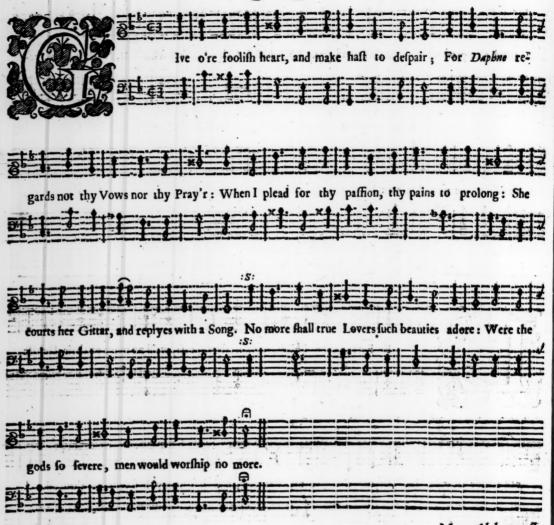


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But if the prove Virtuous, Obliging and Kind, Perhaps l'le vouchsafe to love her : But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find, I'de have her to know I'm above her. For at length I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone; To Love, if I please, or to let it alone.

7



Mr. Alph Marsh.

TON!

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II.

No more will I wait, like a Slave at your Door,
I'le spend the cold Night at your Window no more:
My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'le exhale,
Since your Pride is to make me grow sullen and pale.
No more shall Amintas your pity implore,
Were the gods so ingrate, men would worship no more.

III.

No more shall your frowns, or free humour perswade To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made: When your faint's so neglected, your follies give o're, Your Deity's lost, and your beauties no more. No more shall true Lovers such Beauties adore, Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

IV

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain, When flatter'd with hope, or oppress with distain: No sooner my Daphne's bright eyes I review, But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.

No more, fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more; Did the gods seem so fair, men would ever adore.



When Phillis I fee, my Heart burns in my Breaft,
And the Love I would fiftle is shown:
But affeep or awake, I am never at reft.
When from mine Eyes Phillis is gone.
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my fad mind;
But alass! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
Then I sight to my felf all asone!
Then I sight to my felf all asone!

Should a King be my rival in her I adore;
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O let me done to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phillis again.
Let Phillis be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart with her be confined;
And envy no Monarch his reign:
And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas! I discover too much of my Love;
And she too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Marryrdom prove;
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let hereach minutesorment my poor mind,
Thad rather love Phillis, both false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r.

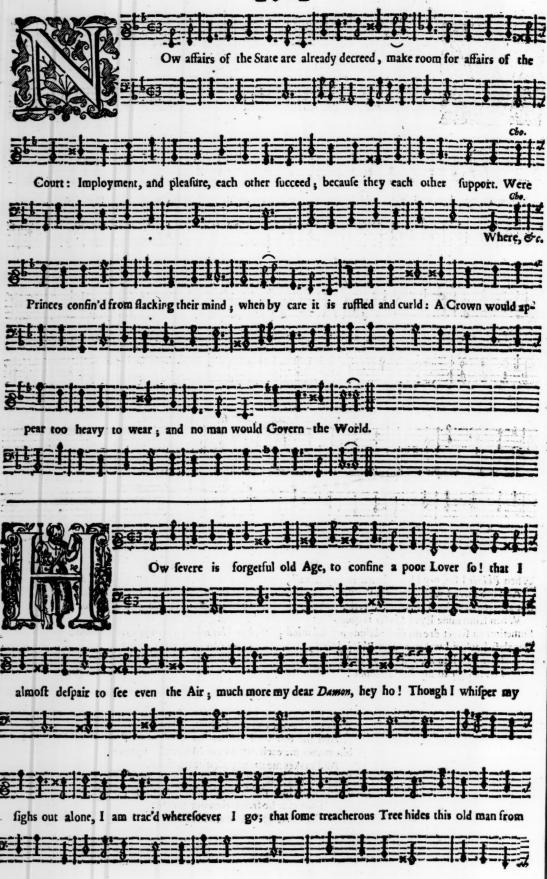
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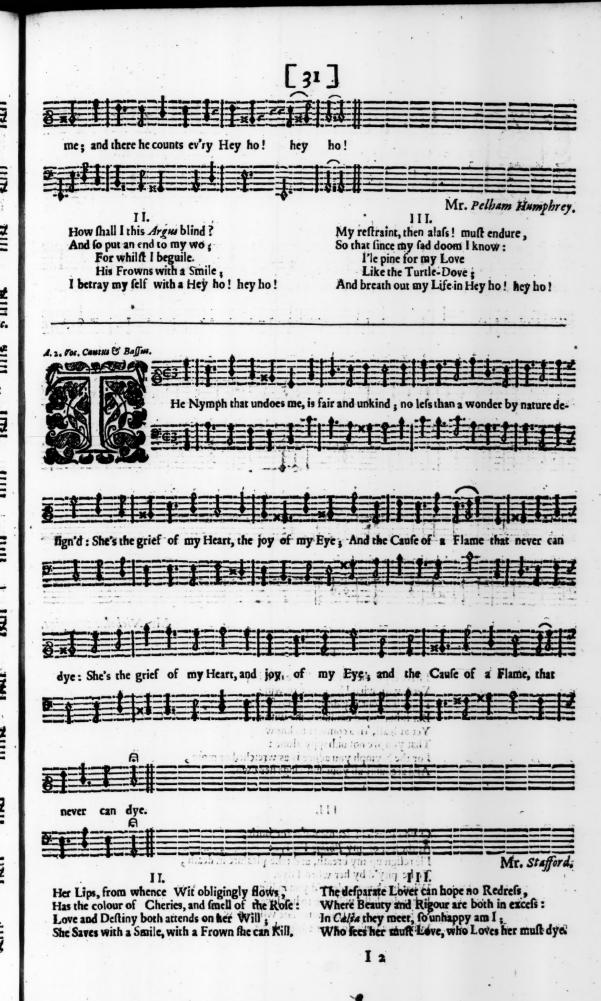
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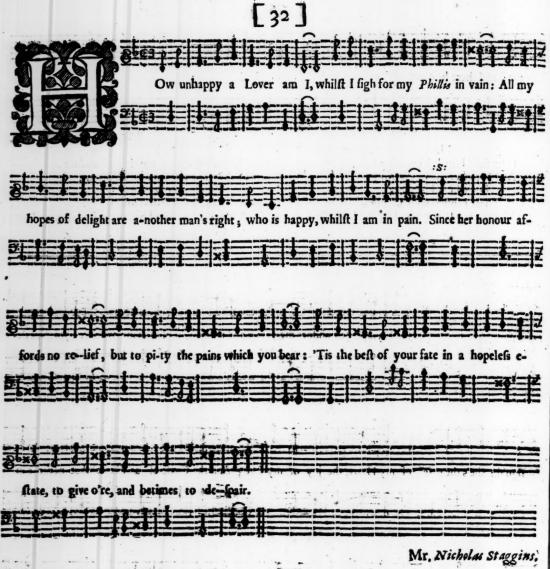
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I have try'd the falle Medicine in vain;
Yet I with what I hope not to win:
From without my defire has no food to its fire;
But it burns and confumes me within.
Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more;
And accounts all your suff rings her own.

HI.

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18.7

O you Pow'rs ! let me fuffer for both;
At the feet of my Philie I'le lye:
I'le relign up my breath, and take pleasure in death;
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life;
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a stame as is true, after fate will renew;
When she souls do meet closer above.



II.

Fair Nymph, did you feel
But those Passions I bear.

My Love you would never suspect:
An Heart made of steel
Sure must needs love the fair,
And what we love cannot neglect.

Woman.
Then fince we Love both,
Let us both be agreed;

Man.
And seal both our Loves with a Kiss:

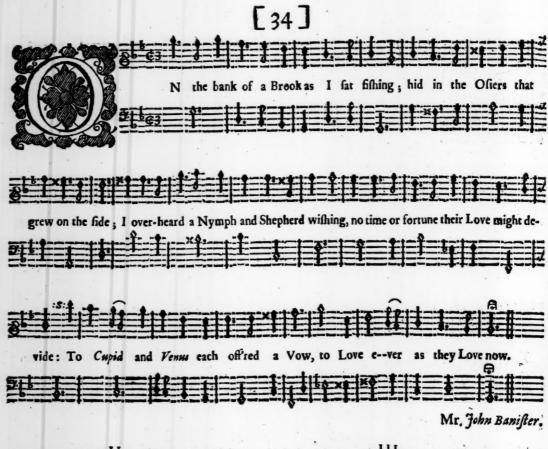
Woman.

From breaking our Oath
We shall both then be freed;

Man.
And Princes will envy our bliss.

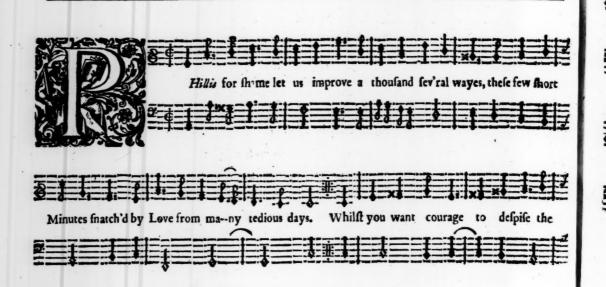
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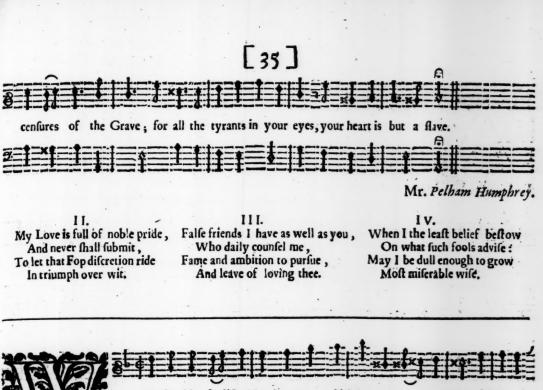


Oh! faid the Shepherd, and figh'd, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret kept like Fairy Treasure,
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealousie if it should stay,
will too soon, alas! make it decay.

Then let us leave the world, and care behind us;
Said the Nymph finiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none thall find us;
In some far desart we'll seek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealousie free;
And a world to each other we'll be,



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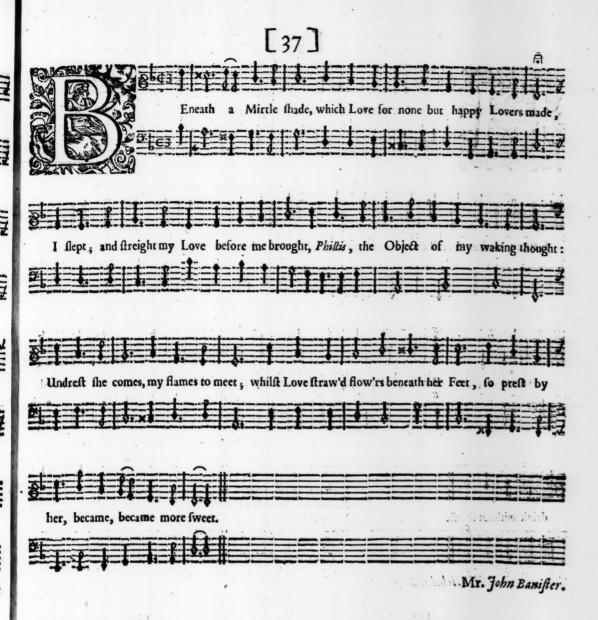
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

At last the broke out, Wretched, the faid,
Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid,
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which, alas, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave fighing, and crying and call,
For a little of that, Gc.

III.

At first when I saw a Young man in the place;
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face;
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're;
My breath never popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all
For a little of that, &c.

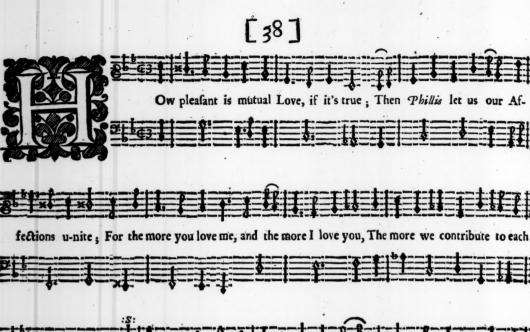


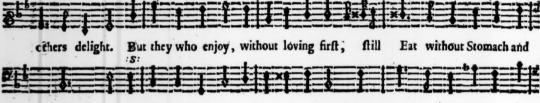
From the bright Visions head,
A careless vail of Lawn was loofly spread;
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with defire.

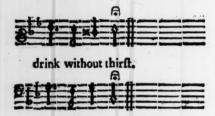
IV.
No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid:
Faintly she spoke, me-thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd;
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.

Ah, charming Fair, faid I,
How long can you my blifs and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffring Lovers made.
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot Blush, because I cannot fee.

I wak't, and straight I knew
I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Mistriss of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain,
'Assec, or waking, you must ease my pain.

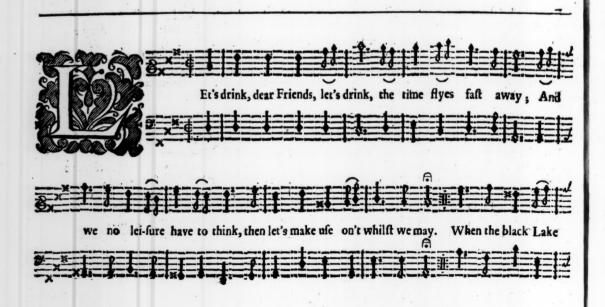






My. Nicholas Staggins.

Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty;
Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him:
He ne're tasts the sweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudges, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are wrapt with delights, and still ravish'd with pleasure.



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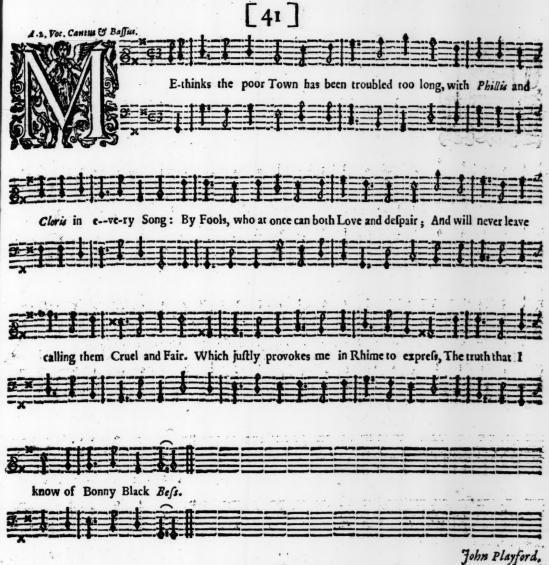


Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor, We'll have nothing to do with Phylician or Vicar: We'll round with our Bowls, 'till our Passing-bell Touls, And trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

or Graces.

Mr. Robert Smith.

Muses



THE II.

This Best of my Heart, this Best of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Wast,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

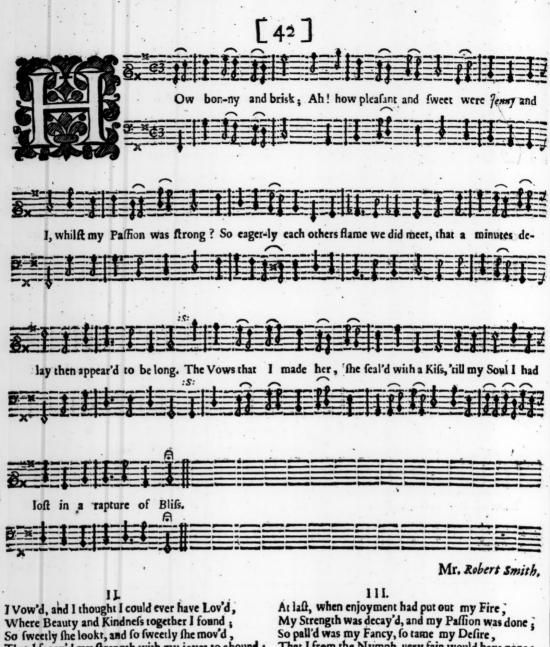
111.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:
All Hearts sall a leaping where-ever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.

IV.

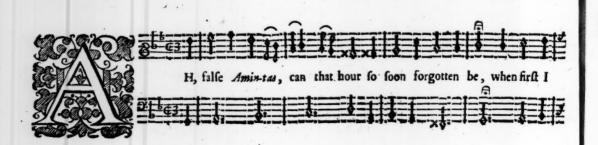
But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms, She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms; And to every Beauty can add a new grace, Having learn'd how to lispe, and trip in her pace: And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye, To Kill us with looking as if she would dye.

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That I fancy'd my strength with my joyes to abound :
For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite, By finding out ever new ways to delight.

At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done;
So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my Desire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone:
Ah, Jenny! said I, we adore thee in vain; For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.





II.

I had not one Reserve in store;
But at thy seet I lay'd
Those Arms that conquer'd heretosore,
Though now thy Trophies made:
Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.



Fair Phillis, with a blushing Air, Hearing these words, became more Fair, Away, said he, you need not take Fresh Beauty, you more fair to make.

Then with a winning smile and look, His candid flatteries the took:
O stay, said he, 'ris done I vow,'
Thersis is Captivated now.

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II.
It is my Will which chuseth you;
Though Tyrant, yet, if I'le obey;
Obedience is truly due
To whom I give my felf away.

IV.
The Worlds dimensions are wide;

My mind not Heaven can confine: That outward worship is bely'd, Who inward bows to others shrine.

Thus fettered, I freely Love;
My choice doth make the conquest shine;
And 'twill thy power best improve,
That to thy Subject thou incline.

I may be born under a Throne;
A flave, or free, without my Voice;
But Loving, and Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice.
V.
Force may be called Victory;

Yet only those are overcome,

Who yield unto an Enemy,

That is their certain fate and doom,

VII.

Who wifely Rules, deferves Command;
Then keep thee Loyal next thy Heart;
Elective Monarchs cannot fland,
Nor Loves, without an equal dart.



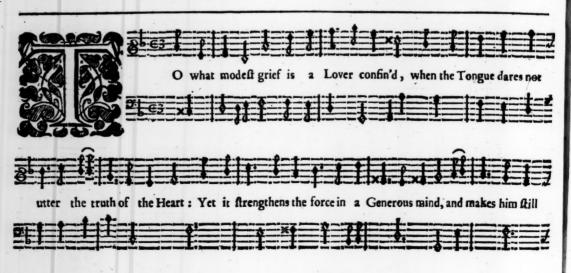
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John Playford;



The effect of a smile in a vein of discourse, 'Twixt sear and good will, out to make a Divorse: Such Items deserves to be well understood, Like a Vizardess, that peeps under her Hood. Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her, She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.

I knew not, alas! the Intrigue of her Art;
I thought the design'd to make sport with my Heart:
It panted with sear, and leapt so with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy:
But since, I'm resolv'd, e're I prove such a fot,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the spot.



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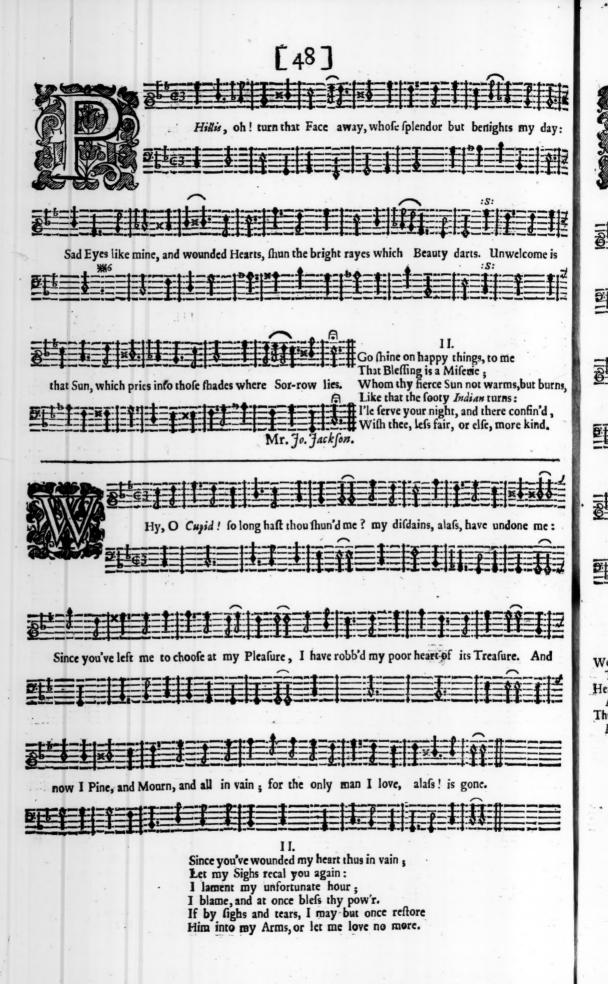
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II. We'll banish the stratagems us'd by the State, To keep the poor Lover in awe; Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate, And desire shall be to them Law: Thus they being free from Padlock and Key, May with their Reformers withdraw.

III. Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of And practice that Lecture over; Till we the fond scruple of honour remove, And the end of our Passion discover. No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain; For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV. Away with all things that found like to Laws, In this our New Reformation; Let the Formalist prate the Good old Cause; 'Tis a general Tolleration: From this time we're free from Vile Herefie, And a Vizard Excommunication. 3 11 ave

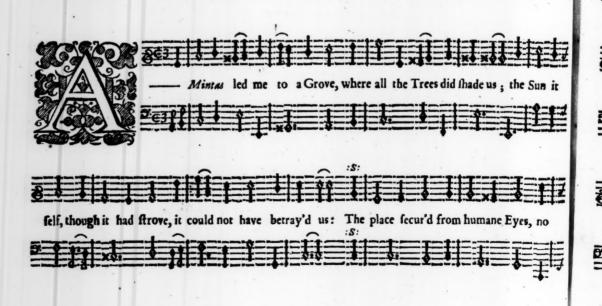
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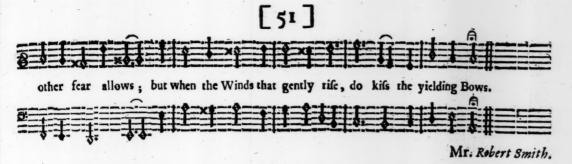


II.
Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my felf my own defire:
But let day fly away, and bid night hast her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But when to blifs we move, let them fly faster.

How fweet is it to Love, when I discover
Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
(Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
If that this night he be
False, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm forsaken.

Mr. Robert Smith.





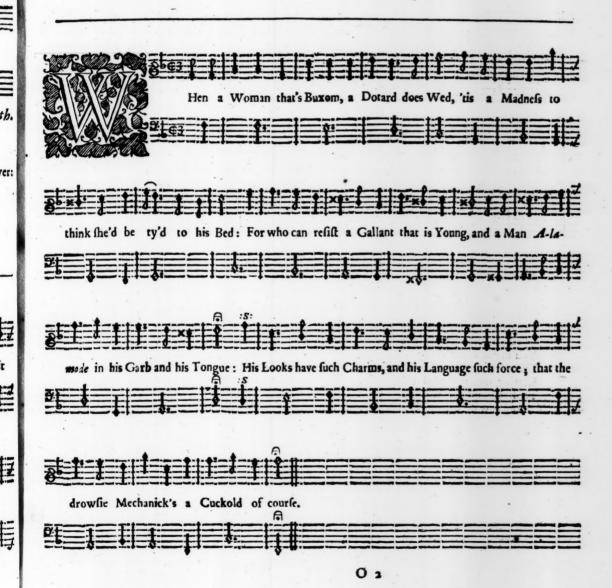
II.

Down there we fat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day:
A-many Kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same;
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name!

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Ill.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell his Amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail:
He did but Kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts exprest;
And laid me softly on the ground:
Oh, who can guess the rest.







Mr. John Banister.

Her poor Heart had no desence; But its Maiden innocence; In each sweet retyring eye You might easily decry Troops of yielding beauties fly; Leaving rare ungarded treasure To the Conquerors will and pleasure.

And now the cryes, Oc.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baffus.

Now and then a straggling frown, (Through the shade slips up and down) Shooting such a piercing dart, As would make the Tyrant fmart, And preserve her Lips and Heart; But, alass, her Empires gone, Throne, and Temples, all undone. And now she cryes, &c.

Charm aloft, those fromy Winds, That may keep these Golden Mines; And let Spaniards Love be tore On some cruel Rocky shore, Where he'll put forth to Sea no more: Least poor conquered Beauty cry, Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye! And then, there is no pow'r above Can fave me from this Tyrant Love.





Mr. John Banister.

II. A show'r of Tears his Eyes let fall, Which in the River made impress; Then Sigh'd, and Sylvia false would call, O cruel, faithless Shepherdess! Is Love, with you, become a Criminal?

Ah! lay afide this needless fcorn, Allow your poor Admirer some return: Consider how I burn, I burn : Consider, &c.

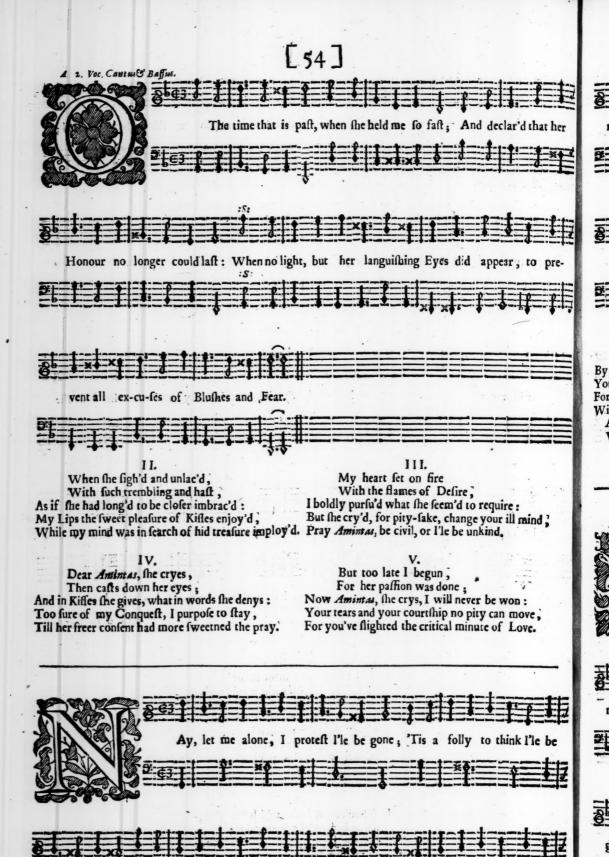
Those Smiles and Kisses which you give, Remember, Sylvia, are my due; And all the Joys my Rival does receive, He ravishes from me, not you: Ah! Sylvia, can I live, and this believe, Infentible are taught to fee My Languishments, and seems to pity me; Which I demand of thee, of thee: Which I demand, &c.

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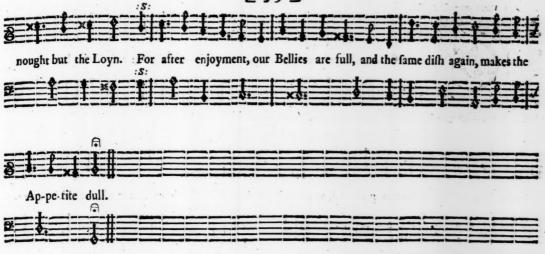
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subject to one: Never hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of Oxford, on





Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

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By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start, You endeavour in vein, to inveagle my Heart; For the pretty diffuife of your languishing Eyes, Will never prevail with my Sinews to rife:

And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,'
When a Lover has Din'd, to perswade him to Eat.

111.

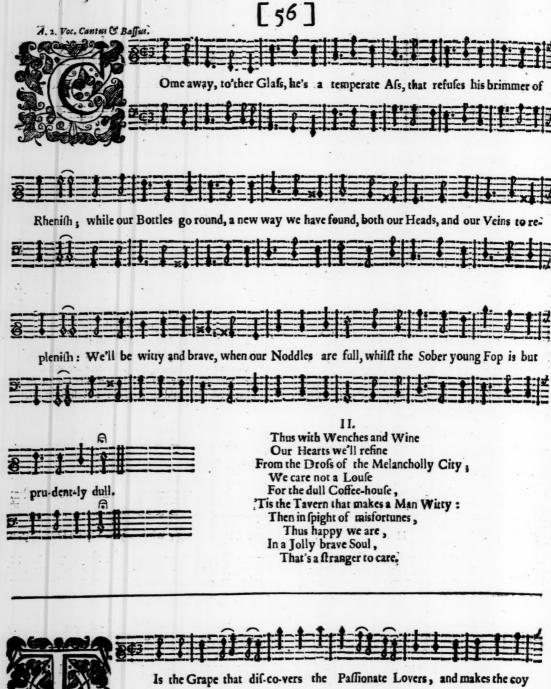
Then, Betty, the Jest is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleasures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever are void.
And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bit.

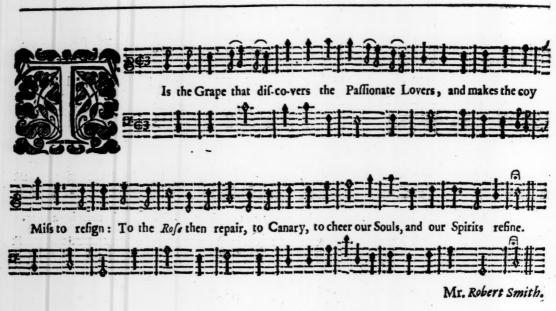


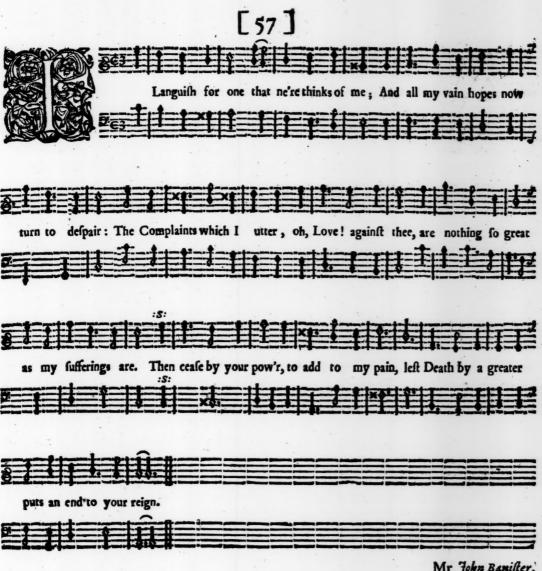
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Mr. John Banister.

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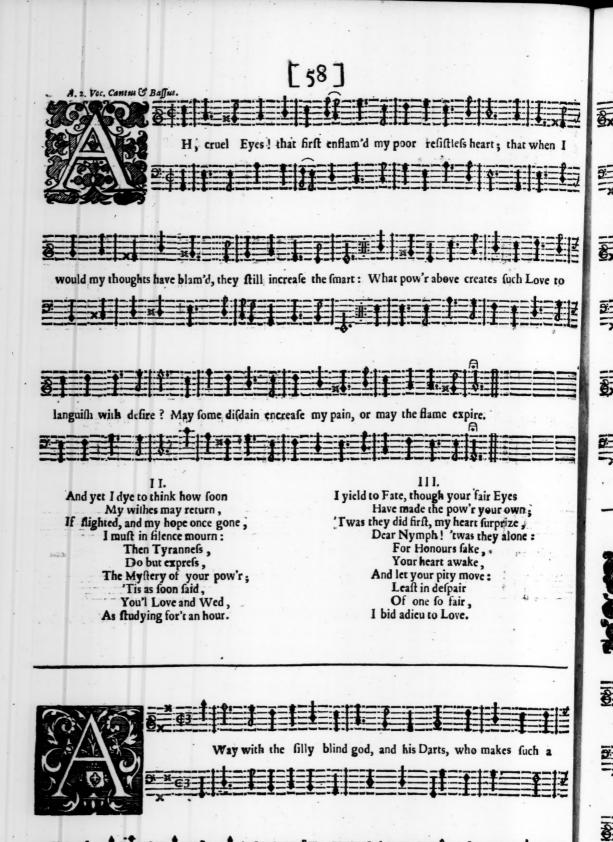
My Sighs and my Tears fo privately I Do give to a Passion, I ne're will impart; That though I am vanquish'd, and conquer'd dye,
No one can e're say, that I first lost my Heart:
Since the torments I feel, I will not discover, It ne're shall be faid, There dyes a poor Lover.

III.

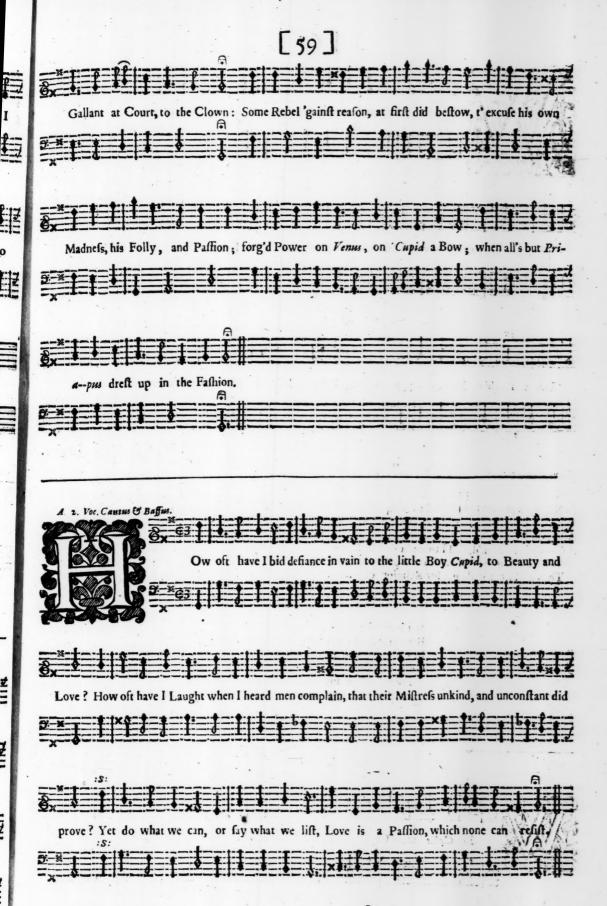
How strangely severe is fate, since I find
That with all my resistance, I cannot get free
From a slavery, by which I see I'm design'd,
My dearest Philander, thy Martyr to be: O fate! so unkind, to make me efteem My death to be welcome, cause given by thee.

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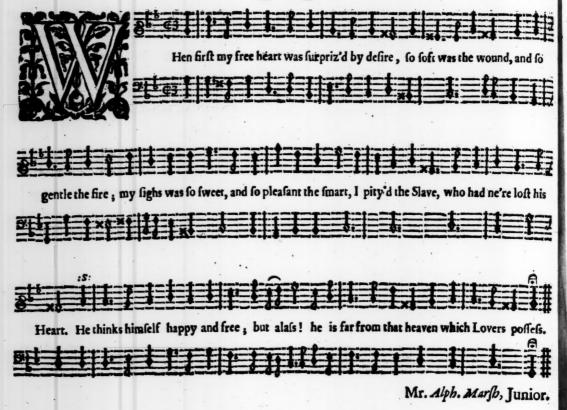


buftle, and noise in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Heart; from the proud



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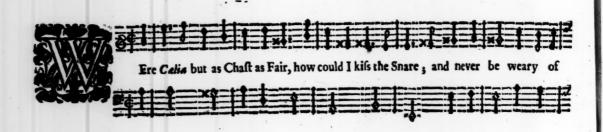


II.

In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of Phillie, I thought her fo fair:
A Wit fo divine all her fayings did fill;
A Goddefs she seem'd, and I thought on her still:
With a zeal more enslam'd, and a passion more true
Than a Marsyr in states for Religion, can shew.

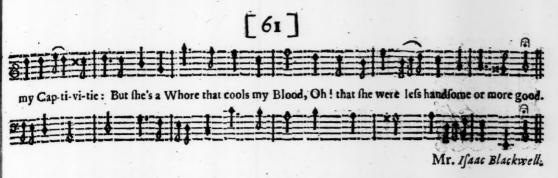
More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or gods e're delign'd:
She feem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye,
If Mortals may aim at a bleffing so high.
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give:
But, alass! what we wish, we too soon do believe.

With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But sear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd;
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, sell on, and enjoy'd.
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.



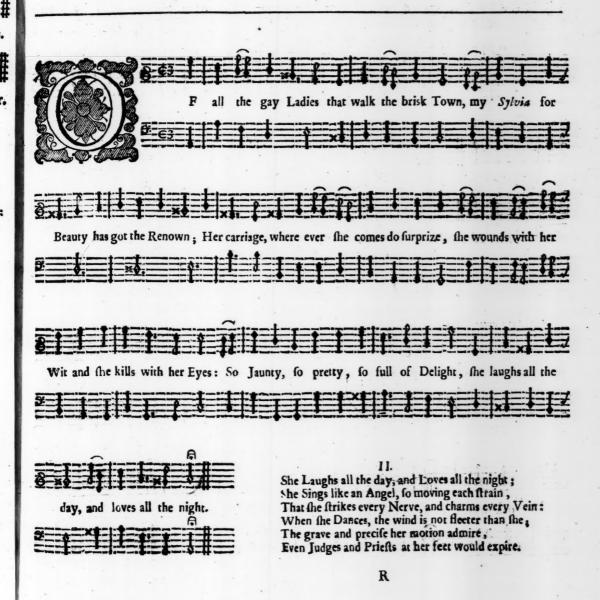
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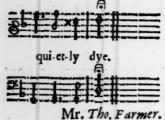
Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that Breast;
Or that those Eyes,
Which look like Friends, are only spies:

Or that those Eyes, Which look like Friends, are only spies: But she's a Whore; yet sure I lye; May there not be, degrees of Chastity? No, no, what means that wanton Smile,
But only to beguile;
Thus did the first
Of Women, make all Men accurst:
I, for their sakes, give Women o're;
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

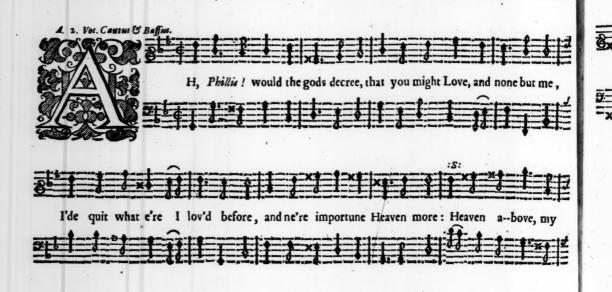








I've lov'd you so long, that if now you delay, You'l owe me so much as you never can pay.



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II.

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ore

Ah! should my Phillis cruel prove, And with distain receive my Love; Though all my hopes were then in vain, I'de look on you, and hope again; And Martyr-like, charm'd with your cause, Glory to suffer by your laws. III.

Though some by chance procure their peace, My Love before my Life shall cease, My Love's Immortal as my soul, Which sate by death cannot controul: Should you affect to cross my love, My death my constancy should prove.



11.

The force of Love, who can withstand; It is in vain to countermand, What envious Cupid has decreed; Then my poor heart must ever bleed, 'Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd, My Passion having once approv'd, Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

HI.

It would be gallantry in Love,
If Calia would the act approve;
Where she so long has caus'd a smart,
There to bestow, at length, her heart.
In doing this, fair Saint, you may
From your blest name, derive a day,
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

R 2



11.

If, while you are Fair, you resolve to be coy, You may hourly repent, as you hourly destroy, Yet none will believe you, protest what you will, That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill. And where are our hopes, when we zealously wooe, If you yow to abhor what you constantly doe.

III.

Then, Cloris, be kinder, and tell me my fate, For the worst I can suffer's to dye by your hate: If this you design, never fancy in vain By your Sighs and your tears, to recal me again: Nor weep at my Grave, for, I swear, if you do, As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.



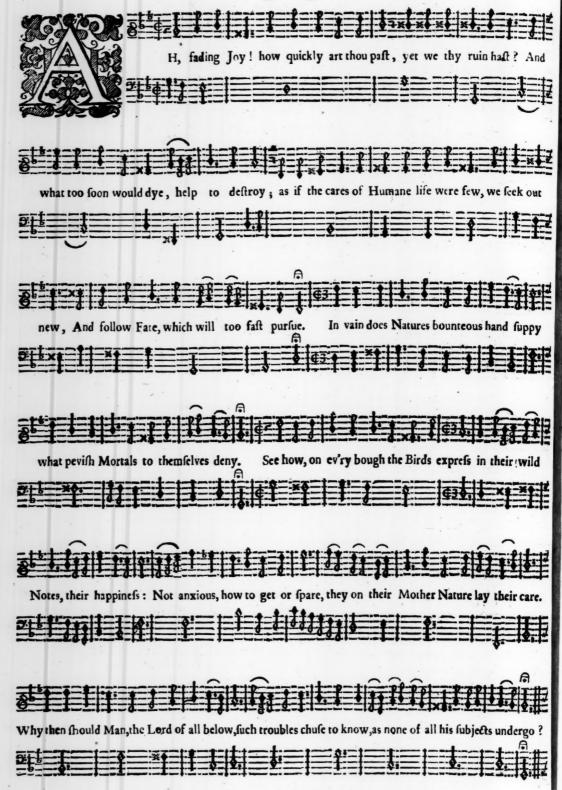
A general defire to please,
Dwells in all Humane kind;
Such, I am sure, would you confess,
In your own Heart you find:
And if the light of others Eyes,
To follow, I appear,
Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
More worthy I may bear.

III.

Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains,
I nothing from it take;
But only of your glorious Chains,
My felf more worthy make:
Then is this tear of yours but vain,
You cannot be betray'd;
What ever Trophies I can gain,
Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

Let other Beauties apprehend
To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms, that may pretend
To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
Of Love may well endure;
Since only yours my heart, you know,
In your own Eyes secure.



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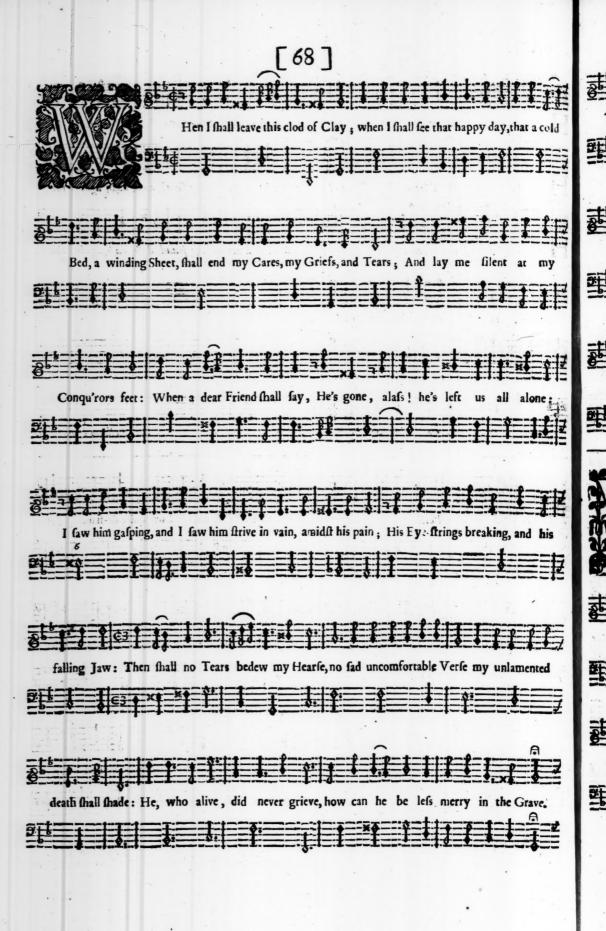
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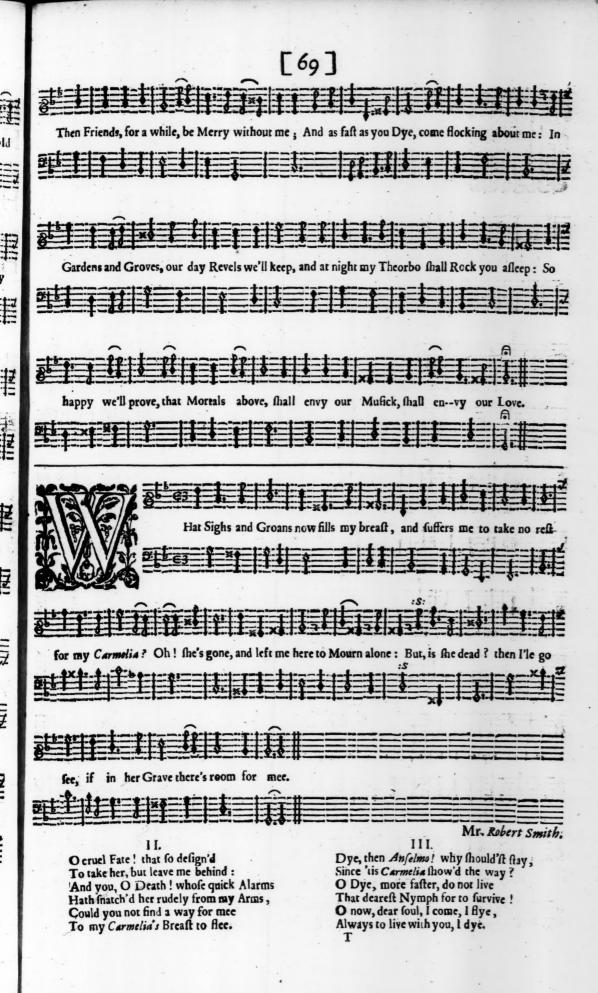
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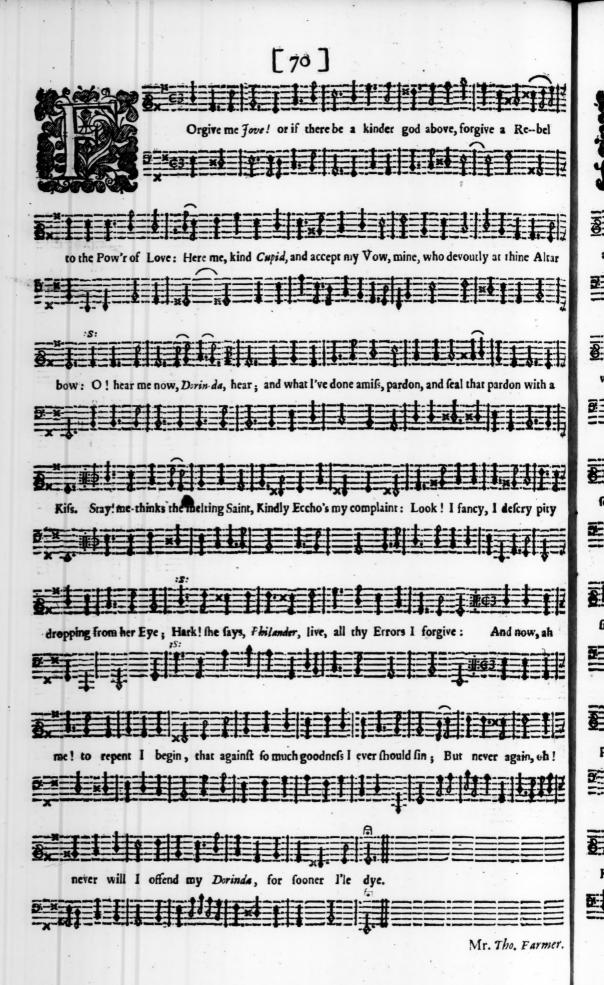
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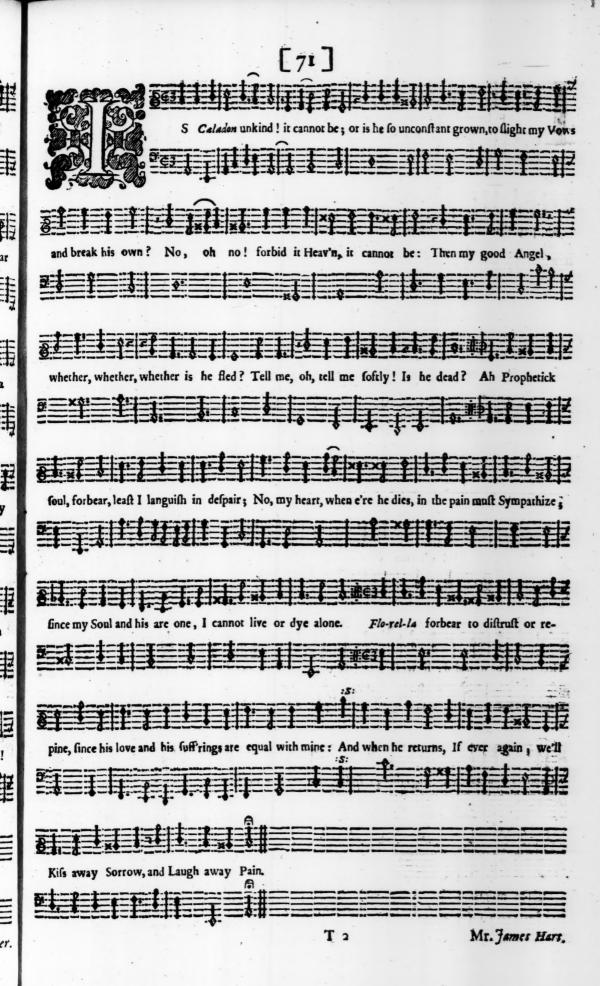


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None merit you less, or can value you more.

I V.

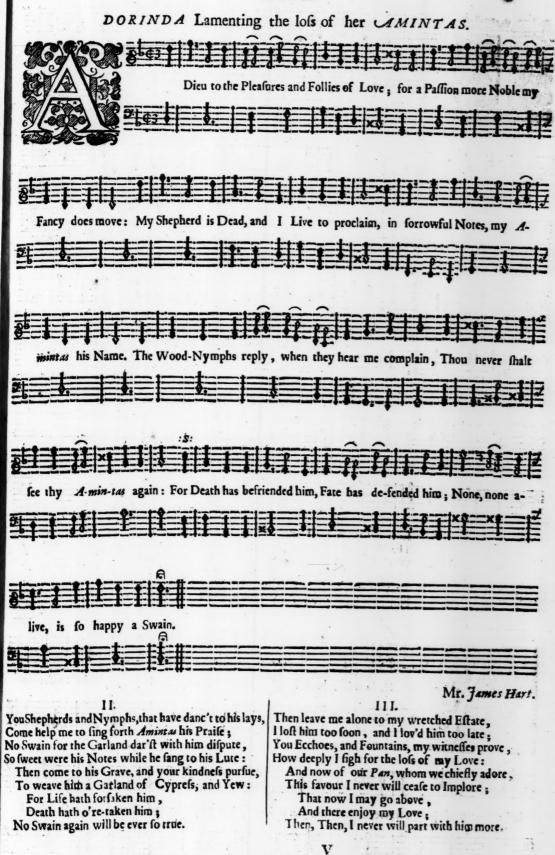
All joys are so order'd by Natures great doom, That what e're we possess from another must come: Then, Phillis, what pleasure with me may you prove, What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

Our life is uneasie, and sullen our state, Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the power, who, our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us affeep.

VI. In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail, Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale: The Passage is pleasant, but, ah! 'tis too short; Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.





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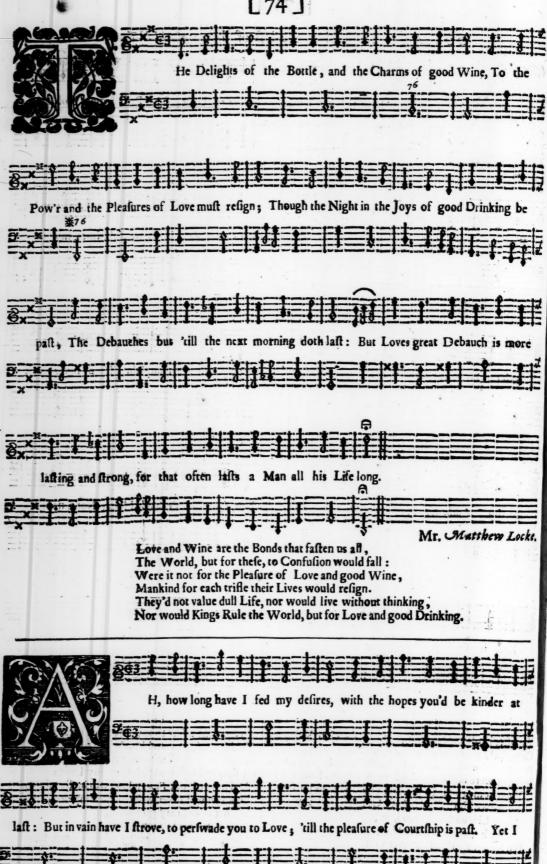
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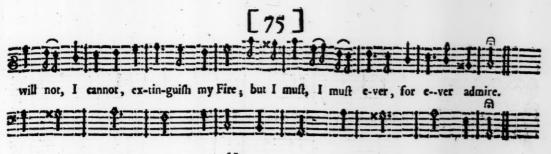
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You Command me to Love you no more;
'Tis a Law which I cannot obey:
For when ever I try,
I am caught by your Eye,
That opposes what ever you say.
You may blame me for that
Which I cannot give o're;
But in spite of your frown,
I must ever adore.



I can a Rich and handsome Lady Court,
Either for my Convenience, or for Sport;
But if the one be Proud, or th' other Coy,
I will not break my Sleep for such a Toy:
My Heart is now for all Assaults prepar'd,
And cannot be Commanded or Ensnar'd.

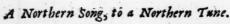
111.

No Eunuch can more unconcern'dly brook
The Glances of the most bewitching Look;
Yet if my Miss be Wantonly inclind,
None can be more Obliging, none more Kind:
Enjoyment now has taught me how to prize
What only they that know, not Idolize.

V:

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Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne're found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I fought, but ne're could find
Sik Beauty as thine, couldft thou prove kind.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook side, And Fishes catch as they do glayd: Each Fish thyn Prisoner then sall be, Thouz catch at them, and I'ze catch at thee. VI.

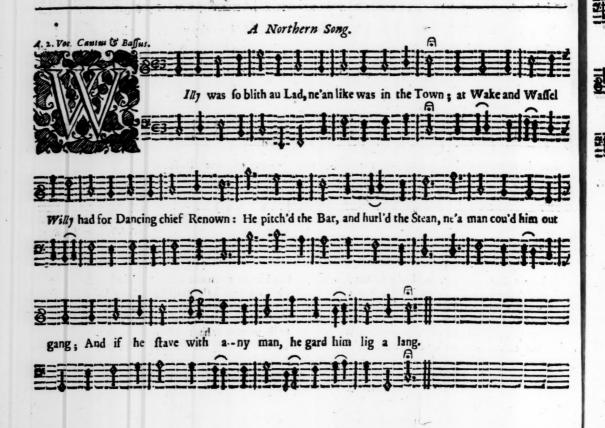
Ize Kifs thy cherry Lips, and praise
Aw the sweet features of thy Face;
Thy Fore-head so smooth, and losty doth rise,
Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes.

Thouz have a gay Goon and go foyn, With filver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyn: With foyn'st Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown, Thy pink Petty-coat fall be laced down.

V.

What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
And there weez fray and eat the Fish;
But 'cis thy Flesh makes the best dish.
VII.

Ize lig by the aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And fure Ize have fomething that fall pleafe thee,





Then, Celia, Adieu; when I cease to pursue, You'l discover no Lover, was ever so true; Your sad Shepherd flyes, from those dear Cruelties, Who not seeing his being, decays and he dies: But 'tis better to run, the Fate we can't shun, Than for ever, endeavour, for what can't be won. What, ye Gods, have I done, That Amentas alone, is so treated, and hated, for Loving but one!

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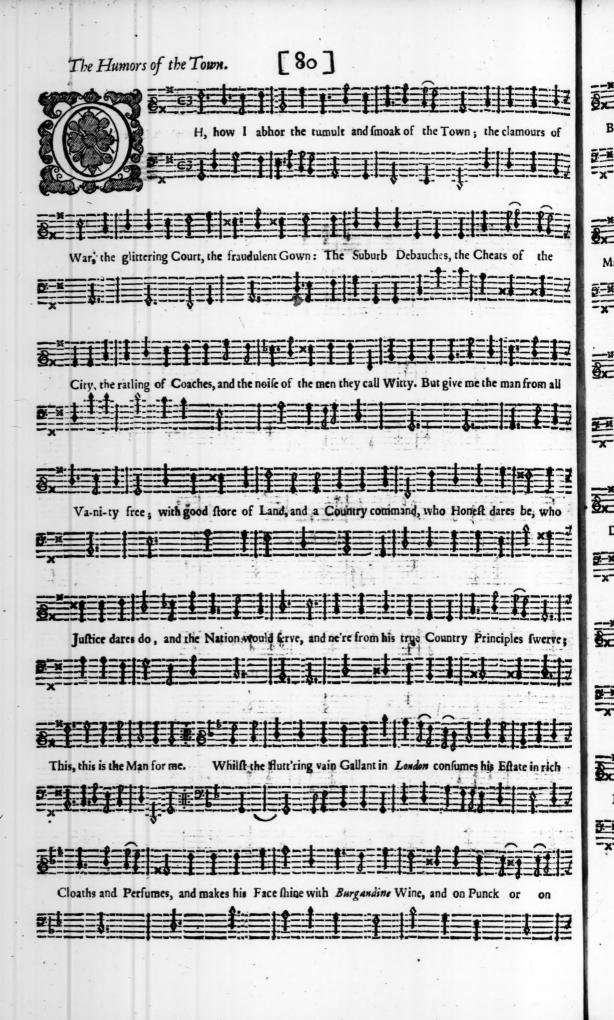
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Mr. William Turner.

Though Love be a Jewel, yet Ladies take care
How you neet with corrupt and adulterate Ware:
There's Love out of Fashion, that's ready to dye;
But your Love in the Mode, has Intrigues by the by.
Though the vain Idle humour of Fashion or Wit,
Condemns to what Honour is proud to submit;
'Tis the Passion Heroick, Obliging and Just,
That makes Love Immortal, and Blossoms in the Dust.







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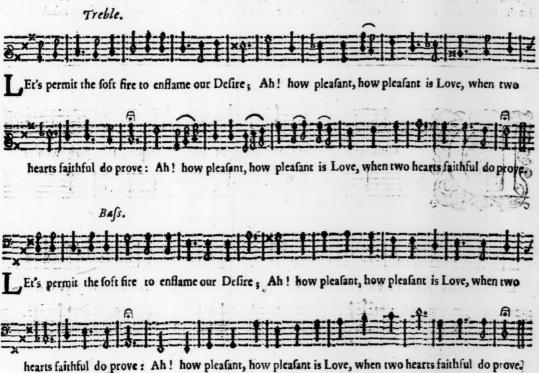
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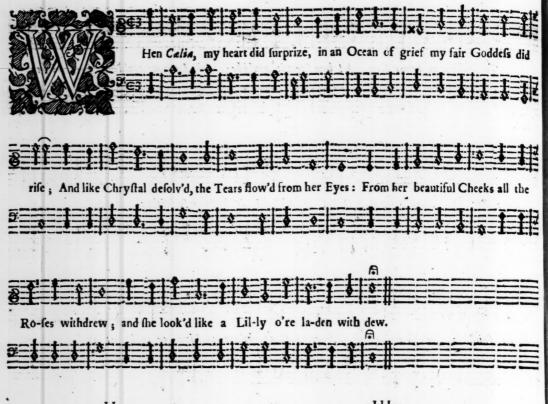
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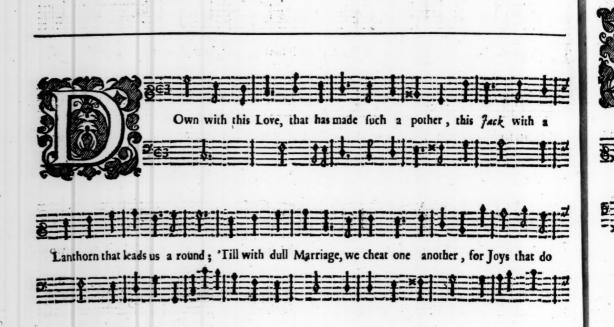
Mr. Robert Smith.



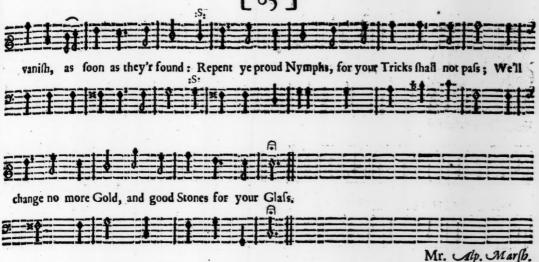


How sweet did her sorrows appear, How I trembled and Sigh'd, and for every Tear Made a Vow to the Gods, and a Prayer to her. O, how fost are the wounds, we receive from the fair; All the pleasures of Wine to the Sence are configurated But the Joys and the Pleasures there's none can declare. But 'tis Love is the noblest delight of the mind.

III. O Love, let us still ware thy Chain , Let no passion but Love in our Fancies e're reign ; Let us often be cur'd, and ne're freed from our pain: All the pleasures of Wine to the Sence are confin'd,







While so severely you rail at the Pleasure,
And kill the poor Lover, that's at your command;
You, like Philicians, turn head from the Treasure,
But, Oh, how you grasp what is put in your hand.
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll change no more Gold and good Stones for your Glass.

III.

When the short Minute we Sigh for, is over,
The Nymph is more kind, and more brisk than before;
But how dejected and dull is your Lover,
To find all his Passion has purchas'd no more.
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll give no more Gold and good Stones for your Glass.



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Alexis, and Damen, and Twenty Swains more, Have been Sighing and Vowing, Ten thouland times o're; Let me dye, and all that is inlipped and flat, And your Courtships as serious to every Whore: O, thou Charming Divine, and Oh sweet pretty Creature Is so old, the Amours of a Cobler looks greater.

111.

You torture a Song, 'till you make the Ears ake, Your Alamode Wit, from the Play-House you take, 'And are Airy and bold, whilft the borrow'd Stock hold, But more Mouth than a disciplin'd Munky you make. When 'tis spent, and with Cringes and new fashion'd Curt'sies, Or the price of your Trappings, make up your Discourses.

These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast, Will never prevail o're a Woman that's Chast And the Wench fo well knows where to take all your blows, That the turns your own wepon against you at last: If fuch humorous folly can raise Love in any Scaramench shall be sooner preferr'd than his Zanye.

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A DIALOGUE between NATURE and SORROW.

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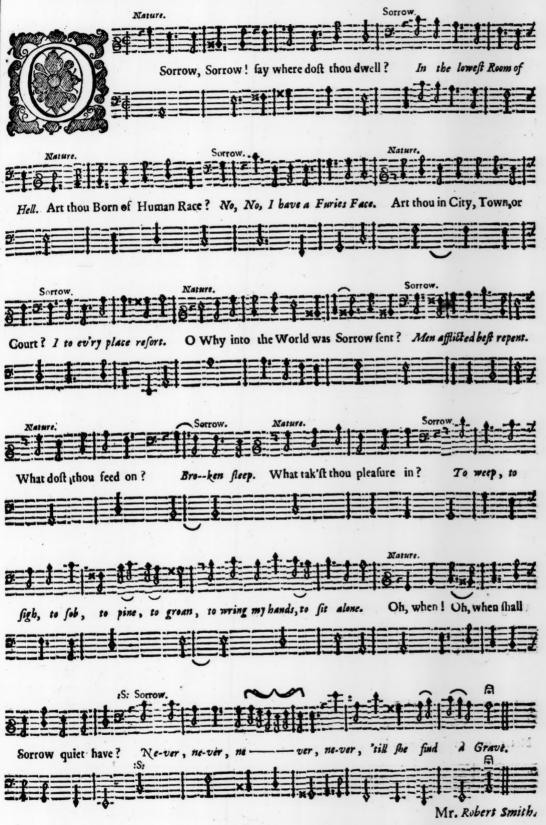
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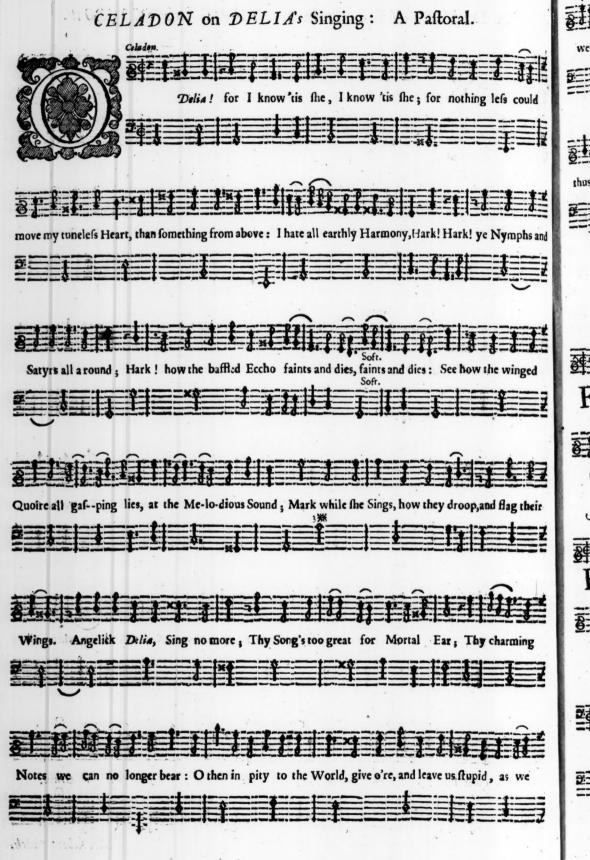
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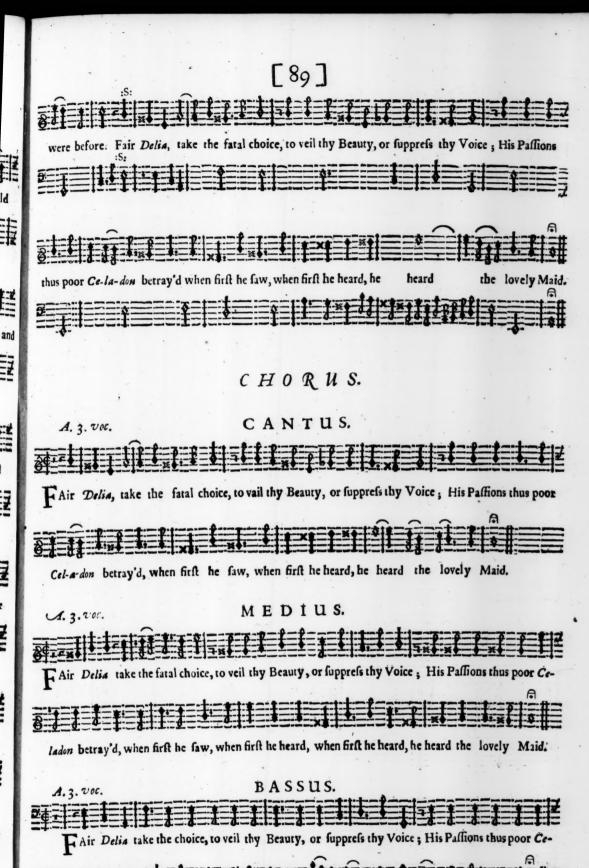


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Mr. William Gregorie.

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laden betray'd, when first he faw, when first he heard, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.



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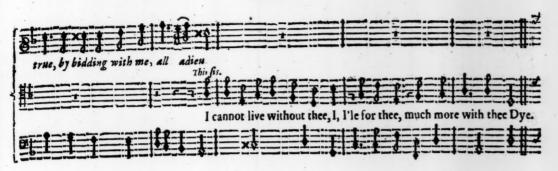


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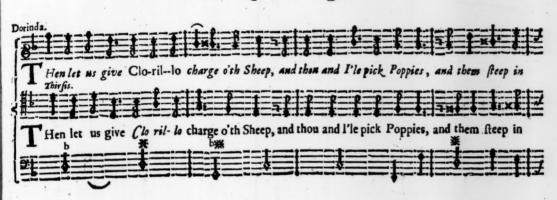
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Mr. Matthew Locke.

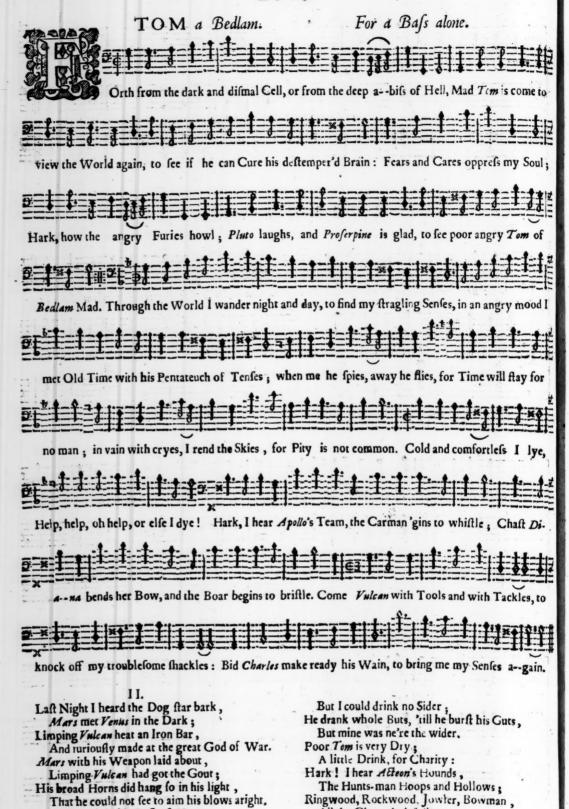
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All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarrer,

Will fire the Bush at his Back.

But a Cup of Malligo Sack

Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret:

Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven

Stood still to see the Quarrel; Gorrel-belly'd Bacchas, Gyant-like,

Bestrid a Strong-beer Barrel: To me he Drank, I did him thank, In

Su

The Town Gallant.



That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her,

Though now the be pleafant and fweet to the fence, Will be damnable mouldy a bundred years hence.

The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three. His wit and his wealth, his law, learning and fence, Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

Your Chancery Lawyer, who by Subilty thrives, In spinning out Suits to the length of three Lives; Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in flavery, WhilftPleader makes Confcience a cloak for his knav'ry. Tis certain, that post mortem nulla Voluptas. May boaft of his subtilty in th' Present Tense, But Non est inventus a hundred year hence.

VI. Then why Should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears, Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears? Let's ear, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us, Let's deal with our Damofels, that we may from thence Have Broods to succeed us afundred year hence.

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Your Obliged Servant,

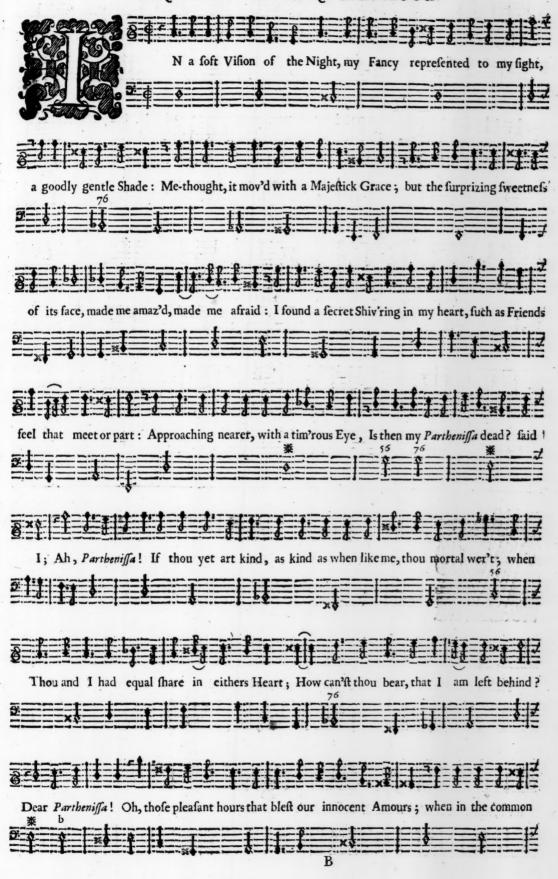
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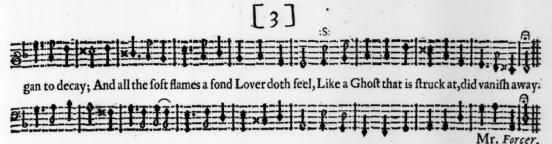
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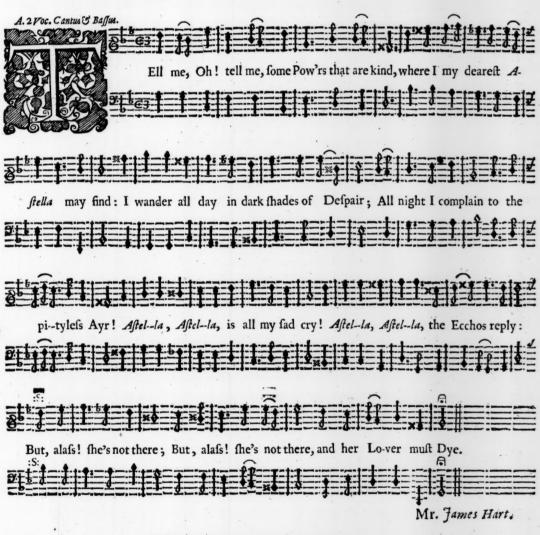






II.
Then how cruel, how cruel and harib was the smart!
When her Eyes gave me wounds, but would not discover
The plot of that Passion that play'd with my heart;
And seem'd to contemn to secure a poor Lover.
Ah! too, too unjust to her self and to me;
Thus neither obtain'd, though we both did adore;
My heart she had kept, had her Passion been free:
But now'tis return'd, I can offer't no more.

Yet forc'd by her Vertues, I ne're can repent
My Devotion, nor court her repulse for the Fate
That prov'd so ungentle, and sierce to prevent;
Our Amours shall grow null'd, and protect me from hate.
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'le retire,
Where she grieves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
I'le languish for pity, tho I cannot for Love.



II. Why should the Envy of doating old Age,
The heart of young Lovers to forrow engage:
The Ev'ning of Life let dull Interest move,
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love.

Astella, Astella, to Pleasure give way;
Bright Beauty and Youth sullen time must obey:
But the Love of Amintor; but the Love of Amintor shall never decay.

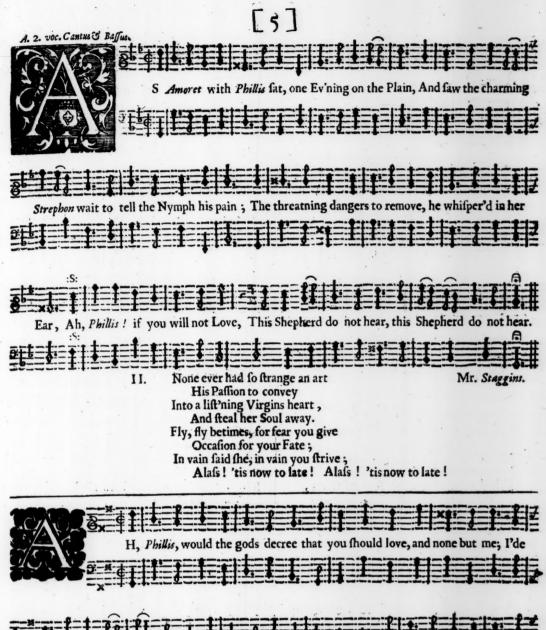






My heart relents and despairs,
To conquer thy moving Prayers:
Oh, if thou my loss canst fear,
Thy Passionate Vows forbear:
For if Love makes my heart comply,
My Virtue knows how to dye;
And death, from all scandal clear,
Is better than Empire hear.

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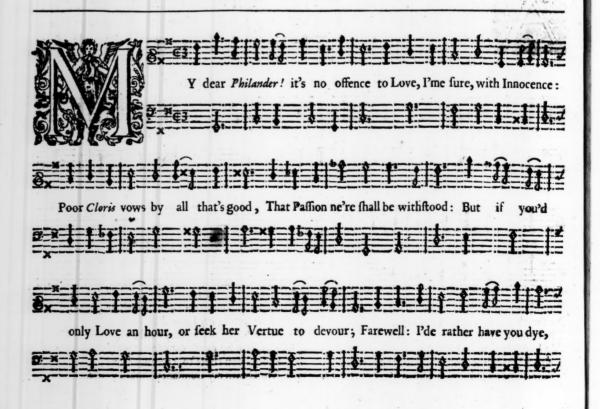




I I.
It wanders to another foon,
Wanes and increases like the Moon;
And like her never rests:
Makes Tides of pleasures
Now and then of Tears,
Which ebbs and flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breasts.

But spite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in that libertie
I without that enjoy:
Pth worst of Prisons
He my body bind,
Rather than chain my free-born mind
For such a foolish Toy.

Mr. Forcer.





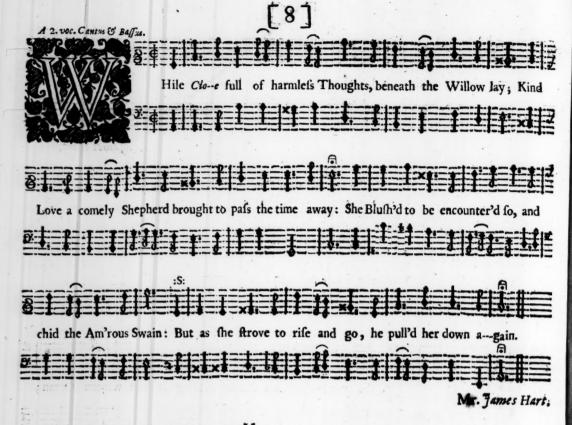
II.

By this I'le try still your Constancy;
Now, Will you live? or, Will you dye?

To live, I'de rather have you chuse:
But, if this freedom you abuse,
Philander, know by Heavens leave,
Ple send you restless to your Grave;
Where you shall so Tormented be,
You'l wish in vain for to be free.

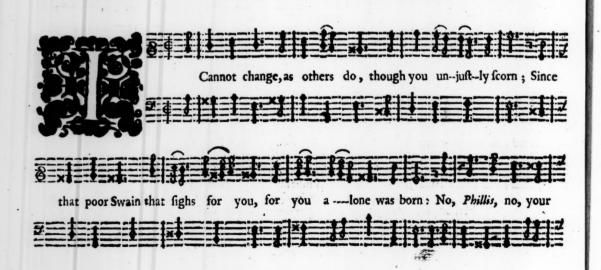


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A suddain Passion seiz'd her heart, in spite of her disdain; She sound a Pulse in ev'ry part, and Love in ev'ry Vain: Oh, Youth! she cry'd, what charmes are these, that conquer and surprize! Oh, let me! for, unless you please, I have no pow'r to rise!

She faintly spoke, and trembling lay, for fear he should comply;
But Virgins Eyes their Hearts betray, and give their Tongues the lye.
Thus she who Princes had deny'd, with all their pompous train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd, and yielded to a Swain.

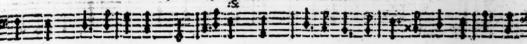


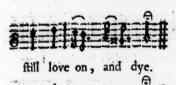
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heart to move, a furer way I'le try; And to revenge my flighted Love, will still love on, will





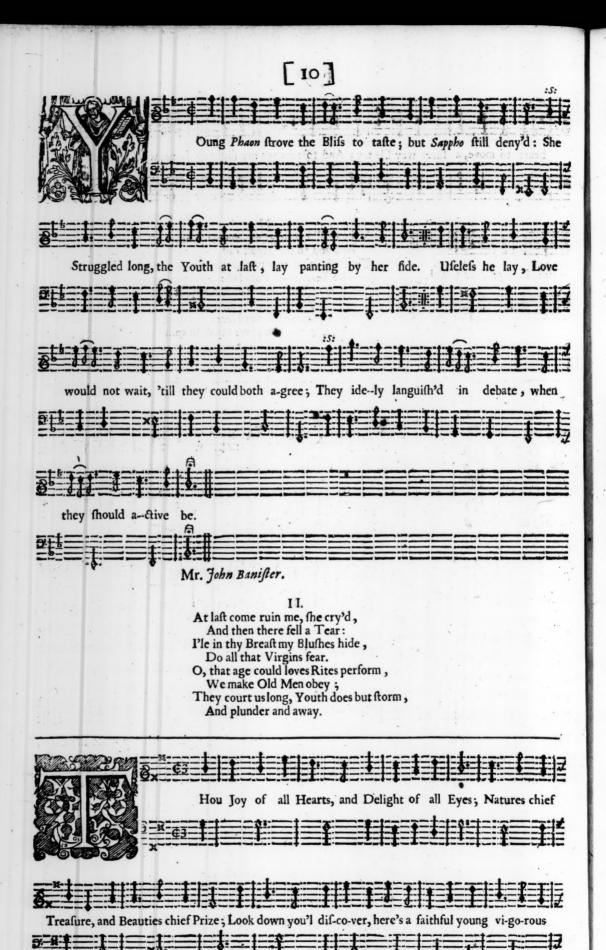
Mr. William Turner.

1

When kill'd with grief Amintas lyes,
And you to mind shall call
The Sighs, that now unpitty'd rise;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart;
Will then begin your pain:
For such a faithful tender Heart
Cannever break, on never break in vain.



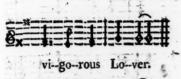
While striving with Care and Pain
To cure my poor Soul of its smart;
More Grief the sad Centre gains,
And sends a deep Sigh from my Heart:
In vain do I think on Joys,
Or for Happiness beg, or implore;
When each cruel moment destroys
What ever I thought on before.





Lo-ver; With a Heart full as true as e're languish'd for you; here's a faithful young





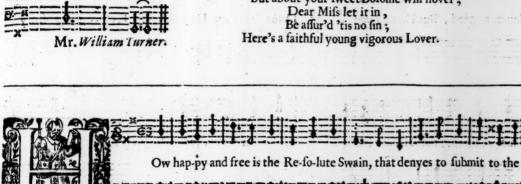
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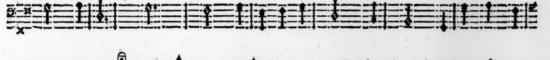
11. The Heart that was once a Monarch in's breast, Is now your poor Captive, and can take no reft; 'Twill never give over,

But about your fweet Bosome will hover; Dear Miss let it in, Be affur'd 'tis no fin ;

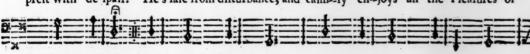




Yoke of the Fair: Free from ex-cef-ses of pleasure and pain, neither dazled with hope, nor de-

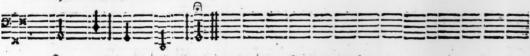


prest with de-spair. He's fafe from disturbance, and calm-ly en-joys all the Pleasures of





Love, without clamour or noife.



Poor Shepherds in vain there affections reveal, 11. To a Nymph that is peevifh, proud, fullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
For they boyl in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under the Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, o're-laid by the Nurse.

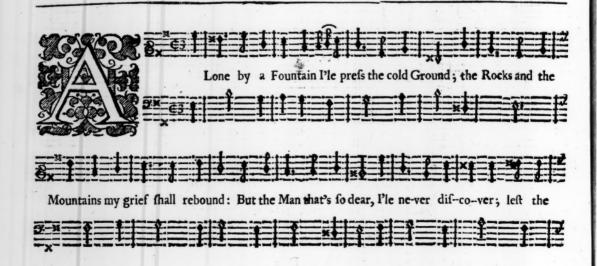
A SCOTCH ATRE.



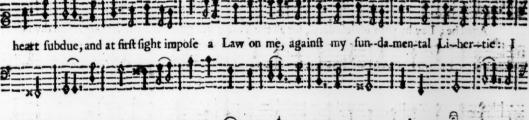
When Jocky had Wo'd her thus, the fa's prethee forbear;
Thou Jocky art false I fear, and wadst Jenny infnare:
Dame Jenny believe it not, that thy Jocky is untrue;
For I do swear by au'that's good, in this pleasant Wood,
And by Bonnet that's Blue.

III.

Why su'd I not now believe, when dear Jocky d'us Swear
By Bonnet, and au' that's good, that e're Jocky s'al wear:
Come let us gang he'm my Dear, and be merry there a while,
I love thee heartly my Joy, th'art the only Boy
On whom Jenny s'al Smile.







look'd, and Lov'd; Oh, fatal was that day! I look'd untill I look'd my heart a-way.



And yet upon your Brow you wore a Frown, What would fereneness then and fmiles have done; In vain, in vain we bost a free born Soul, When Beauty can fo eafily controul: When every glance does liberty expose, And with a Look, we native Freedome loofe.

HI. You bid me now refume my libertie, Alass! I cannot, if I would be free: Should Fate the unwilb'd Pow'r bestow, yet fill Having that Pow'r, I should want the will. Where Love fo absolute a Monarch reigns They court their Fetters, & grow proud of Chains.

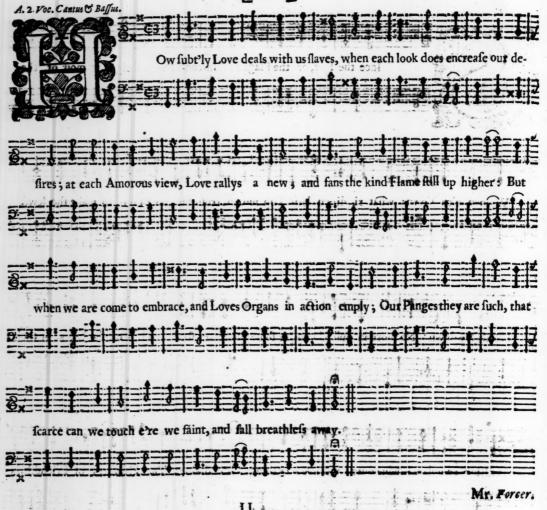
[14]

A Song in the Play of CIRCE.

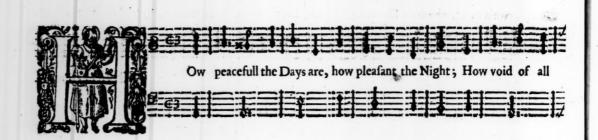




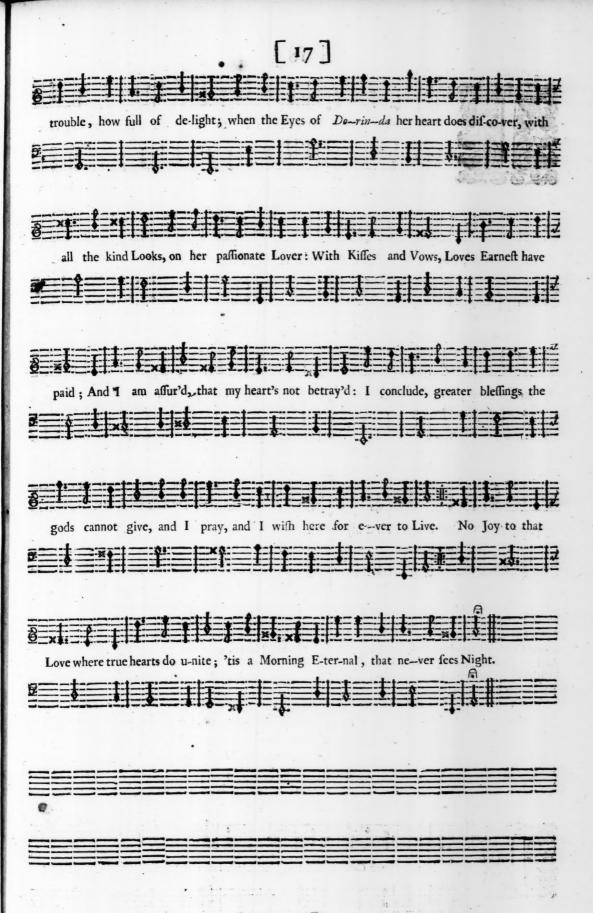




Then panting in respite we lye,
And muse on the passime began;
Till by powerful thought,
With pleasure resraught,
We take heart to be sick once again.
Thus our pleasant convulsion renew,
And in sweetest succession go on;
Till our sits so dull grow,
And do follow fo slow,
That our pretty Love Fainting is done.



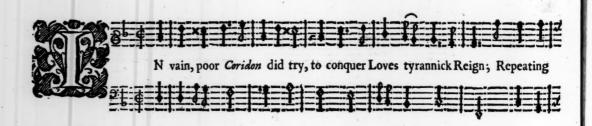
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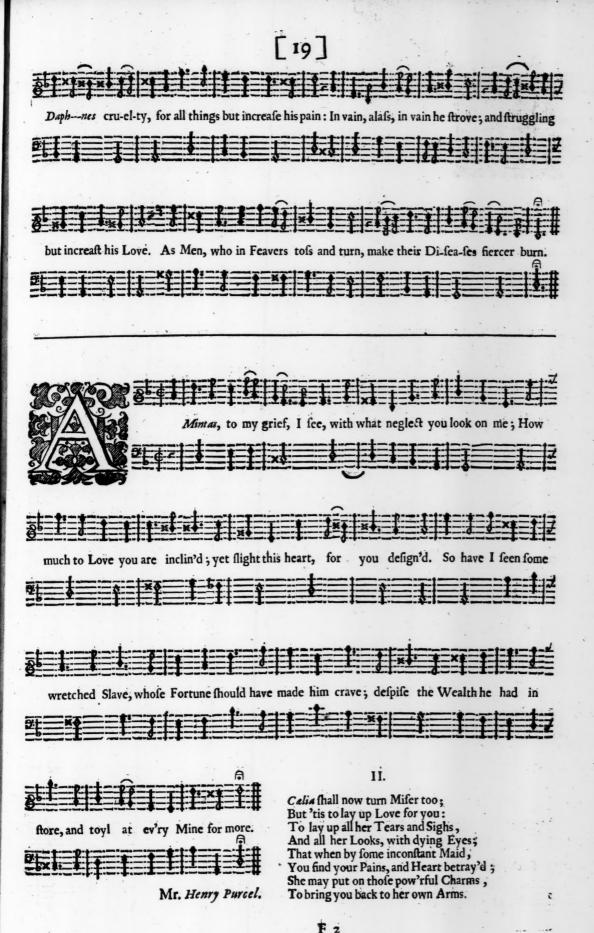


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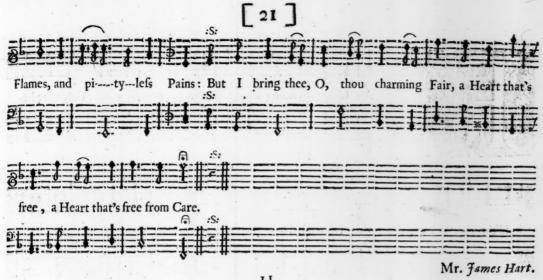






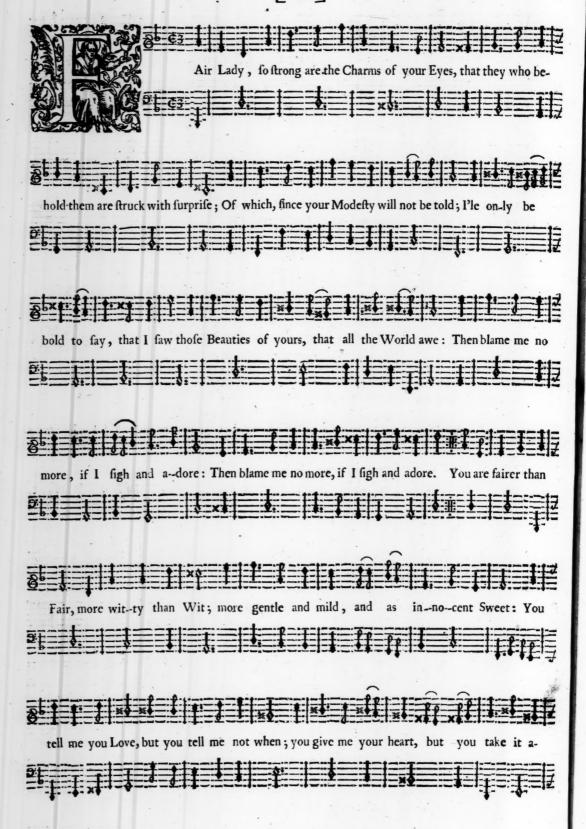






II.
Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey:
But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy flave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
But into the Sea i'le fink with thy fun:
For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.







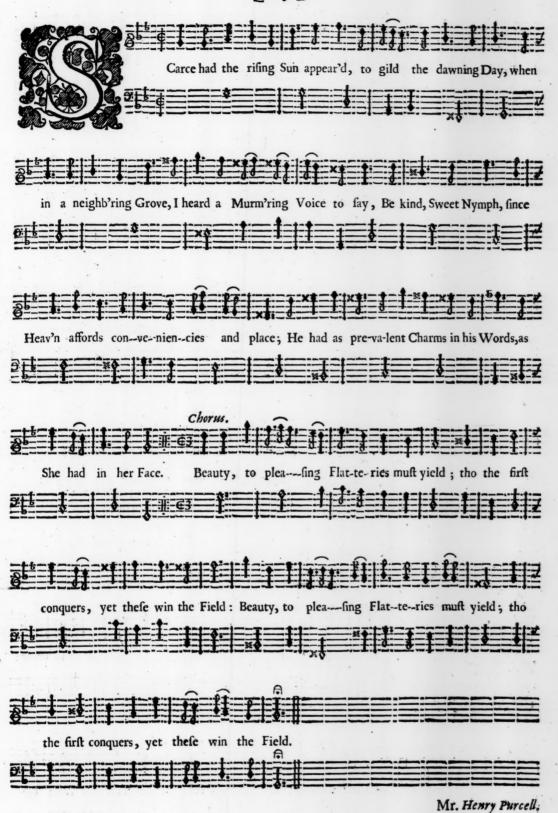
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The SHEPHERD's SONG.

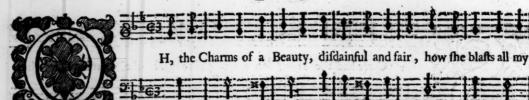


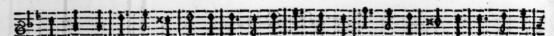
II.

Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field,
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield.
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we diffurb'd with the thing they call Fear:
Give me but a Shepherds plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bottle and Bagg, with a Pipe and a Reed;
No more shall I wish, no more shall I need; No more, &c.

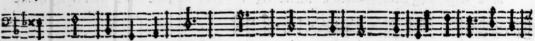


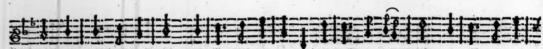




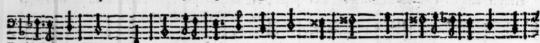


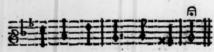
Joys, when the bids me despair; forgetting my State, when I Sigh and lye down, and cast at her



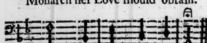


Feet both Scepter and Crown; She passes regardless, and says, Ayoung Swain, before an old



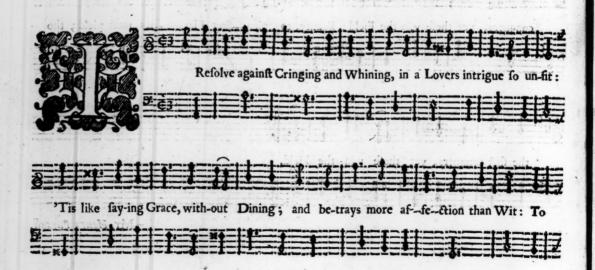


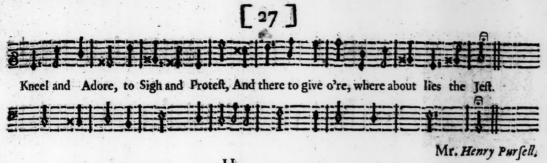
Monarch her Love should obtain.



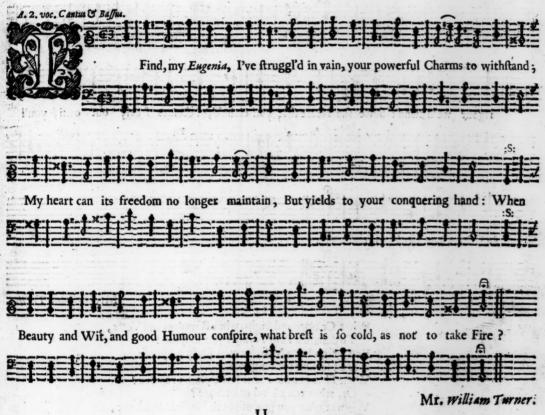
II.

Forbear, my Gloriana, to laugh at my Age,
Nor think me less apt than the Young, to engage;
Though the Politick States-man in care spends the Light;
He puts off his troubles, and laughs all the Night:
He wakes like a Star, ever fixt to his Sphear;
And his Mistress looks pale, when the Morning draws near.





Dearest Mistres, I prethee be wifer; Recant your Platonick Opinion: Whilst you hord up your Love, like a Miser, You starve all within your dominion. And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you, I'le kis the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.



Blind Cupid, o're Mortals, triumphs in your Eyes;
From thence doth his Empire extend: Who ever looks on you, is foon made a Prize; His Liberty none can defend. Love shoots not amis, secure of all hearts, While the Brow is his Bow, the Looks are his Darts.

H 2 .





What Cringes and Sighs, what Raptures and Vows,
To delude a Poor Nymph you employ!
You defign her a Miss, for you fancy a Spouse
Is a Pleasure too long to enjoy.
What Flame can our faithless Opinion remove?
Or, what can a kind one create?
When at once you propose both Honour and Love,
You ruin the Name and Estate.

III.

How charming and fweet is Love, while 'tis young!
Yet if the Defign does but fail,
It changes her Note, from an amorous Song,
To a Tune with a Huff and a Rail.
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
We must, for your Passion, declare,
They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;
And so we can rest as we are.



II.

Fly, fly, foolish Shepherd, in vain you expend Each Minute in Love, for your joys now do end: Experience hath taught, by an amorous Swain, To slight an old Shepherd, and love once again. Then cease all designs, since your humours presage A person Ignoble, your Love shall engage. Mr. John Moss,





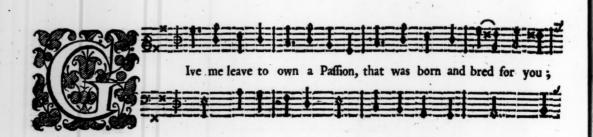


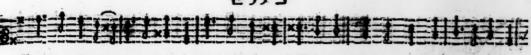
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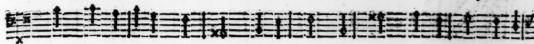
II.

One charming Look from your illustrious Face, Were able to subdue Man-kind: So sweet, so powerful a Grace, Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind: Nor can they freedom, by refistance gain, For each inbraces the foft chain; And never struggle with the pleasing Pain: And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.





Fools may think it out of Fashion, once to Love, and still be true ! Let me where I Love pursue it



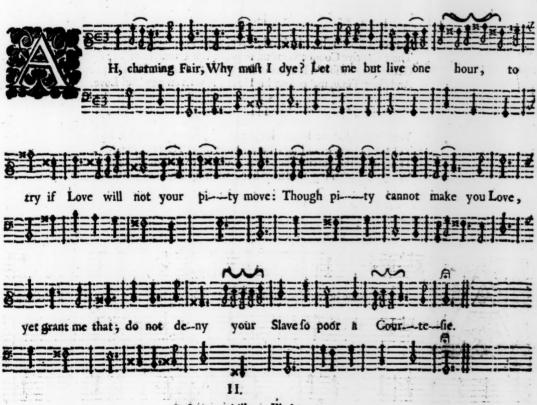


though in fcorn you persevere; Time, nor Fate shall ne're undo it, nor Divorce me from your Ear.



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All the Force of your denial, cannot make me raife the Seige; Constancy shall be my tryal, though my hopes you disablige: All my days of Youth and Vigour, shall at Loves great service be; And in spite of all your Rigour, Love you to Eternitie.



Before you kill me, I'le impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my fake, lodge it in your Breaft,
From Care and Sorrow let it reft:
And when your Hour-Glass is run;
Then meet me at Elizium.

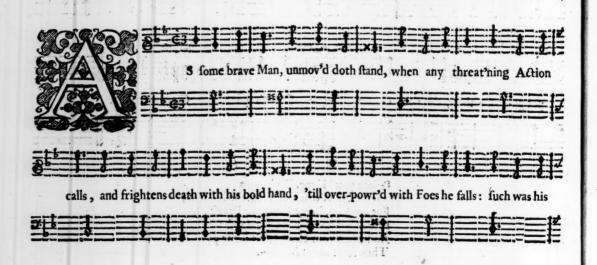


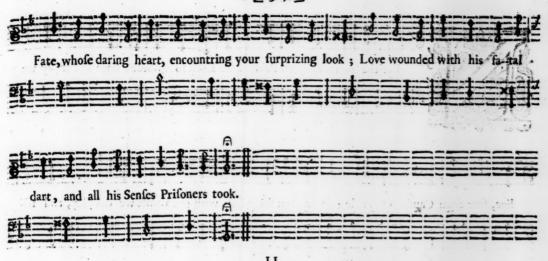


Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their Scepters Sacrifice; Their Captive Conquests croud to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes: Great Jove diffolv'd himself in show'rs, fair Danae's Fires to prove; And filent Time, makes flow his Hours, to wait on pow'rful Love.

III.

Yet I 'gainst Fate and Beauties harms a safe exemption found; Till sair Corinna's daz'ling Charms, my tender Heart did wound. Thus, what the potent Thunderer could ne're to softness move; Was by a Lightning, shot from her; strait melted into Love.





So does fome treacherous Desease, our Blood, and all our parts invade; And then on life it self doth seize, with fires, kept in Ambuscade: Yet, since from your almighty Eyes, his yielding Breast received its wound; He hopes, where so much my lies, there is some mercy to be found.

But if unpity'd, he should fall by you,
Those Sighs shall haunt your Ears, when last he cry'd,
Aminda, Aminda, your Lover was true;
Aminda, Aminda, 'twas for you he dy'd.



Oft the perfidious things, would cry,
They Love, they Bleed, they Burn, they Dye:
Yet, if they'r absent half a Day,
Nay, let them be but one poor Hour away:
No more they Dye, no more Complain,
But like unconstant Wretches, Live again.

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What fome may call Beauty, we do often display,
To be Kiss'd by the Sun, in a Scorching Hot Day:
We do think it a Sin, a new Conquest to win,
By endeavouring to cherish what soon slies away.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.

HIL

Of Intrigues and Amours, we have often heard speak;
But, to know their true meaning, we yet are to seek:
In pure Innocence, we with our Sheep do live free
From all noise; like a Bark that lies safe in a Creek.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.





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Hark, hark, how the Birds in fweet Confort conspire,
The Lark and the Nightingale join;
And in every Grove, there's an amorous Quoire,
While nothing but Mirth is their harmless desire:
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound,
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

III.

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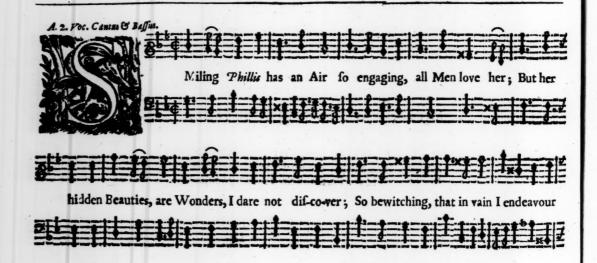
Me thinks the God Pan, whose Subjects we are, Sits and smiles on a Flowry Throne; He accepts our kind Off'rings every Year, Our May-pole's his Scepter, our Garland's his Crown. Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound, Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

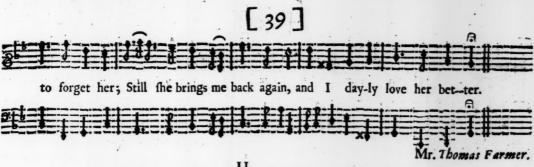
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Groves for Umbrella's, did kindly o're-shade us From Phabus hot rages, who like Envy, had strove, Had not kind Fate, this provision made us, All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our Love: But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate; And above cruel Scorn, is our happy effate.





Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing; Evry Minute does surprise with fresh Beauties still a Blowing. Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a Treasure; But I dye with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Pleasure.

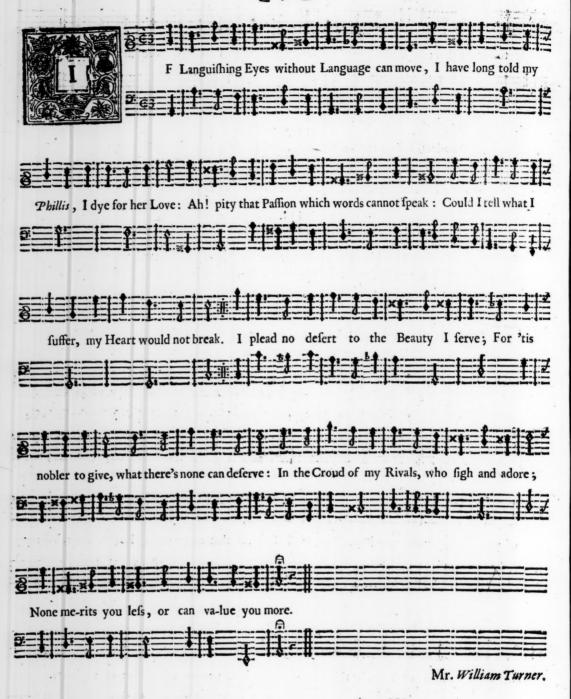
Free and easie, without Pride, is her Language, and her Fashion; Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any Passion. When she says, I have her heart, though I ought not to believe her; She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd forever.

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But, Aminda, can despile
The slame in which her Captive dyes;
And with disdainful looks, deny
Those Joys she promis'd by her Eye:
Of her rigour, and my pain,
She forbids me to complain;
How severe's my wretched sate,
That I must love, though she's ingrate.



II.

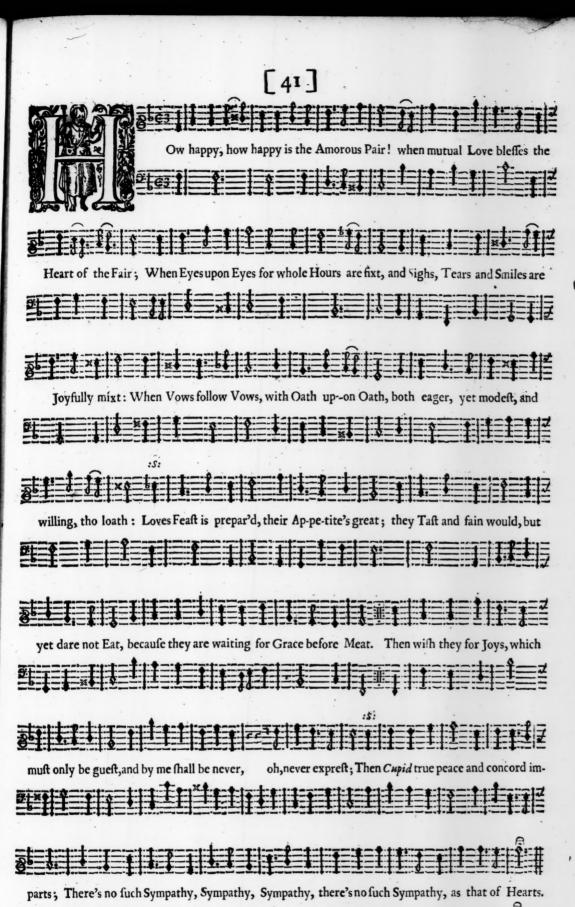
To purchase a Smile, or a Glance from your Eyes, My freedom and life were too little a Prize: But if, to defert you can only be kind, Like Heav'n, to your felf, you must then be confin'd; All joys are decreed us, and 'tis natures doom, That what e're we possess, from another shou'd come. Then, Phillis, what pleasure with me may you prove; The Passage is pleasant, but, ah, 'tis too short; Nor can I want merit, who have so much Love. Let us live while we may, we must part at the I

III.

Our Life is uneasie, and sullen our State, Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate: But kind was the Pow'r, who our quiet to keep, Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us a Sleep. In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail, Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh Gale: Let us live while we may, we must part at the Port.

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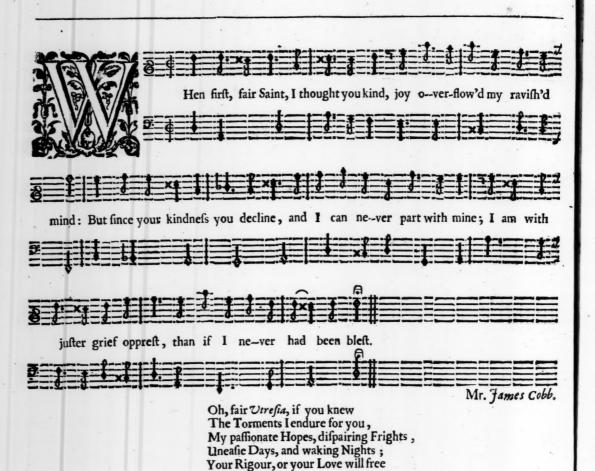
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Mr. John Moss:

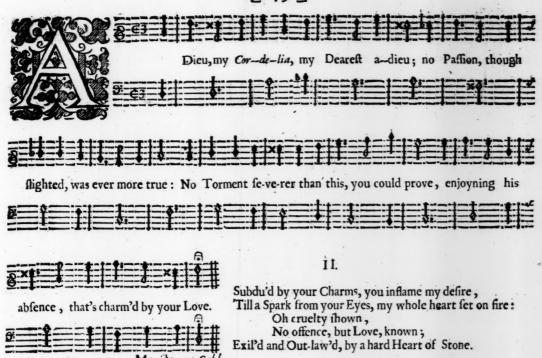
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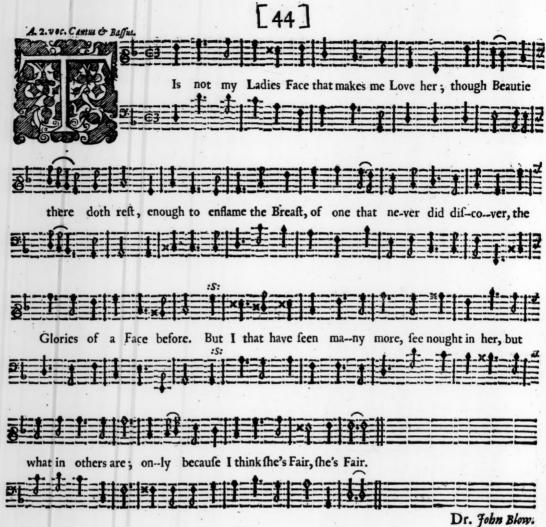




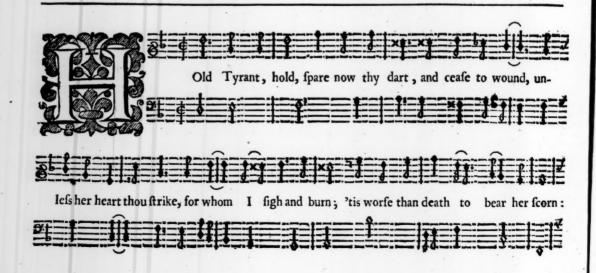
My Heart from you, or you from me.



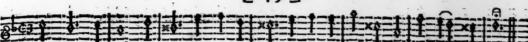




II.
'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections,
Which croud together in her,
Ingage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Folio writ;
Which by their imitating Wit,
Women, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, slight the Show.







Then Charmer shoot, let's both par-ti-ci-pate in mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

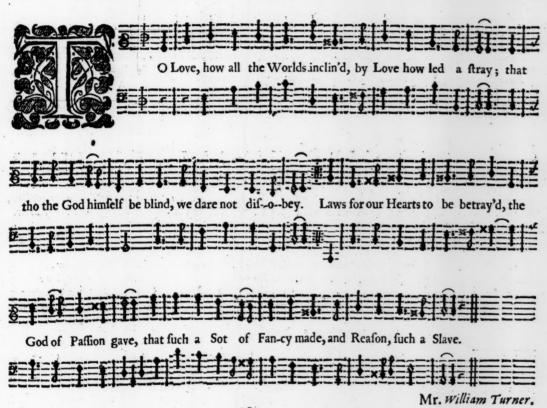


Mr. John Moss.

II

When first my heart receiv'd its wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Charmer Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

I'le ftring my Lute, and then I'le try
To drown her fcorn in Harmony;
If, in that Flood, I cannot find
Her to Amphetis, to grow kind;
I'le banish Love, and fcorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.



II.

Where refolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame, It does the Judgement quite befot, and make the Reason tame: For when our blind desires have sped, and to ill Fate were given, This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heav'n.

III.

Thrice happy he, who Conquering Love has feiz'd his very Soul, And in that Agony can prove, his power to controul:
That Mortal, did I once but know, I'de more than Love admire;
That could as eafily forego, as entertain the Fire.

N





I bid gud morrow, fair Maid, and she right courteouslie, Bekt lew and sine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye:

I speard o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?

When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Iz said to her, my Dow,

Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bouny brough.

May I not dight your Apron sine, kis your bouny Brow.

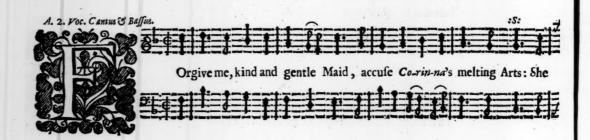
Nea, gud sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o those; Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say, I hope ya ha more brieding than to dight a womans cloths: Rather than be rejetted, I will give o're the play: For I've a better chosen than any sick as you,

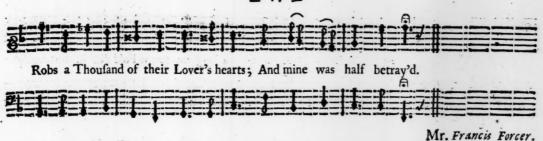
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,

Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma bonny brow.

Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

Sir, Iz see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay, You need not tall ha started, for eight that Iz did say: You knaw Wemun for modestie, ne at the first time boo; But, gif we like your company, we are as kind a you.





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Corinna can old Faith remove,
The Faith of Saints, she is so Fair:
Make aged Hermits think no more of Pray'r;
And Dying, dream of Love.

III.

But if new Beauties I pursue,
May I be bold, and your fair Sex
With Letters, Songs and tedious Love perplex,
And find all Chast, like you.



H.

Some Pity then, fair Saint, I crave, to raise my drooping spirit,
That Languishes even to its Grave, and fain your Love would merit:
It Pants, it Sighs, it Pines away, and never can recover;
'Till Cloris pleasantly does fay, Arise my Constant Lover.



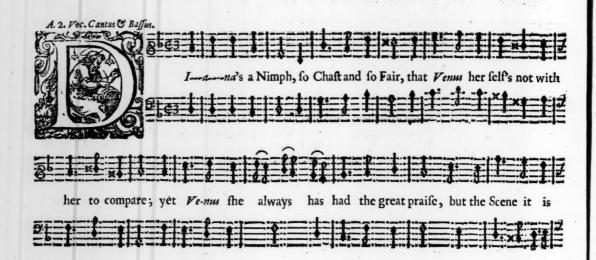


You may delight to break all Fences down, And lay all common, that is in your way; To live on rapine, rather than your own, The constant practice of who goes astray: Thus, with all past'ral laws though you dispence, Still their inclosure is their Innocence. III.

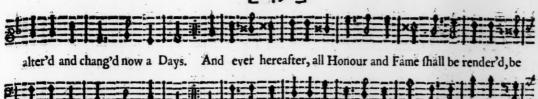
If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Frame
Of all Societie a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first Original;
And so the Wolf and you will think't no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

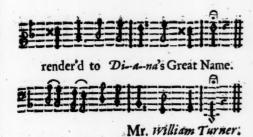
IV.

All malice and your jealousies apart,
Why may they not the rather joyn their Stocks;
And much more strictly too unite at heart,
The more some labour to divide their Flocks:
And so both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspir'd to make them great.









For Diana in Nature is modest and free;
There's none so delightful, so happy as shee;
In goodness, excelling the rest of her sex,
And they knowing that, their minds do perplex:
Yet ever hereafter all Honour and Fame
Shall be render'd, be render'd to great Diana's Name

II.

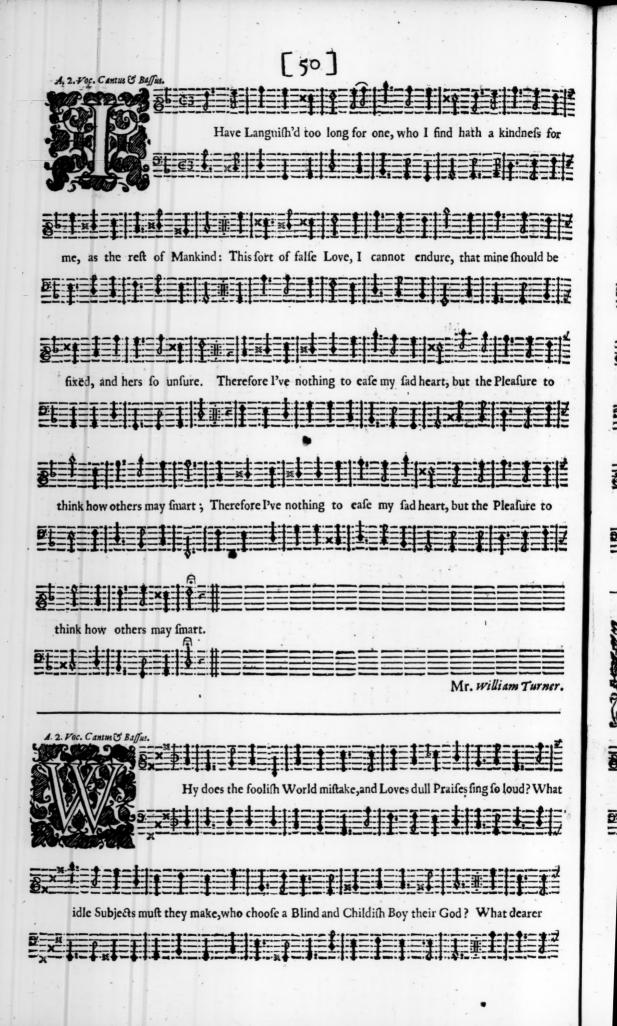


As the fat leaning on her Arms,
Her Eyes were downward thrown;
As if the rather meant to warm,
Than burnthe Heart the'd made her own:
Thus glorious Victors chuse
To fave their Slaves, to fave their Slaves;
Lest they their Triumphs loofe.

With gentle Smiles she fed my Heart,
And seem'd to bid me live;
And to increase my pleasing smart,
Some times a sigh or two would give;
Yet so, as if she meant,
Rather to check, rather to check,
Than give incouragement.

IV.

Thus am I in confusion tost,
'Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But, hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done b' her Eyes:
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Consume their Sacrifice.

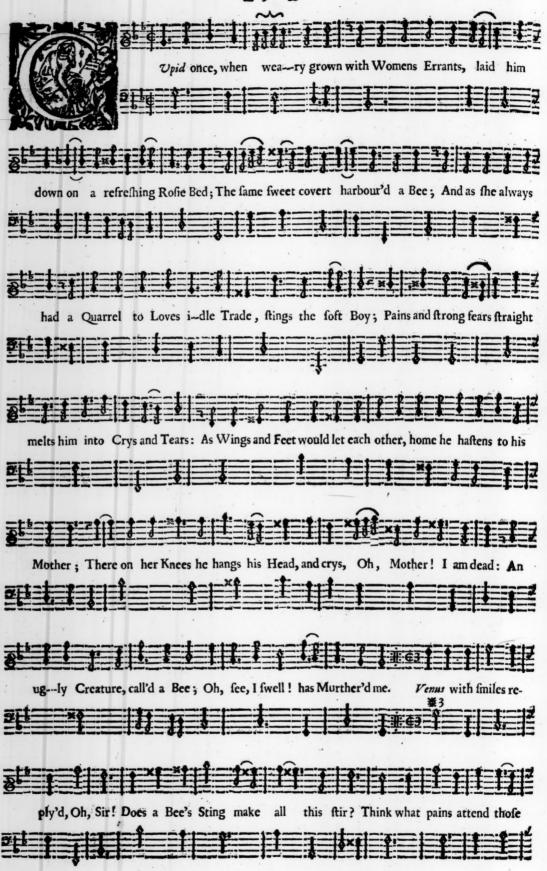




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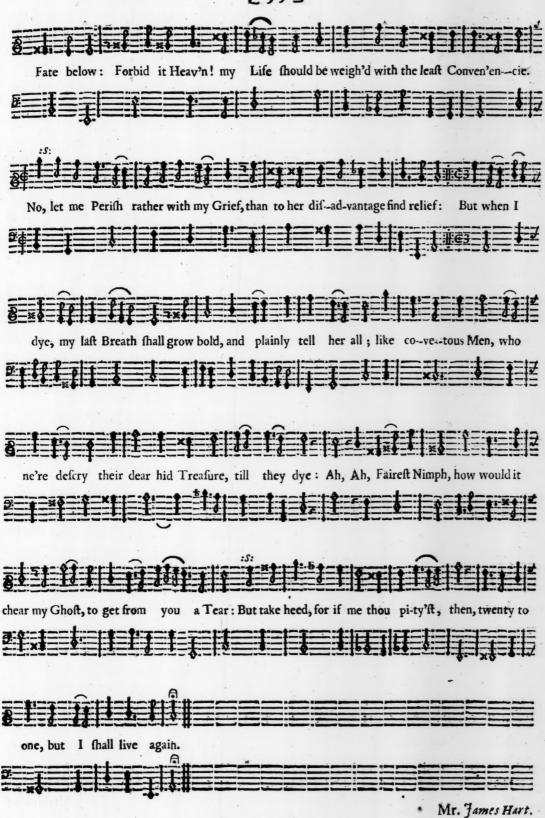
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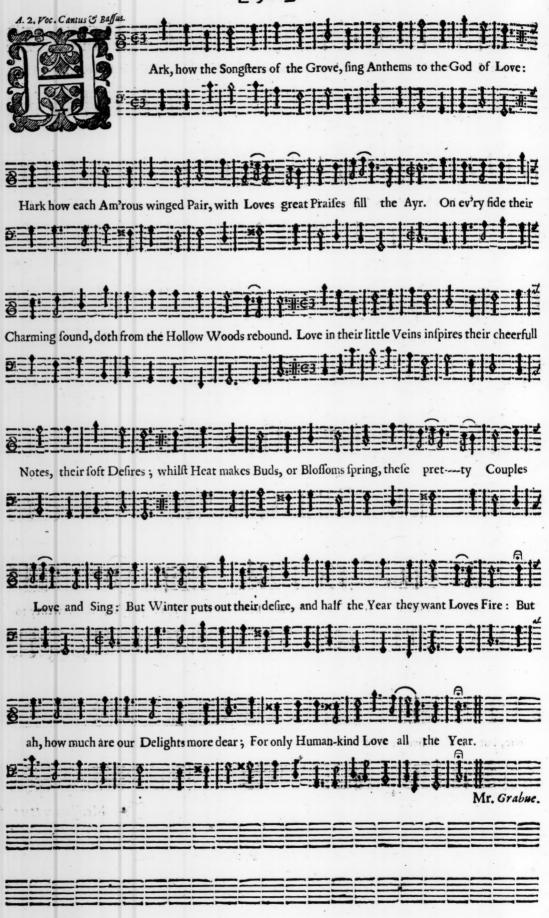
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JMI



Set also by H. Purcell, in Timori of Athens





[ap]

*

....



Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Mr. Pelham Humphrys.

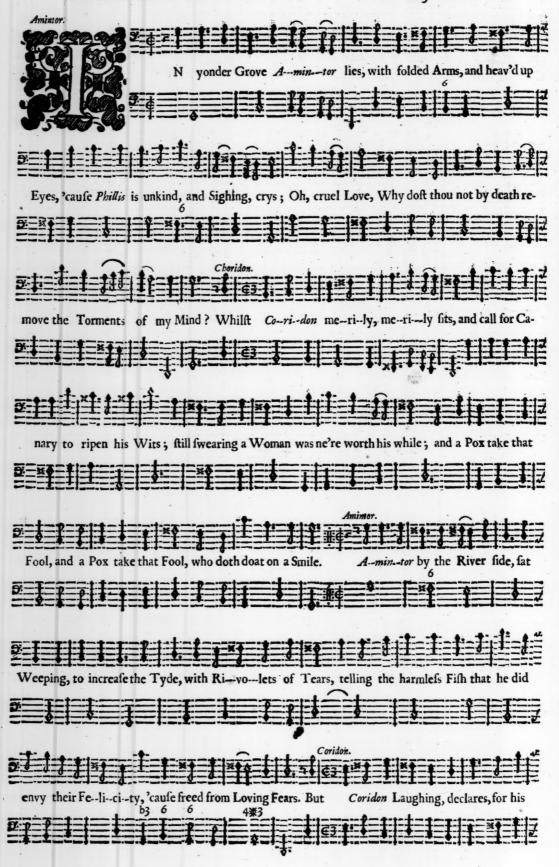
AMINTOR and CORIDON.

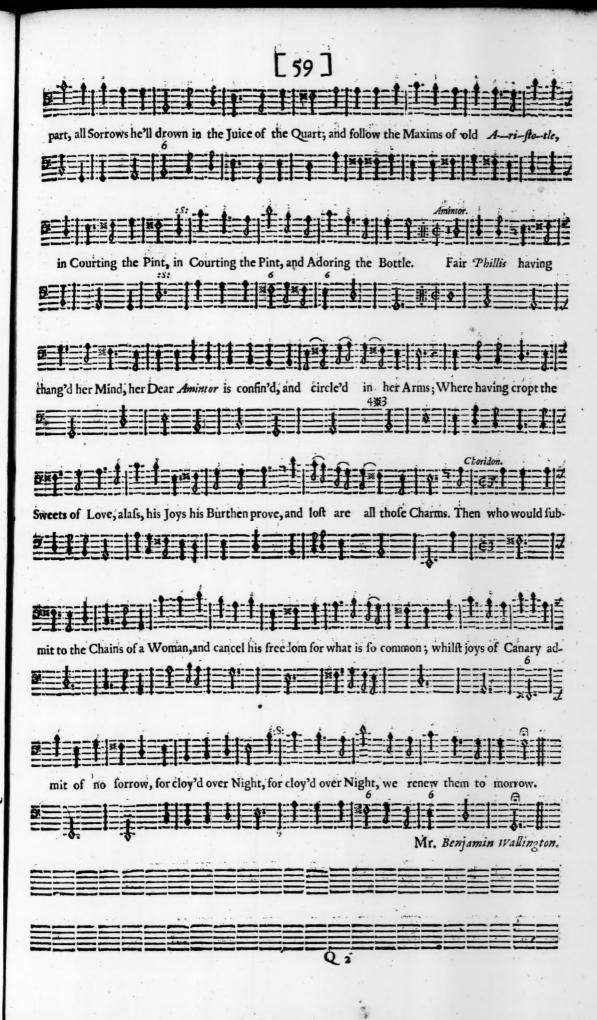
For a Bass alone.

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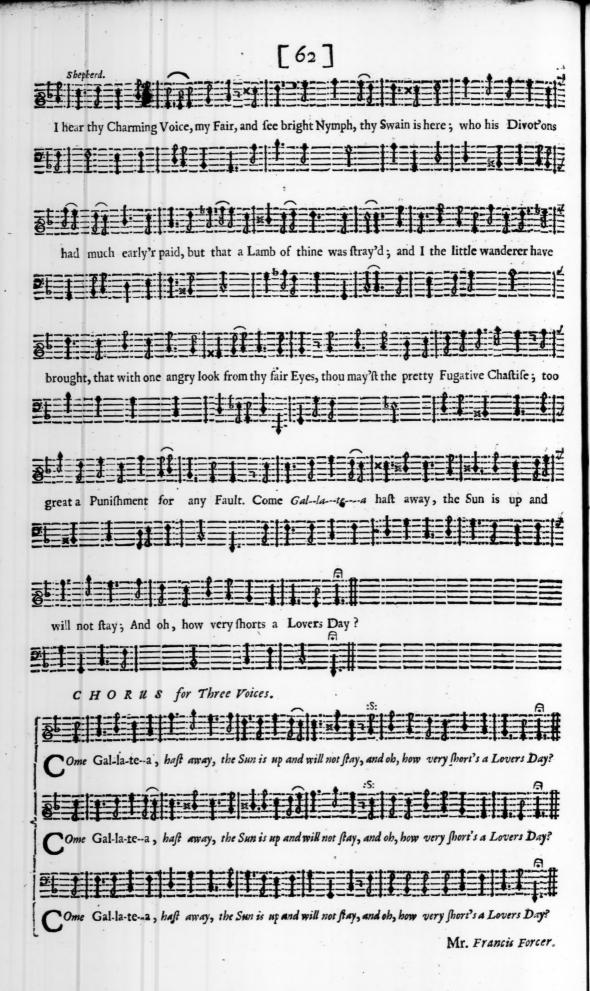
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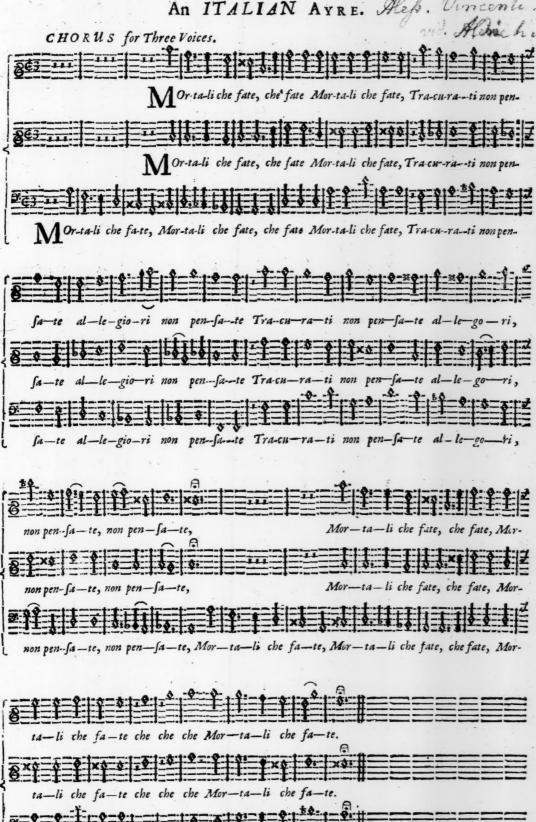






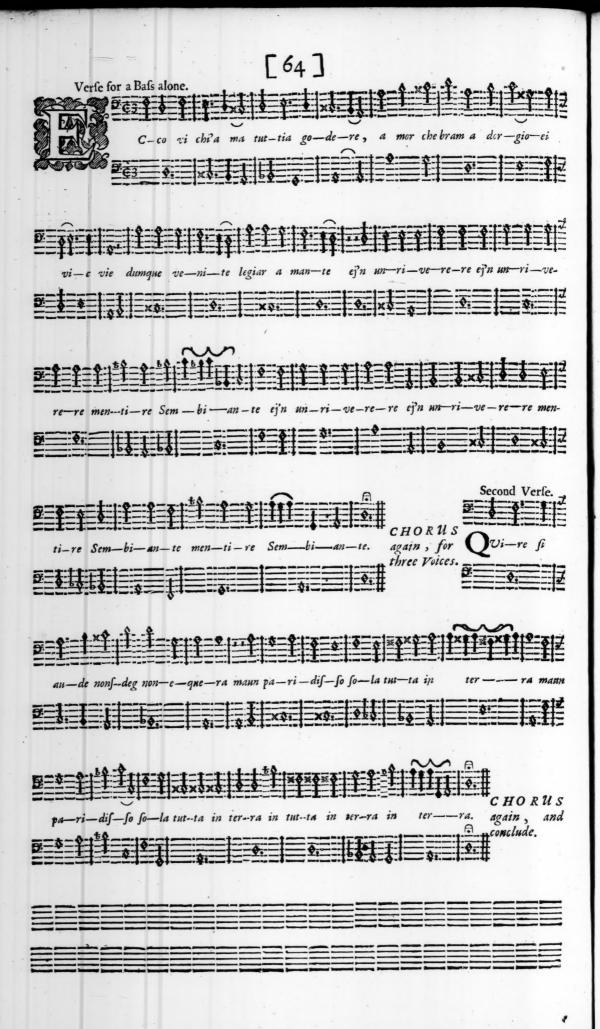






Turn over.

ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.





Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly wast our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy at such a Rate,
That distance may our Fancies recreate:
Dealing our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be:

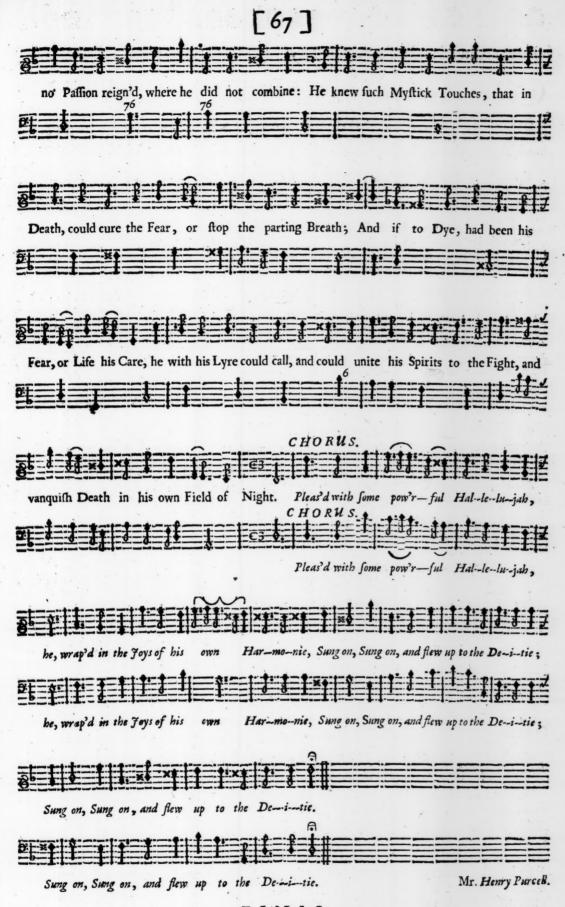
Lucinda shall but whisper'd be, us'd as the Name of Saints;
And call'd on as a Deitie, to satisfie Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Brest,
Since 'tis with kind Lucinda so posses:
She fills my thoughts with Glory, then I'le cry;
Lucinda, Loves; Lucinda, so do I.

On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,

MUSICK-Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,

And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.





FINIS.

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CHOICE

AYRES and SONGS

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BEING

Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs sung at Court, And at the Publick THEATRES.

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THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Godbid and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle Temple-Gate, 1681.

TO ALL LOVERS OF

MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

HIS Third Book, or Collection of New Ayres and Songs had come to your hands fome Months fooner, had I not been prevented by long Sickness; however I hope it will not now be unwelcome. I need not here commend the Excellency of their Composition, the ingenious Authors Names being printed with them, who are Men that under-

fland to make English Words speak their true and genuine Sence both in good humour and Ayre; which can never be performed by either Italian or French, they not so well understanding the Proprieties of our Speech. I have seen lately published a large Volum of English Songs, composed by an Italian Master, who has lived here in England many Years; I confess he is a very able Master, but being not perfect in the true Idiom of our Language, you will find the Air of his Musick so much after his Country-Mode, that it would fute far better with Italian than English Words. But I shall forbear to censure his Work, leaving it to the Verdict of better Musical Judgments: only I think him very difingenious and much to blame, to endeavour to raise a Reputation to himself and Book, by disparaging and undervaluing most of the best English Masters and Professors of Musick. I am forry it is (in this Age) so much the Vanity of some of our English Gentry to admire that in a Foreigner, which they either flight, or take little notice of in one of their own Nation; for I am fure that our English Masters in Musick (either for Vocal or Instrumental Musick) are not in Skill and Judgment inferiour to any Foreigners whatfoever, the same Rules in this Science being generally used all over Europe: But I have too far digress'd, and therefore beg your Pardon This Book being bound up with the two others formerly published, will make a compleat Volum. To conclude, I desire you to think, that I have herein as much studied your satisfaction as my own Interest, and kindly to receive this Collection, from

From my House in Arundel-Street, near the Thames side, Novemb. 2. 1680. GENTLEMEN,

Your hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Songs in this Book.

A		1	
↑ Wake, awake, my Lyre	Pag. 40	I take no pleasure in the Sun's P	2g. 14
A Adieu to the Curse of a Country 1		I was an free with the 11 x1 cut	16
Amintor heedless of his Flocks	. 11	I love my dear Phillis, and will never	18
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Paftoral Elegy on Mr. Pelham		Since cruel Thirtis you my Torments slight	
phrys	49	Sylvia tell me how long it will be	36
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How I sigh when I think of the Charms	13	W	
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Tow short is the pleasure that follows			30
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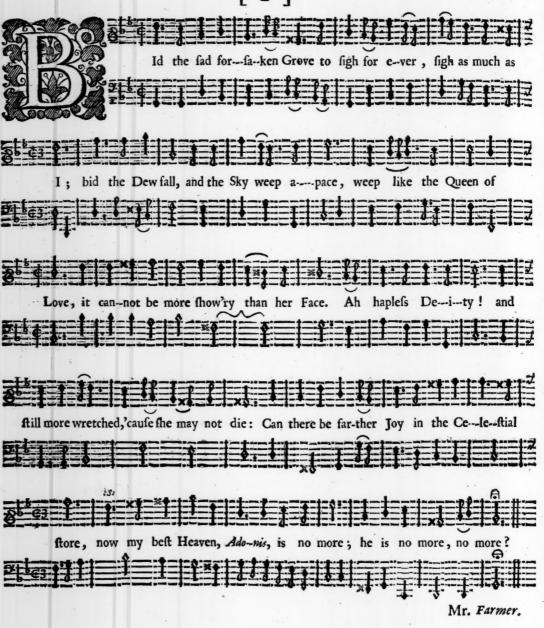


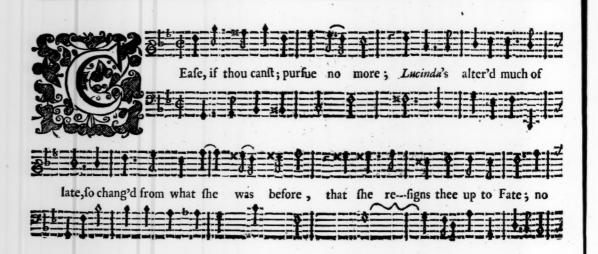
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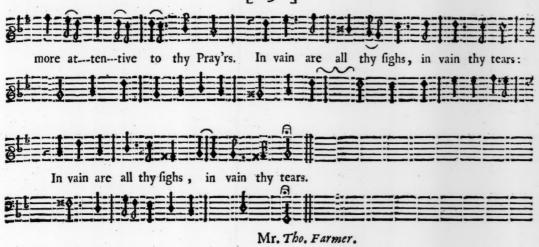
Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have past in Love.
You Stars above, my cruel Foes
Can tell, how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flames shall ever burn,
Her Flames shall, &c.

III.

But fince she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly dye!
In this cold Bank I'le make a Grave,
And there forgotten lye.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly there complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,
But never, &c.









II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing;
In every possessing the fruit of our pains:
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
What e're they have suffered, or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

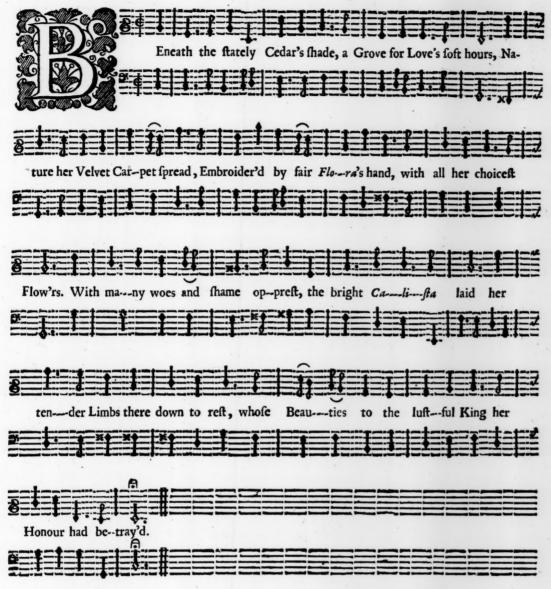


II.

For your Idea still remains,
Spight of your scorn, within my Brest;
Raising Chimara's in my Brains,
When I dispose my self to rest:
But if at any time I be
Deluded with a slumber there;
The Image of your Cruelty
Does in sad Dreams to me appear.

III.

Thus by your Rigour have I made Me more unhappy than you're Fair; And having all my Peace betray'd, You leave me folely in despair. Then, Cloris, if you needs must hate, Conceal it yet in Charity; And pity, pity, my hard Fate, Which else must end in Misery.



Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
Such crouds of Sorrows came;
And still as upwards they were sent,
Alass! her bashful Tongue refus'd
with words to own her shame.
But to the Gods with show'rs of Tears,
And Heart-sick Groans, she cry'd,
Ah! end my wretched Life and Cares,
Revenge, revenge his Crimes on me;
so fell, and sigh'd, and dy'd.





II.

Enough of fuch Wealth would a Begger enrich,
And fupply great wants in a King:

'T would fmooth all the Griefs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to fing.

'T would smooth, &c.

III.

There's none that groans under a burdensom Life, If this Soveraign Balsom he gains.

This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wise, And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.

This will make, &c.

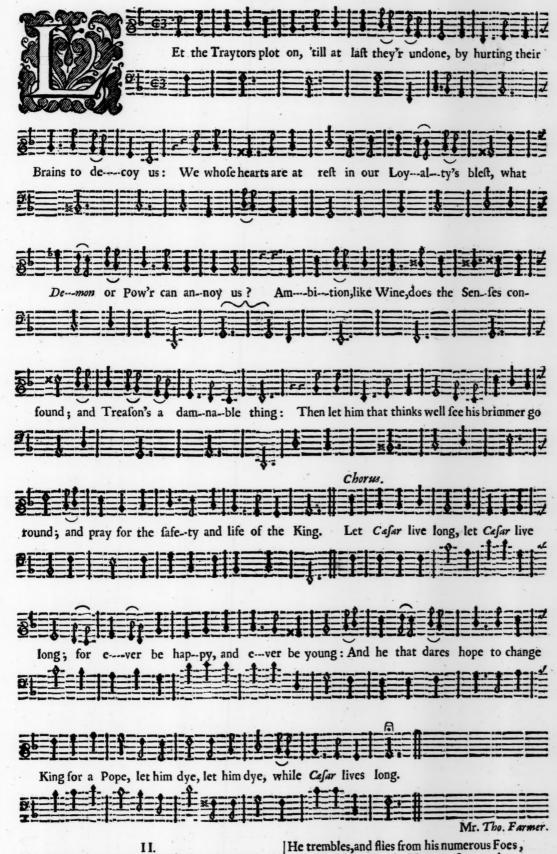
It fwells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peafant fo rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.

And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd. There's no Peasant, &c.

V.

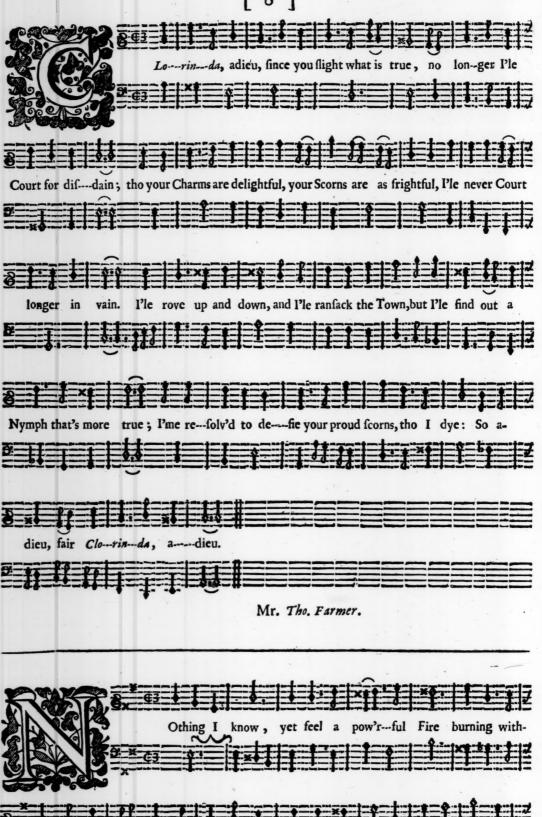
There's nothing our Hearts with fuch Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never fo rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.





How happy are we when our Hearts are all free, And bleft in our Sacred Obedience; Whilft the Politick Fool that's ambitious to Rule, Still banks at the Oath of Allegiance.

Like a Deer that the Hunters furround;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the joys of our Hearts like our Glasses abound.
Chor. Let Casar live long, &c.



in my Brest, through deep de----fire to be once more where first I felt un--rest, which

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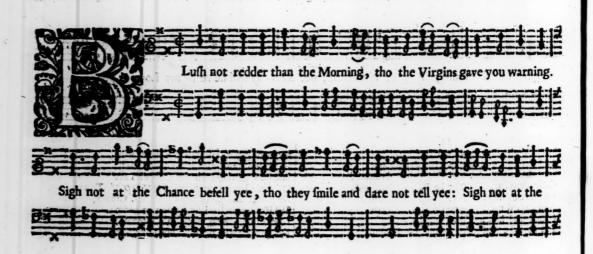




II.

Let Country Sots boast of their empty delights?
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites:
And more pleasure yields
Than the naked Fields,
Which with nothing but thoughts the Genius affrights.
And more pleasure, &c.

Then give me the pleafure, omnipotent Fate,
That now I enjoy, though at ne're fuch a rate:
For the dull Country Life
Suiting only a Wife,
I much more than old Age and Impotence hate.
For the dull, &c.





Maids like Turtles love the Cooing, Bill, and in Arms, in their Wooing: They like you, they ftart and tremble, And their troubled Joys diffemble. They like you, &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming;
Though your Beauties now are blooming:
Time at last your Joys will sever;
And they'l part, they'l part for ever.
Time at last, &c.



Then up he took his Pipe and play'd,
And gently with the Passon strove:
But strait the Reed aside he laid,
To sing of his neglected Love.
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or soften'd the Fair;
Then pity clarifa, Oh! pity the swain,
Whose life's but a Torment, 'till you cure his Pain.

Then down he laid him on the Ground,
His Cares inclining him to sleep;
But he much rather Troubles found,
That wretched Lovers waking keep.
Then as if from some Dream in a maze he came,
He started, and started, and call'd on her Name:
Return my Clarissa, or else you'l undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Greiss do pursue me.



Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white No Letter yet did ever stain: Fate (whom none can controul) did write, The fair Paftera here must Reign. Her Eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove Thy Love to be of nobest Race; Which took its flight fo far above All Humane things, on her to gaze

.. Michalani ila III kara

1

How can you then a Love despise?

A Love that was infus'd by you;

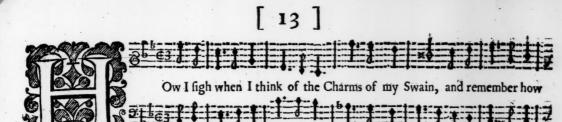
You gave Breath to its Infant fighs, And all its Griefs that did enfue. The Pow'r you have to wound, I have long shall I of that complain?

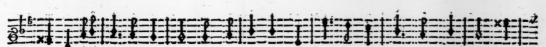
Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,

And take away the tort'ring pain. The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel, How long shall I of that complain?

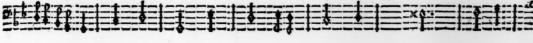
Then existing a tenent climing in zero come,

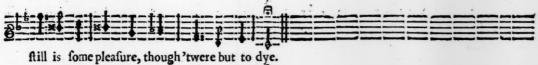
I everyon the risk of the west in details the set is a tensor of the in a more in come a construction of the construction of t

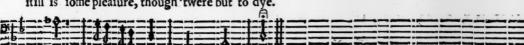




fweetly he kindness can feign; Oh! I rather would love all his falshoods than try: There



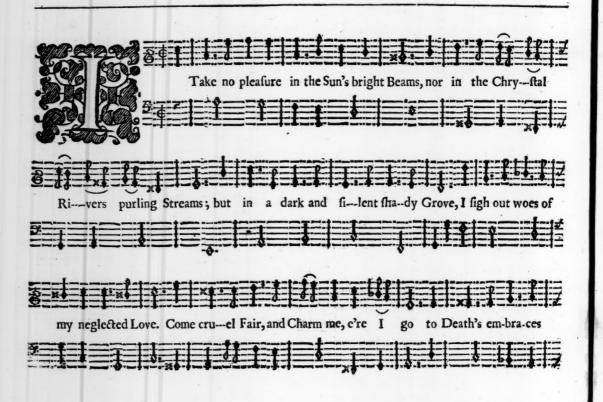




Mr. Henry Purfell:











H.

The Trees a duller Green have worn, Since that dear Swain is gone; The tender Flocks their Paftor mourn, And bleat a fadder moan. III.

The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
To happier Mansions fly;
And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
Now seem to bid me dye





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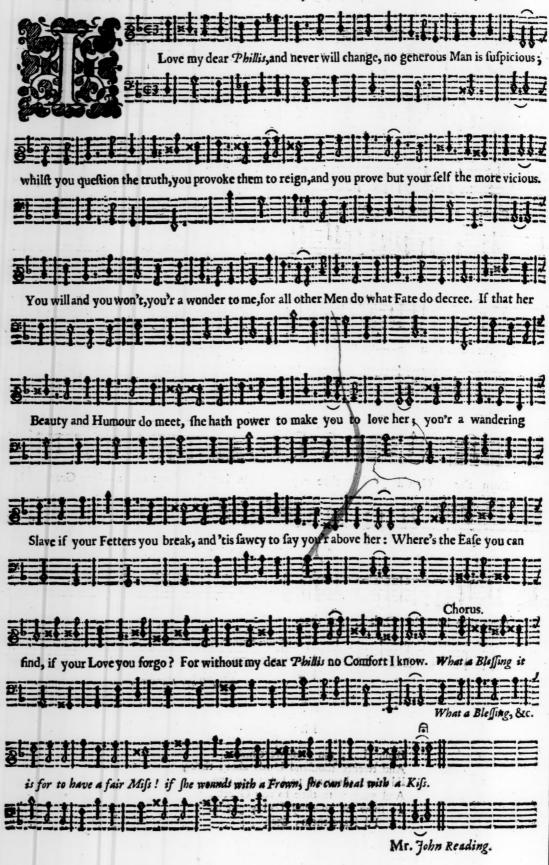
A SCOTCH SONG



II.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kis thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green,
To shew me how my Daddy got me,
I'd leave them, O's.

The ANSWER to a late SONG, Let Fortune and Phillis, &c.





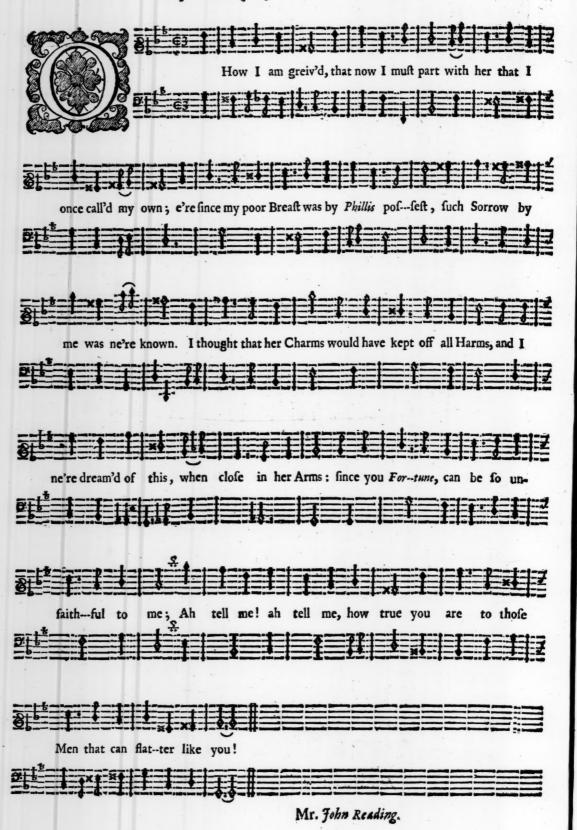
Íİ:

So foft are her Charms, and so melting her ways,
That she conjures fresh Spirits when Passion decays:
How I'm drown'd in the Bliss of a balmy white Hand!
She infuses new Nature, and Life doth command.
On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she drys,
And darts through my Soul with her languishing Eyes:
She raises my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
And cures with those Pleasures, which before did destroy.

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Upon the loss of a MISTRESS.

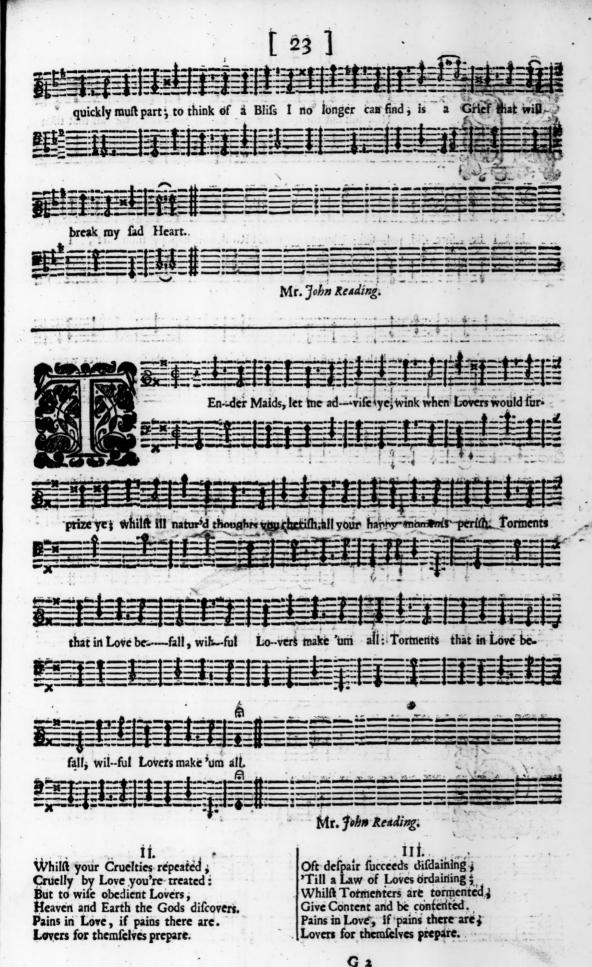


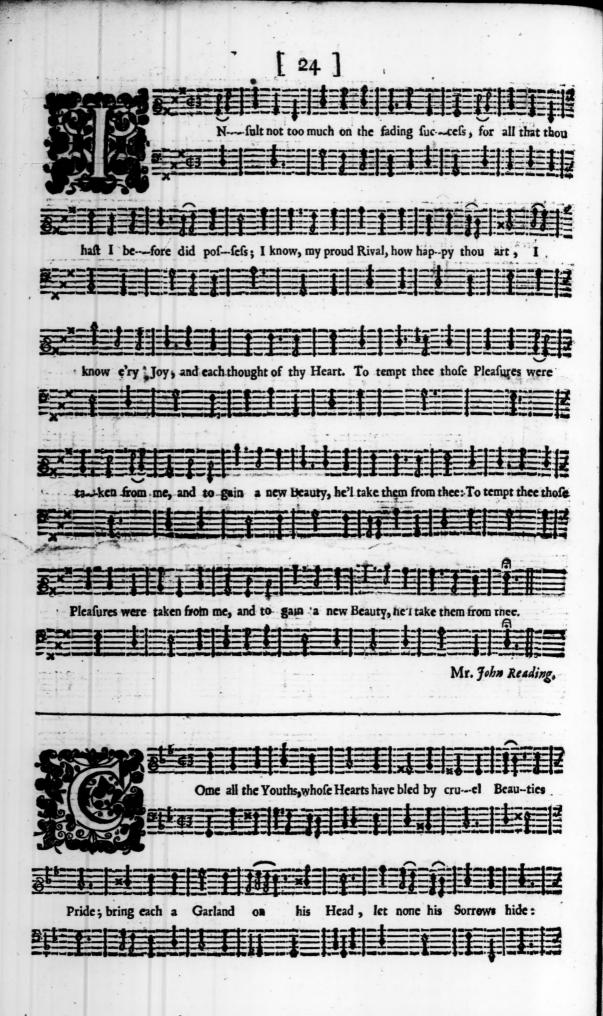




Ah Phil-lis! I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I so

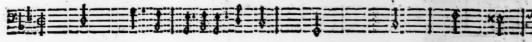
midft of the Cure.

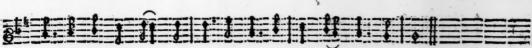




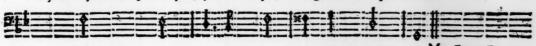


But hand in hand a round me move; finging the fad----deft Tales of Love; and





try when your Complaints ye joyn, if all your wrongs can e---qual mine.



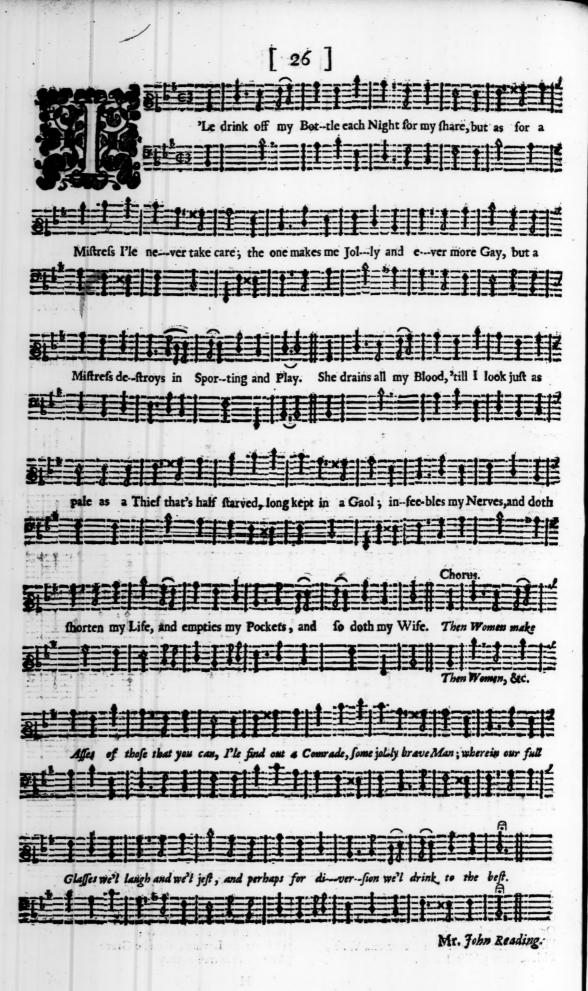
The happ'est Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrow knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye;
But ask not whence it grew:

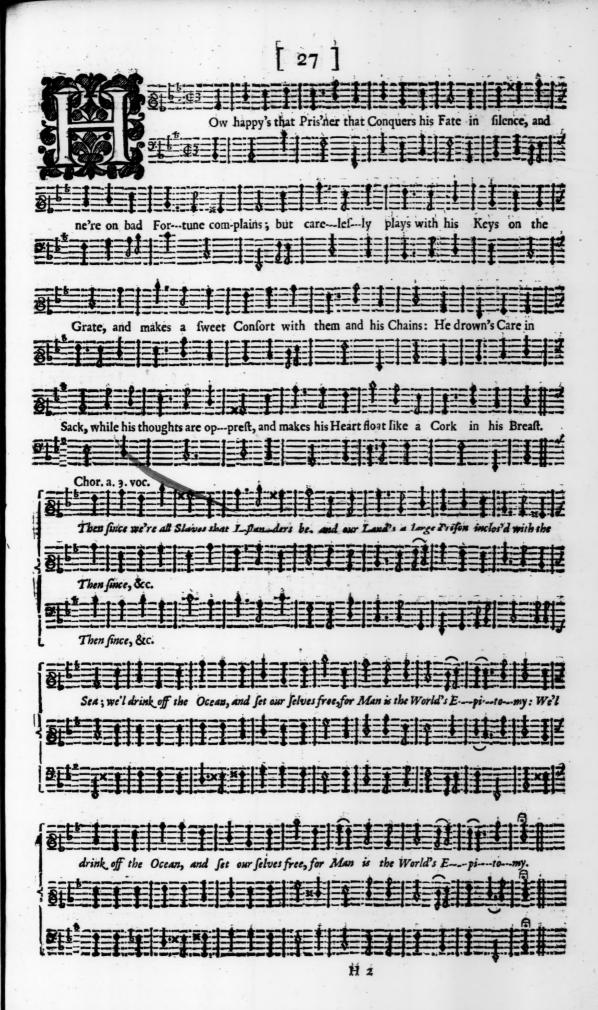
Yet if a Tempting fair you find That's very lovely, very kind; Though bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bear, Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

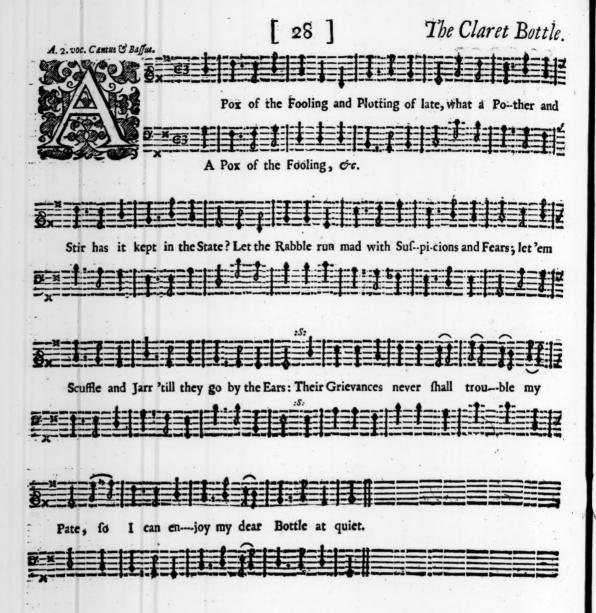


Can there be falfness in those Eyes?
Or can those looks betray?
I'l love thee spight o'th Grave and Wise,
I'l love thee whilst I may.

When I'm decrepid Ages Slave; And Amorous Flames decay; I'l leave my Loving, then be Grave And Wife as well as they.







II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease;
And their Necks, for a Toy. a thin Waser and Mass?
At Old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
H'as no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine,

What care I how Leagues with the Hollander go;
Or Intrigues betwixt Sidney and Monssier d'Avanx;
What concerns it my Drinking if Cassal be sold,
If the Conquerour takes it by Storming or Gold.
Good Bourdeaux alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

III.

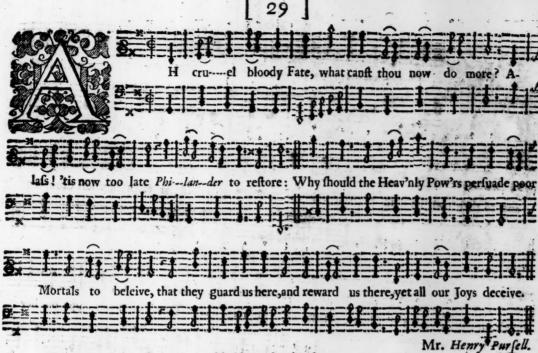
I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws, Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majefty please; Let 'em Damnus to Woollen, I'll never repine At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine. Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly sorbear To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Affes, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be As free from all care and all trouble as we.

The Bully of France, that aspires to Renown, By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own: Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and treat, To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat. He's but a brave Wretch, whillt I am more free; More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

VII.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot; Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat: Never think that in Smithfield I Porters will heat; No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that. I'll drink in Desiance of Gibbet and Halter, This is the Profession that never will alter.



Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And with a dying look, cry'd, thus I Fate command:

Philander, ah my Love! I come to meet thy Shade below:
Ah I come, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide, there needs no second blow.

In purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the Floor, Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and blest her dying Hour: Philander, an Philander! still the bleeding Phillis cry'd; She wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.



No Poetry can paint a thing
So fweet; so beautiful as you;
Not one: You're all so ravishing,
You'd make Imagination true.
Your powerful Charms will make a Staich

Z =

Your powerful Charms will make a Stoick find Nature has been extravagantly kind.

But Age must come, and Charms will seize
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you past all these,
Love me but now while Youth is here.
Content I'll set me down, Love on and sing,
The Winter's o're because I've had the Spring.









II.

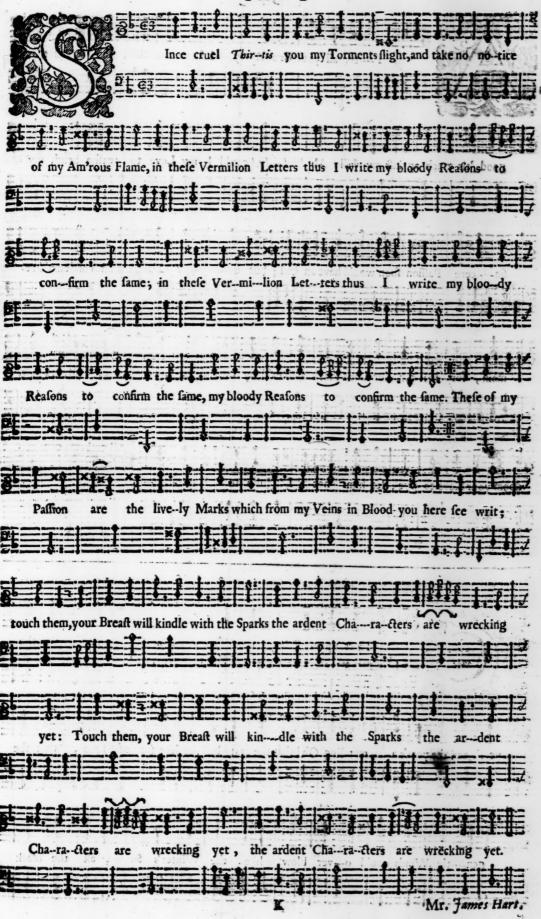
But see the Balm Lover's Monarch keeps
To ease a Lover's pain;
As he in that Mansion slept,
It siercely 'gan to Rain:
Fair Celia wandring through her Farms,
A silly Lamb from Wolf to save;
Which caught, the folds in her white Arms,
And glad to save it from the Storms,
Strait slipt into a Cave.

111.

The drowlie Swain began to finile To fee his Heaven fo nigh; She doubts and fears, and all the while The Lamb ftood Bleating by. No Breath was left her to complain, She's now a Captive to surprize,

Thus at the Mercy of her Swain The harmless Virgin lies.

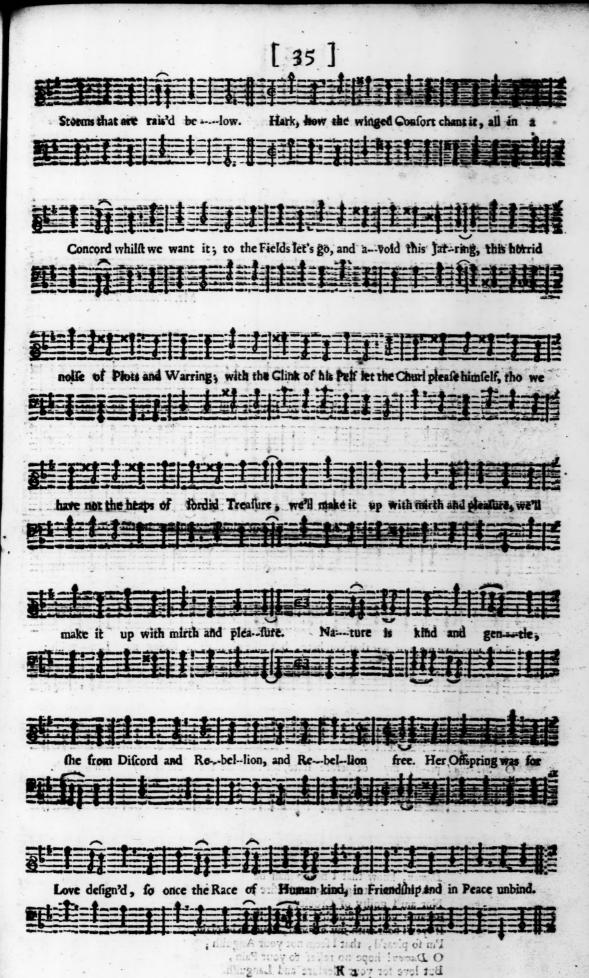
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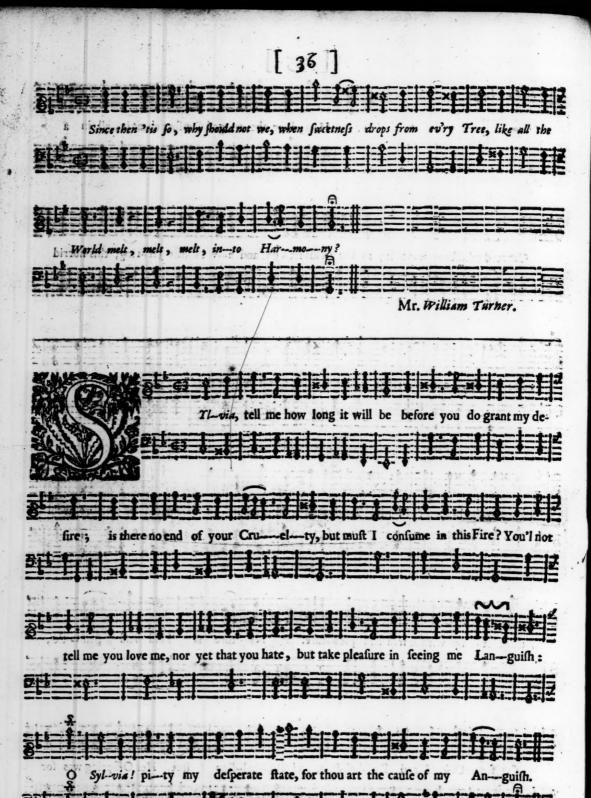
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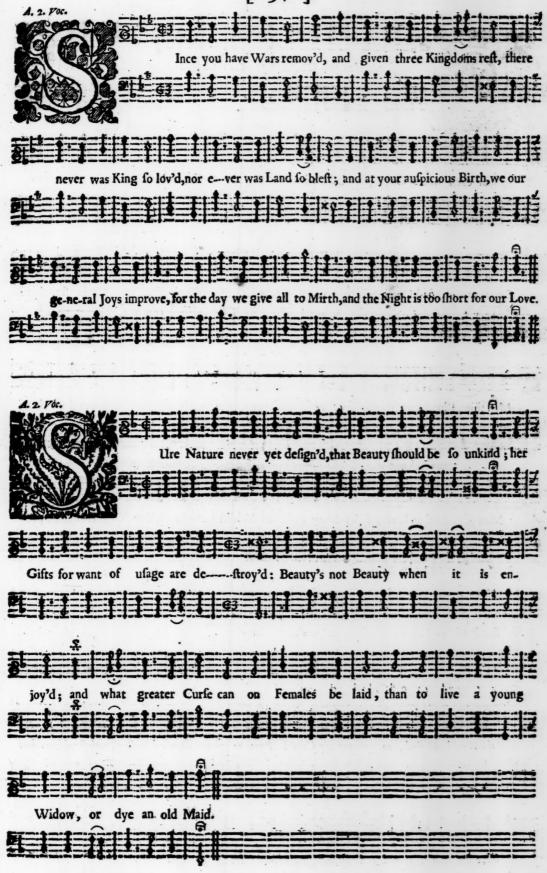


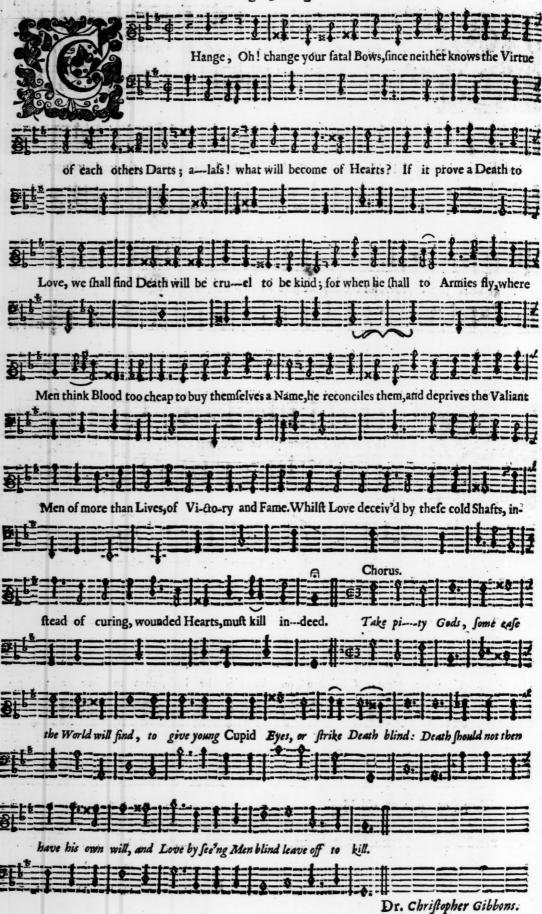


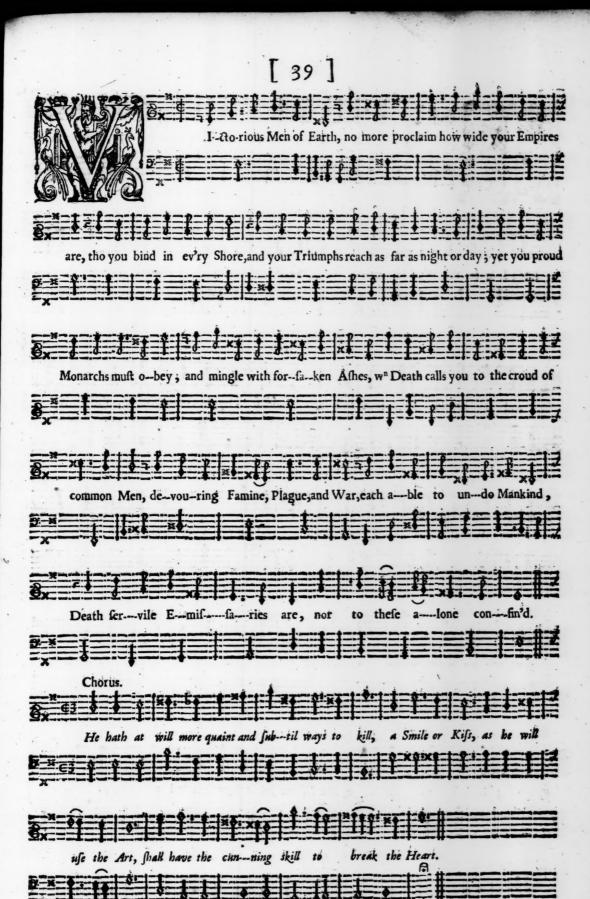
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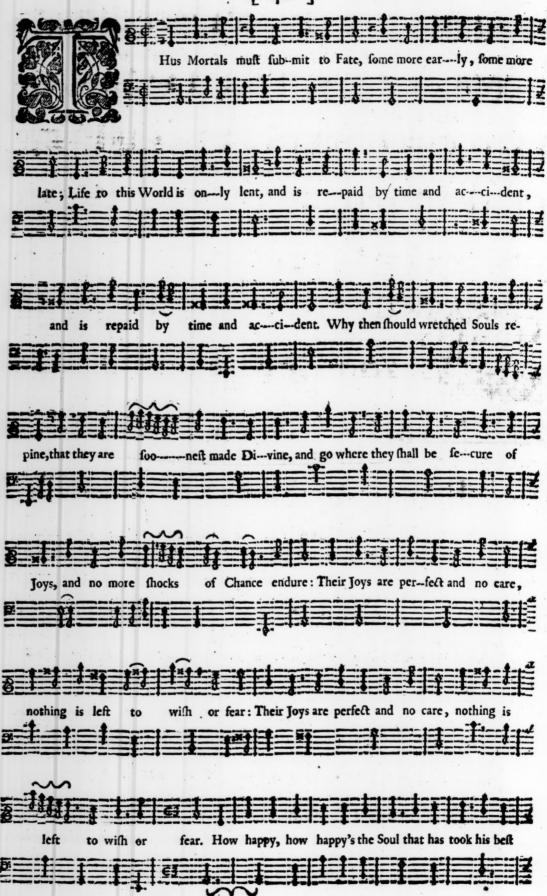
Damon, know that I never shall be
I th' humour to grant your defire;
Nor am I guilty of Cruelty,
Because you are scorch'd in your Fire:
If you'l bear with my humour, I love to be plain,
I'm so pleas'd, that I seem not your Anguish;
O Damon! hope no relief to your Pain,
But love for your Pleasure and Languish.







Dr. Christopher Gibbons







1 İ.

III:

Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Brass,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grass:
His Corfer of Lightning is grown so slow,
That a Cupid i'th' Saddle sits bending his Bow.

Love; Love is the cry, Love and Kisses go round,
While Phillis and Damon lie classed on the Ground,
The Shepherd who soon does his Pleasure destroy,
Tis Abortive, she cries, and he murders my Joy:
But he Rallies again with the force of her Charms,
And kisses, embraces, and dies in her Arms.

A DIALOGUE between PHILIDA and CORIDON.





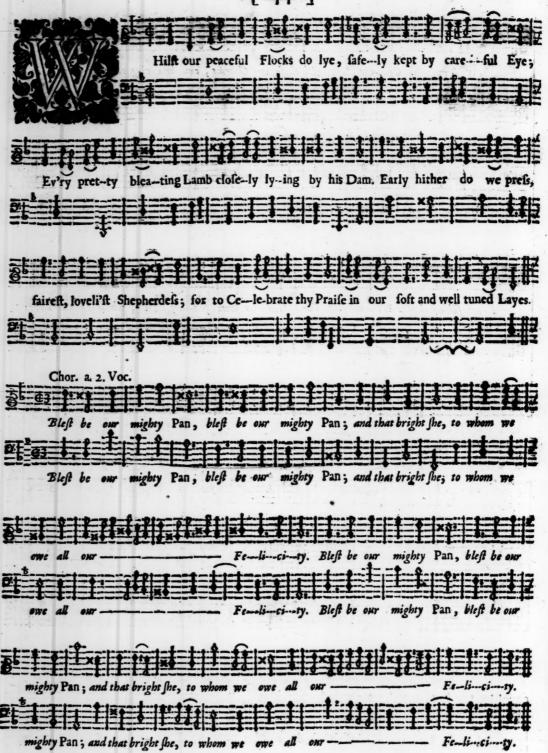








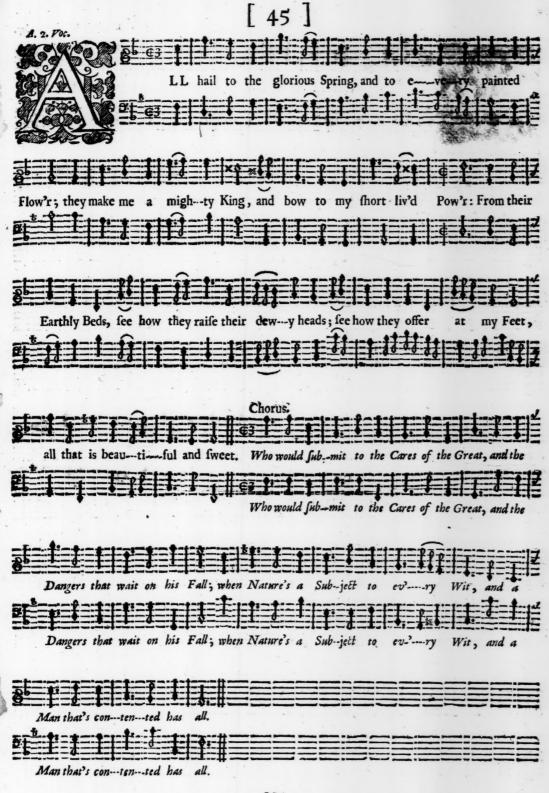
Mr. John Reading.



11.

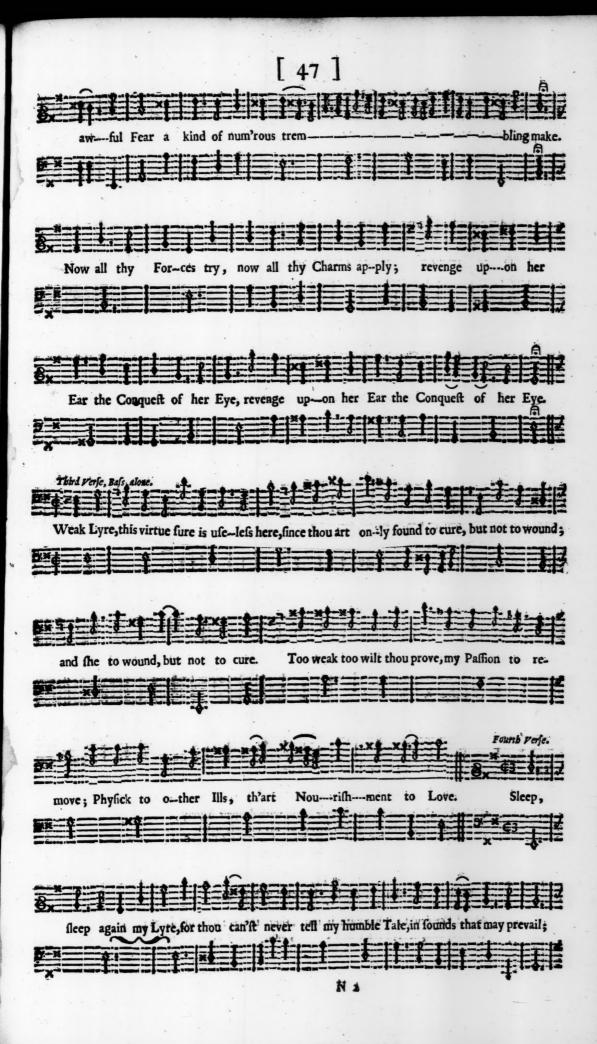
Never yet so sweet a Face, Did our humble Valleys grace; Nor so soft and fair a Hand, Ever Shepherd's Hook command. Chiefest Glory of our Pains, Lov'd by all the noblest Swains; Who breath all but one Desire, Learn for ever to admire. III.

Nay, that Beauty that doth still, All that look with wonder kill; Bloom for ever fresh and gay, Like the Riches of the May. On your Lips withall excell, May their Native Coral dwell; With each Feature and each Line, Gracing her that's so Divine.

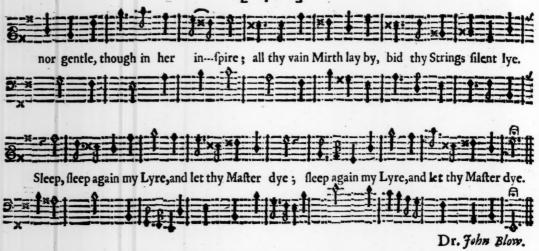


What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jessamines fragrant Sweet;
The blush of the full-blown Rose,
Or Lilly's Eye dazling white?
These, and whatsoe're the Field,
Cool Groves, and Chrystal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

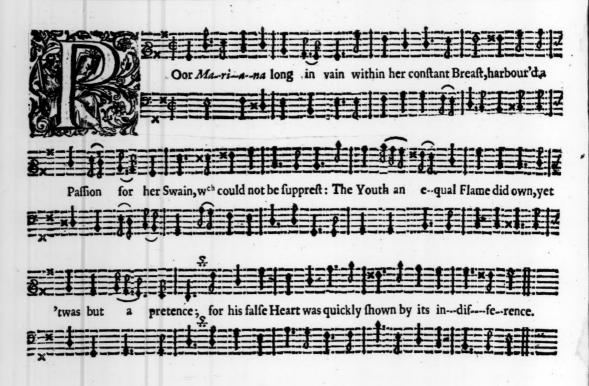








This SONG was by Dr. Blow Composed, to be performed with Instrumental Musick, Symphony's and Rivornello's, of four Parts betwirt every Verse; and likewise Chorus's of four Voices betwirt every Verse. But as it is here printed, you have all which is to be sung alone to the Theorem, and is suitable to the rest in this Book.



II.
This though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepest Agony,
Yet would she not upbraid her Swain of his inconstancy:
But ah! said she, the sault's my own, that I this usage find;
For could I just desert have shown, the Youth had still been kind.

Then she began thus to deplore her own unhappiness,
The only Remedy in store for Virgins in distress:
Alass! she cry'd, what Fate is mine, there to have fix'd my Love;
Where, Shepherd, I can't merit thine, nor yet my own remove!

A PASTORAL SONG fet by Mr. William Gregory, in memory of his deceased Friend Mr. Pelham Humphrys, one of the Gentlemen of HIS MAJESTY'S Chappel, and Master of the Children of the Chappel.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]

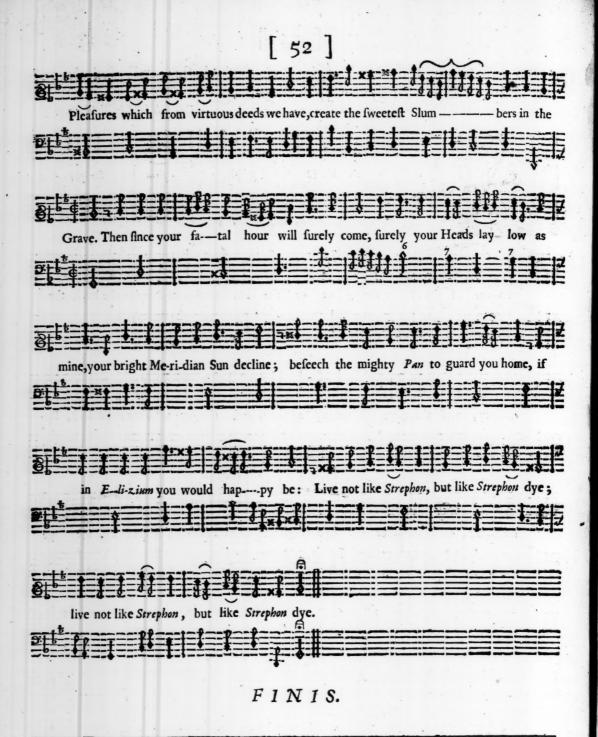


UMI



the more for----got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he.

A PASTORAL ELEGY on the Earl of Rochester, who died the 26th of July, 1680. Set by Dr. John Blow. [Words by Mr. T. Flatman. 7 on his Death-bed gasping Stre---phon lay; Strephon the won-der of the Plains, the noblest of the Arcadian Swains, Strephon the bold, the wit-ty, and the gay: With many a Sigh, and ma-ny a Tear, he faid, Reye Shepherds when I'm dead; remember mem-ber, re-mem-ber me Shepsherds, re--mem--ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead. Ye trifling Glories of the World a-dieu, and vain ap---plau----fes öf the Age; for when we quit me, Shepherds, for -lieve tell you true, those this mortal Stage, be-



ADVERTISEMENT.

R. Playford desires to give notice to his Musical Friends in or about LONDON, That his Dwelling-house is now at the lower end of Arundel Street, over against the George; and that there, or at his Shop near the Temple Church, all such as desire to be accommodated with such choice Consorts of Musick for Violins and Viols, as were Composed by Dr. Colman, Mr. William Laws, Mr. John Jenkins, Dr. Benjamin Rogers, Mr. Matthew Locke, and divers others, may have them fairly and true Prick'd. Also most of the choicest Vocal Hymns and Psalms for two and three Voyces, Composed by Mr. William and Henry Lawes, Mr. Locke, Mr. Jenkins, Dr. Rogers, and other choice Masters. He has also a large Collection of the new Instrumental Musick for two Trebles and Bass.

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THE FOURTH BOOK.



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Printed by A. Godbid and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1683.

Friend by A.G. Wiland J. P. offer Junior, and are Sold in Sold Missing and the strong and the strong free ring for the first of the contribution of the first of the contribution of the first of the fi

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TO ALL

LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS

MUSICK.

GENY EMEN,



HIS Fourth Book has met with the same Fate as my former, not to come abroad at the time proposed; but the fault is not altogether mine; for I have met with great Disappointments in this Collection, large Promises, and but slender Performances; and had it not been for the assistance of some worthy Gentlemen, my very good Friends, (whose kindness I shall always acknowledge) I might have despair'd of my

Undertaking. Most of the Songs have had the Approbation of (and are composed by) the best Masters in Musick, so that my Commendation can add little to their Value: However it is probable some ignorant Persons may unjustly censure them, like a certain Pretender to Musick, (who boasted himself a Scholar of Mr. Birchenshaw's) who publickly declar'd, That in my last Book there was but three good Songs, the rest being worse than common Ballads sung about Streets by Foot-boys and Link-boys; but (as Solomon, the wifest of Men, has it) the way of a Fool is right in his own Eyes, and he that despiseth his Neighbour is void of Wisdom. As for fuch Gentlemen who really understand Musick, I doubt not but they will give this, as they have done the former, a better reception; and that to them it will appear, that my Design is more the public Good, than my own private Gain. I have with no small pains and care printed the Songs as true as possible from the best Copies, and have not imposed Trash upon the Buyer, like the Publishers of the late Collection of Songs in Octavo wherein (besides the bad Collection) there is scarce one line of Musick true in the whole Book. There has been a great deal of care to do this Book well, and therefore I hope it will be so accepted, which will oblige,

GENTLEMEN,

Your Servant

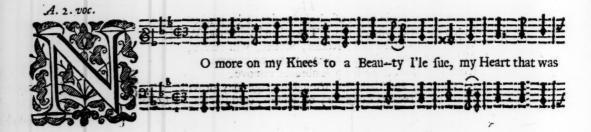
JOHN PLAYFORD.

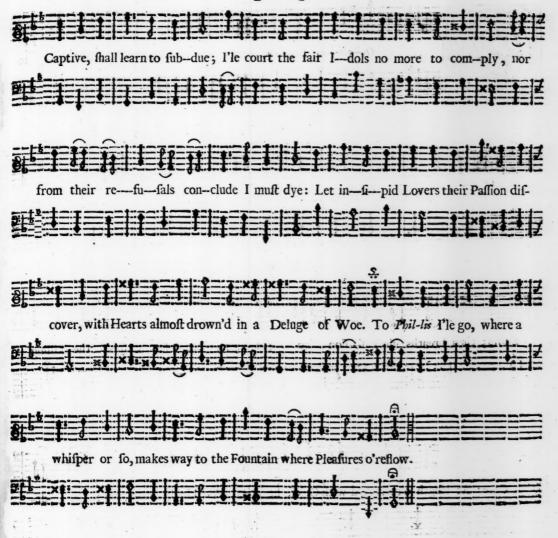
An Alphabetical Table of the Songs contain'd in this Book.

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Let Equipage and Dress despair	72	the Book, to correct with a Pen.	
M	/-	Folio 21, line 3. Frequent, put Fervent.	
Must poor Lovers still be wooing	33	Folio 61. line 4. In the Bass the Notes are not placed	right,
N	33	= *= * f p= 0 ===	
No more on my knees to a Beauty	2	they must be thus:	
Now every place fresh pleasure	36	Chant o're the	
0	,-		
On the Bank of a River close under	17	Folio 75. last line, A B slat is wanting so the Not Love in the Treble.	e ove r









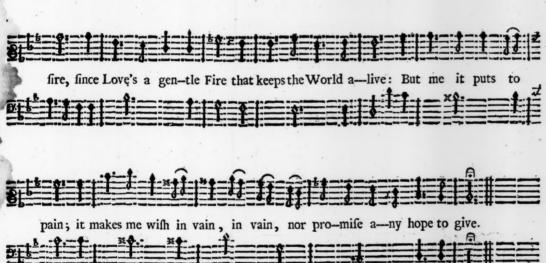
II.

There in Loves Garden I'le rifle each Flower,
Contemning young Cupid, and scoffing at's Power,
'Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to pursue
Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every motion, or amorous notion,
The rifings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where Jove cannot spy,
My Phillis and I most pleasingly stray.

HI.

Where whilft I enfold the foft Dear in my Arms, I wallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms Of her foft melting Kiss, I gasp for fresh Breath, Each minute reviving to dye a new Death. Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss. We consume the swift Minutes of troublesome Life, 'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire, And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.

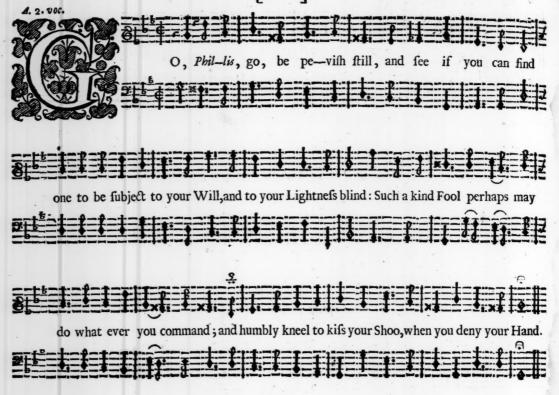




11.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames pursue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes fuccessless prove,
My Heart shall ne're remove
From wishing of her Love,
In Fortume's Triumphs lead:
And though it banish me,
If she but happy be,
'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead:



II.
But have a care, for Fools are cross,
And when you light on one;
I'le joy to fee you at a loss,
And not your Fate bemoan:
Your Pride I'le then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to fee you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will fay,
Dear Phillis, now fome comfort give.



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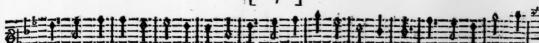
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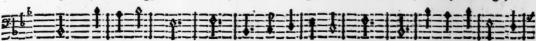
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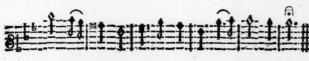
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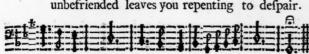


At your re-si-sting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to Age, who



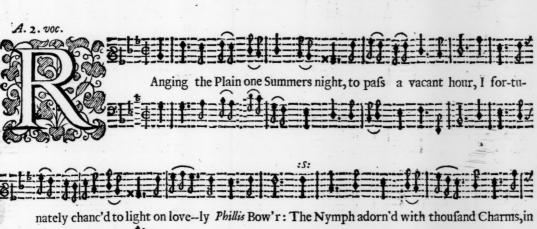


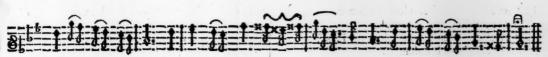
unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.



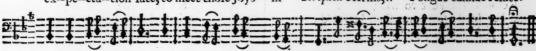
No more in vain then wast your Beauty, And those sweet Treasures I adore; To Love and Nature pay your duty, Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore. Kindly embrace your dear Sylvander, Press him upon your tender Breast; That our kind Souls may gently wander

On the bleft banks of Happiness.





Strephon's Arms, web Tongue cannot relate. ex-pe-cta-tion fate, to meet those Joys in



II.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head, Her Breast did gently rise; That e'ry Lover might have read Her Wishes in her Eyes. At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees, He fuddenly would flart; A Cold on all her Body feiz'd, A trembling on her Heart.

III. But he that knew how well fhe lov'd, Beyond his hour had ftay'd;

And both with Fear and Anger mov'd The melancholy Maid. Ye Gods, she faid, how oft he fwore

He would be here by One; But now, alas! 'tis Six and more, And yet he is not come.

C 2



11.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay asham'd;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So great a God was I.
And she transported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd rife and let me in.

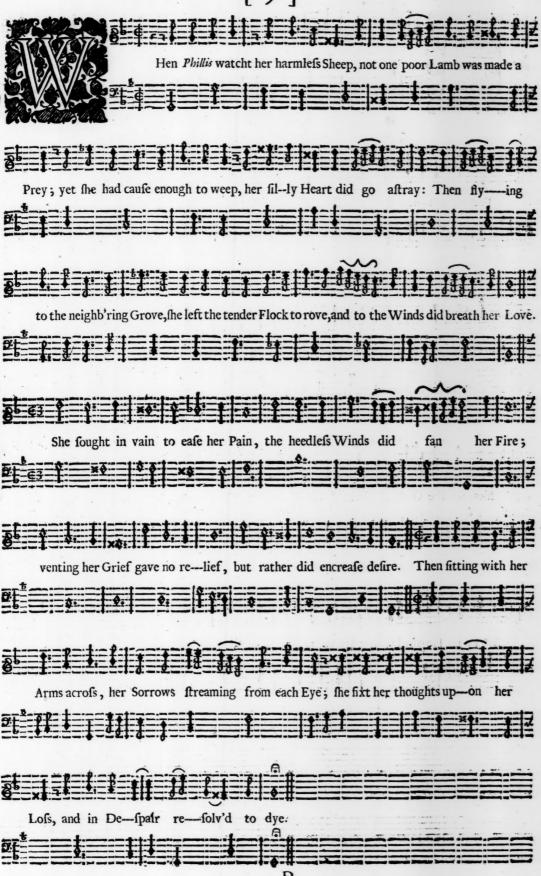
IV.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing fate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her rash Sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e're she let me in.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from fuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her fo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e're she let me in.

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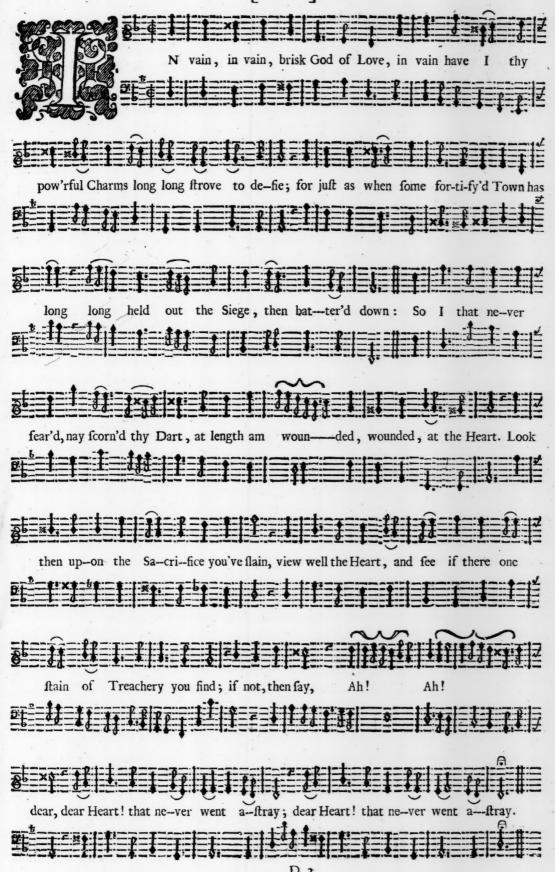
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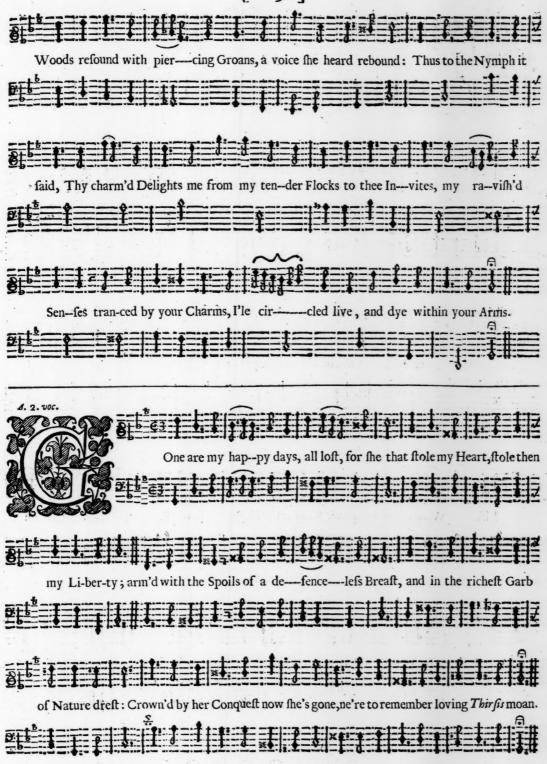
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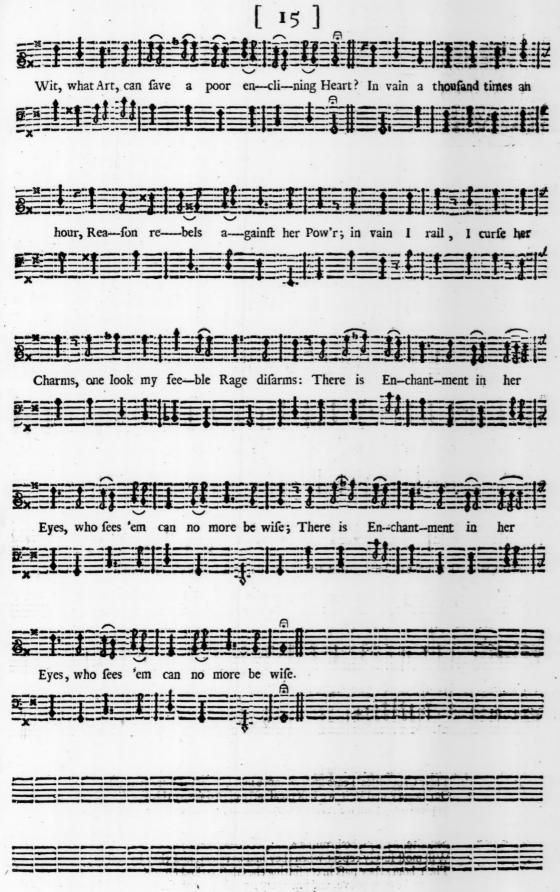




Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave, With humble Pride I'le follow like a Slave: But if amidft the Pomp with Scorn fhe turn, And fee the Wretch that once for her did burn; Just as she backward casts her Head, Then her reproachful Eyes will strike me dead.

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Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's slattering Anguish,
Their Crocadiles Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;
Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,
As pleasantly then we'luse our Coyness and Frowns to destroy them.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us,
Will most furely repent when they find us relent, and they ha' lost us;
Their hours they pass in consulting the Glass to find Graces,
May make us approve, and presently love their Fools faces.



II.

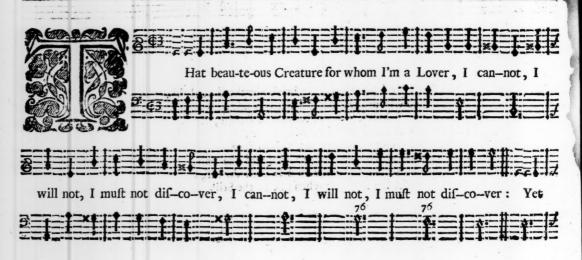
Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd, If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side: In matters of State let grave Reason be shown, But Love is a Power will be ruled by none; Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare, For Scandal can blast both the Chast and the Fair. Most sierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill, And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

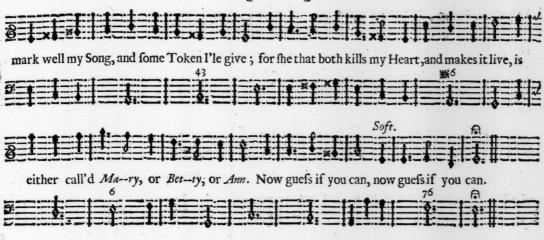
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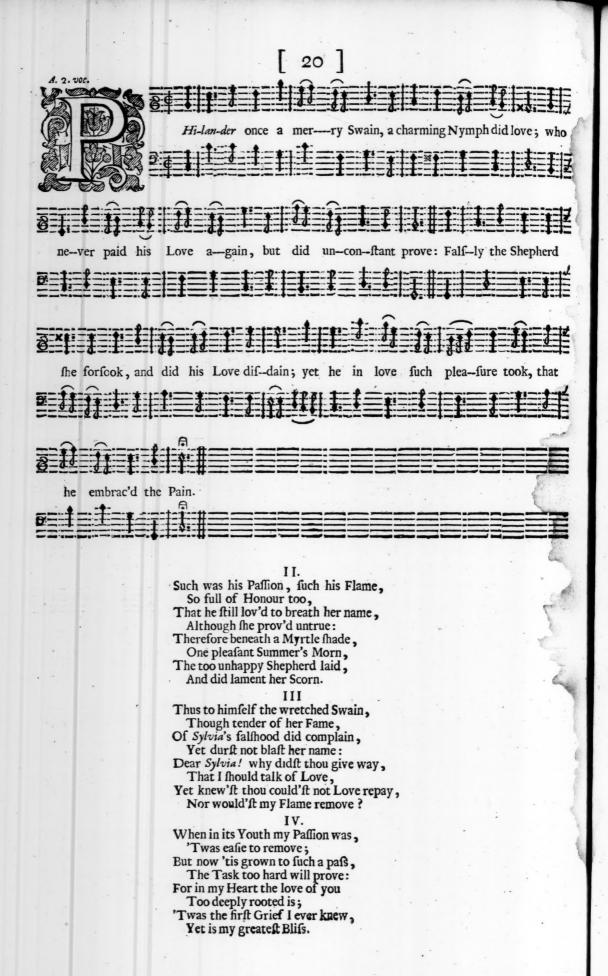


Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender, Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender, Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red, Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead, She'd make one in love were he never before; But I say no more, but I say no more.



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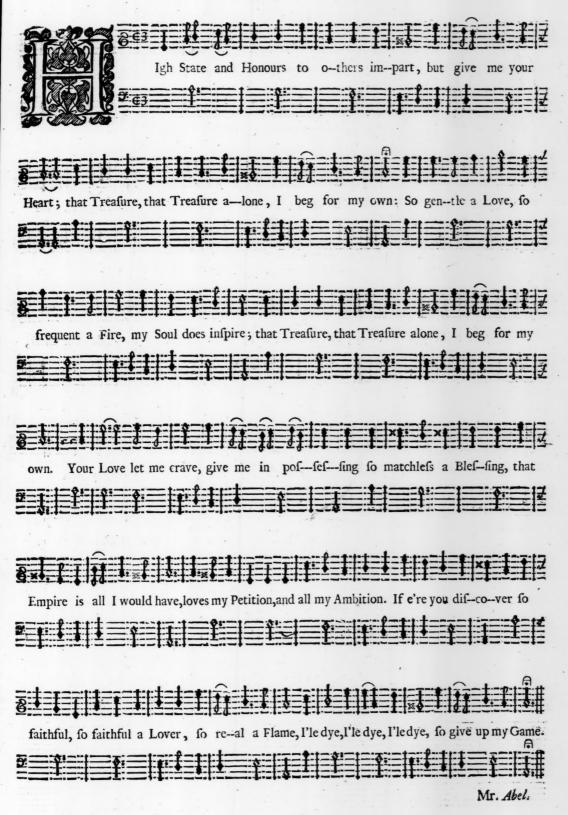
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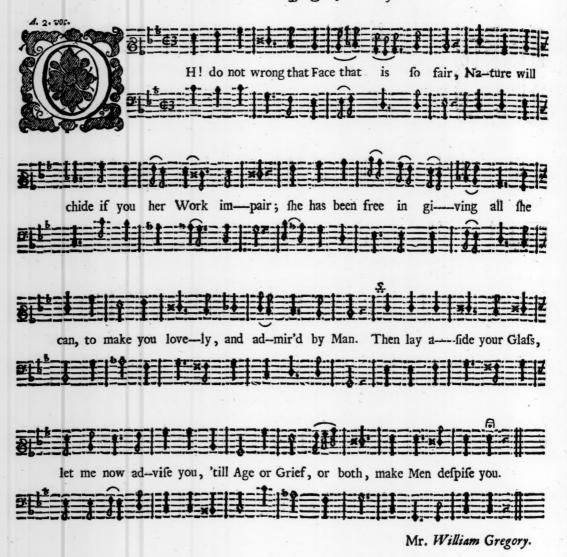
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An AYRE on a Ground.



On a LADY dreffing by a Glass.



II.

Narcissus seeing of his lovely Face,
Doated so much he dy'd in's own Embrace;
If Man did so, what will not Woman do,
When she surveys what Men admire and woo?
Then lay aside your Glass, let me now advise you,
'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.



The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no foft Tale would lend an Ear,
But carelefs fit and fing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breaft to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amintor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thousand Youths did daily dye
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
'Till Love at last young Cleon brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,
Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her blest as those above.



When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold disdain,
And Sylvia shall neglected pass,
By every one admiring Swain:
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn;
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah Sylvia! who will make return?

III.

Then haft my Sylvia to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of May conspire;
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher:
And when Embracing we shall lye,
Closely in shades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilst we defie,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.



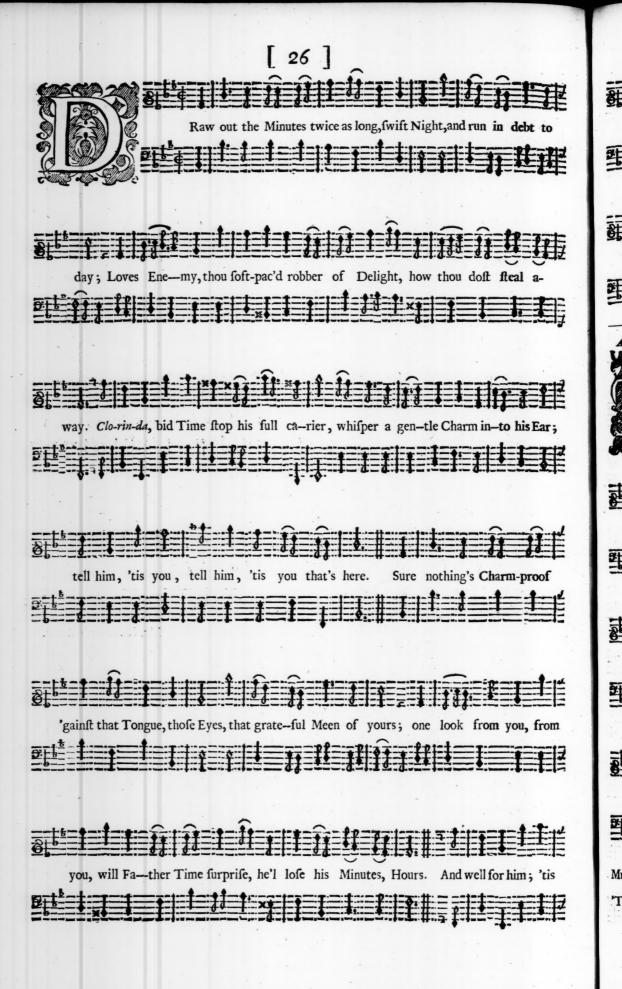
Each fight my Reason does surprise,
And I at once both wish and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there.

Take, take that Heart that needs would go,
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents would bestow,
If this, alas! should be abus'd?

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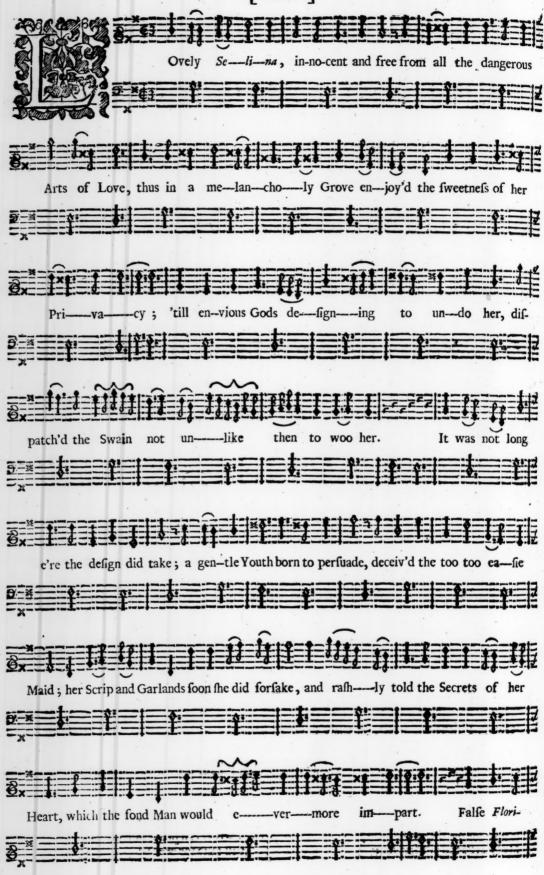


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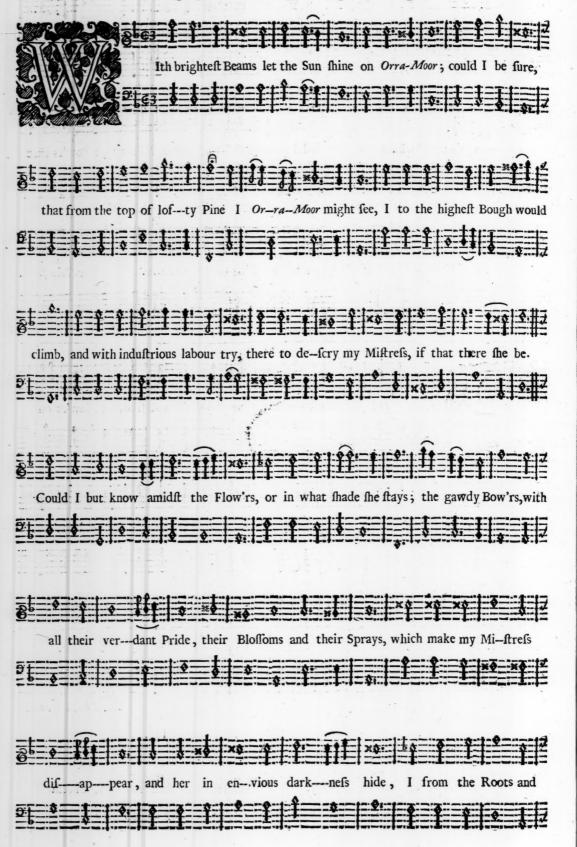
Till on a time the haples Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Strephon the careless Shepherd slept and lay.
But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm.
To Woods and Eccho's now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

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[30] 0 R R A-M 0 0 R, a Lapland Song.



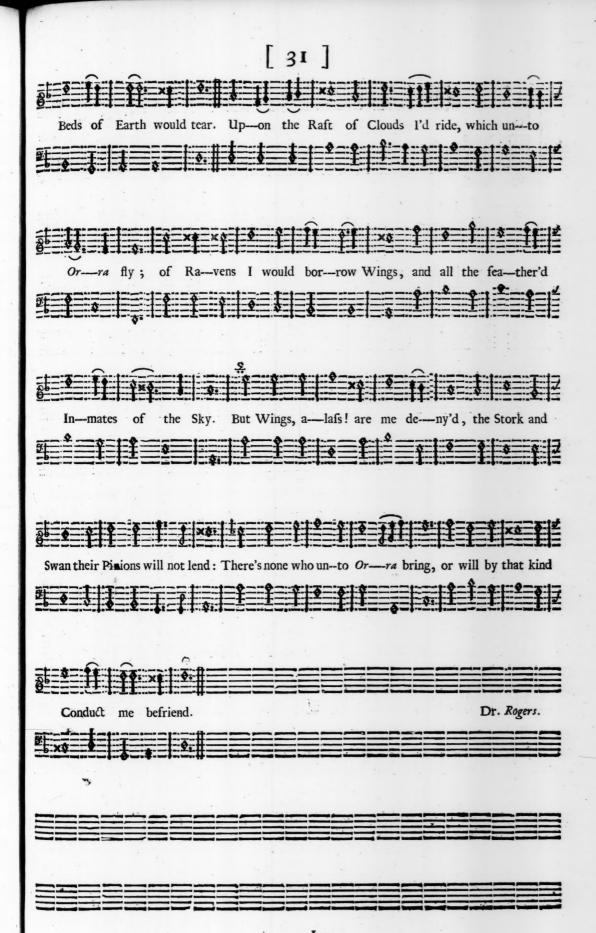
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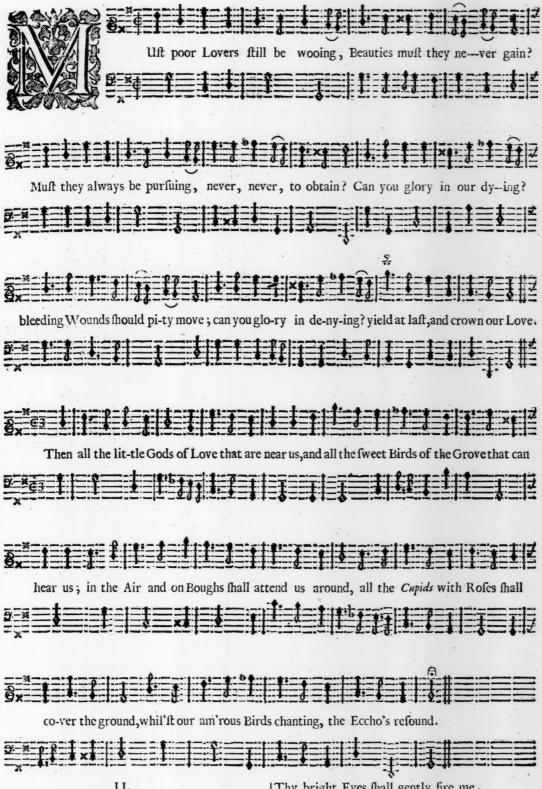
Fly Eccho's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whispers bear My Languishing and deep Complaints to my dear Phillis ear; Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye, And ask her, when she'l leave off Cruelty? Oh powerful Love! come from above, And in her chast Heart go take up thy feat:

For if Love once dwell in her Breast,

Such pleasing Relief

Will drown all my Grief,
And make me a Lover that's blest.





Then with Myrtle Wreaths furrounded, Underneath cool Shades we lye; Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded, There both killing, we'l both dye. Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me, Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry; And thy charming Looks inspire me, With new Themes of Poetry. Then all the little Gods, &c.

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And griev'd, but troubled most;
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,
Which I so lately lost.
When that Seraphick Face I view,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The best remembrance does renew,
Of those short happy Hours.

And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I see, I smell, I tast,
But there's one Sense still wanting.
From the rare virtue of which Sense,
All Senses have depending;
Love did at first from that Commence
A Pleasure without ending.



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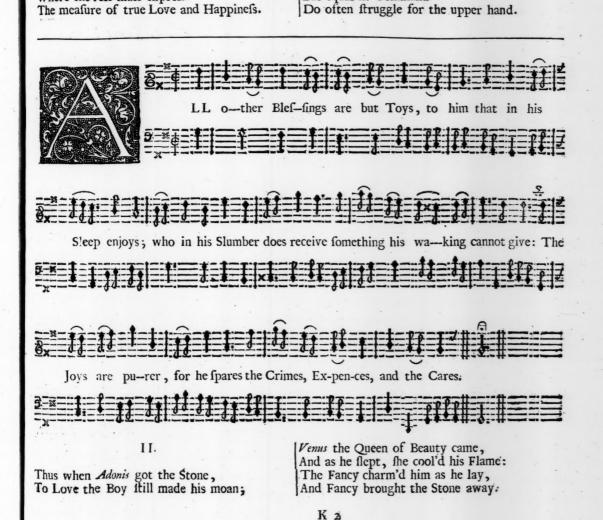
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Mr. James Hart.

II.

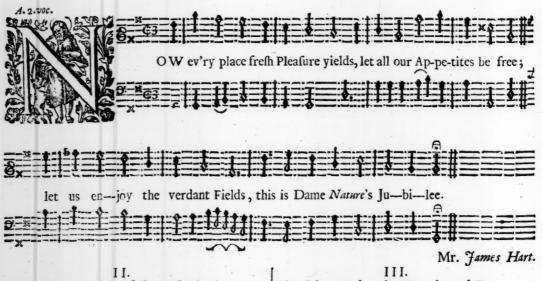
Hail green Fields and shady Woods,

Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;

Nature's uncorrupted Goods,

Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

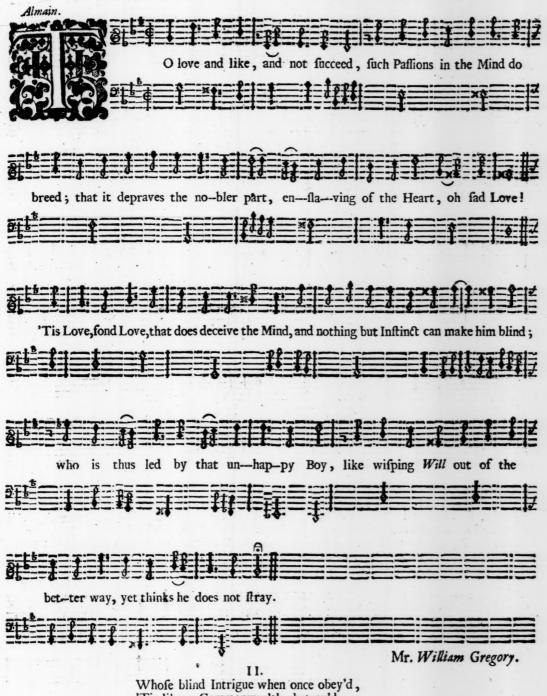
Where Virtue only is fecure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no fnare.



With Garlands made of fweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'l dance and sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours,
As to promote the growing Spring.

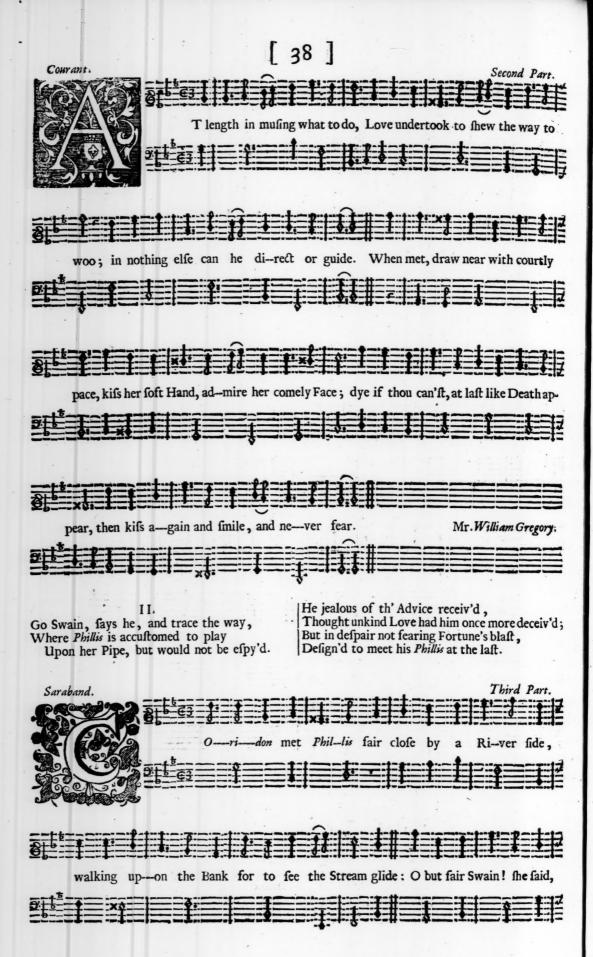
The Sylvan Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns, Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice; The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawns, Loudly in Eccho's shall rejoyce.

CORIDON and PHILLIS, or the Cautious Lover.



Whose blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the false Dictates of a Foe,
Who like a Friend does show,
Or like Jove.
So Coridon a harmless loving Swain,
Who willingly his Phillis would obtain;
But durst not venture to disclose the smart,
That Love, by an unlucky poyson'd Dart,
Had shot into his Heart.

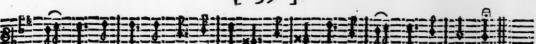
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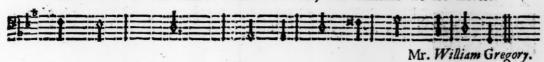
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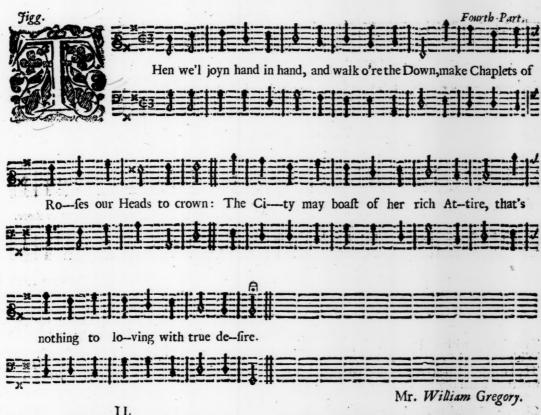
who e're dif---co--vers that we walk thus a--lone, will conclude we are Lovers.



She blush'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear, Thrice happy Coridon, thus to meet fuch Joys here: What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd; But if Truth once appear, fure it cannot be asham'd.

If Coridon should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his Phillis fond, and her Passions should reveal: Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beside, To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

Let not fair Phillis fear, false Thoughts dare enter Into this Breast of mine, where true Love has his Center; For could I suspect any false conclusion, I would first tell my Nymph, that my Ends were delusion.



H.

Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell, Our Rural Delights shall please us as well; No Jealousie here shall disturb our Minds, While we fing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

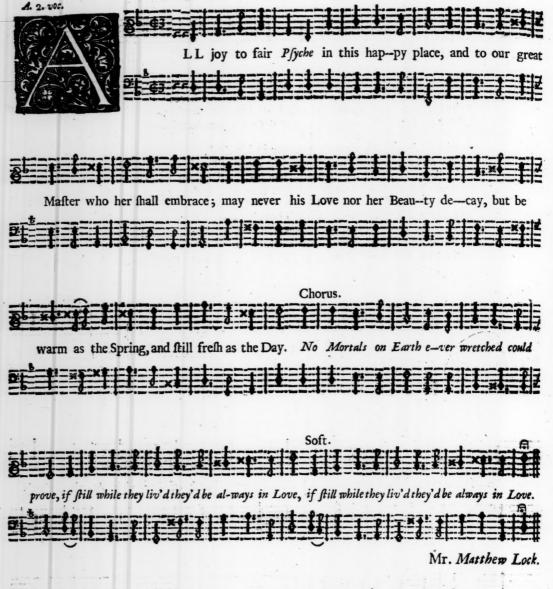
When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care, And thus will we spend the day in Delight, The Rich and the Great may therein have share; And be no less pleasant when it is night.

But we in our Love from that shall be free, And none shall more happily live than we.

When thou with thy Pipe shalt good Musick make, Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;

L 2

A SONG in PSYCHE.



II.

There's none without Love ever happy can be, Without it each Brute were as happy as we; The knowledge Men boaft of does nothing but vex, And their wand'ring Reason their Minds do perplex.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, If still while they liv'd they'd be always in love.

III.

Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights, Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, But were he still pester'd with Cares & with Frights;

Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade, By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

Then lose not a Moment, but in pleasure employ it, For a Moment once lost will always be fo; Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it, And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

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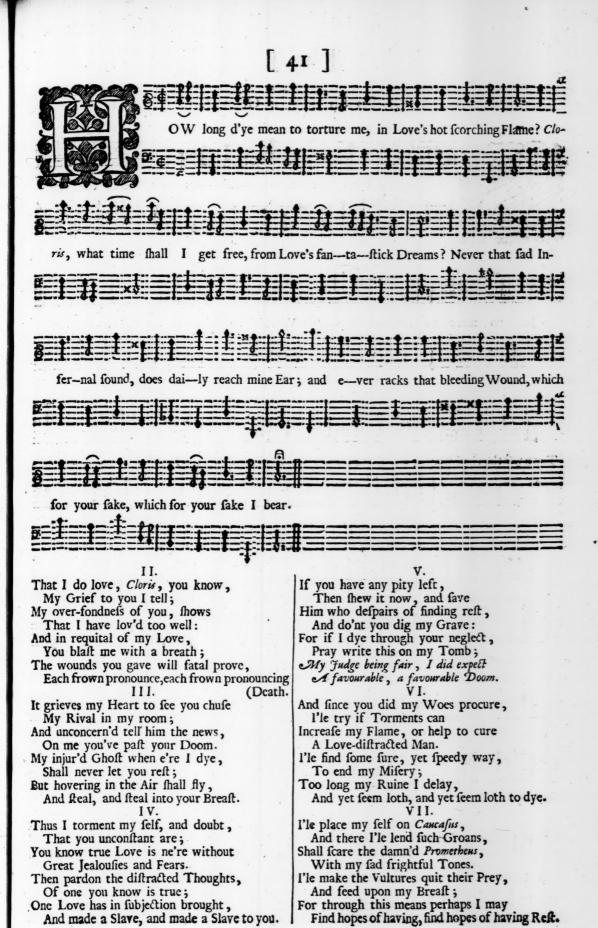
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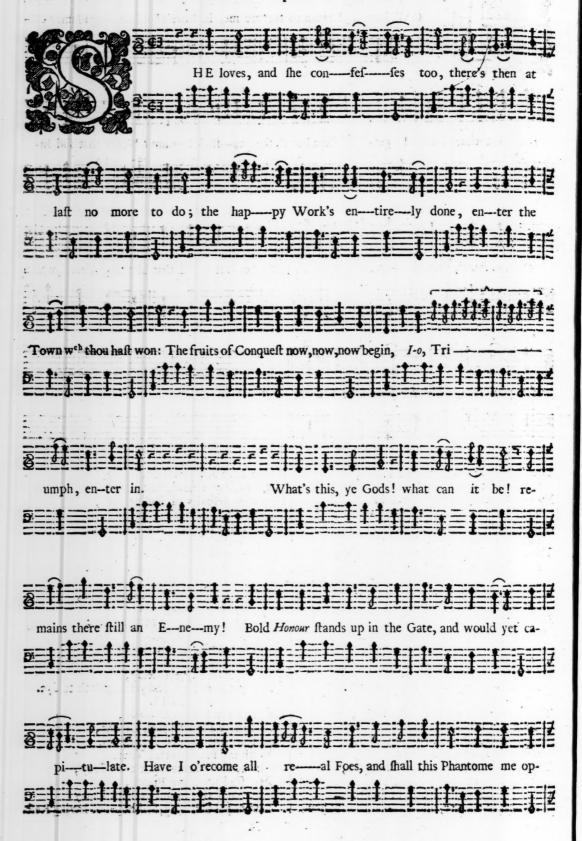
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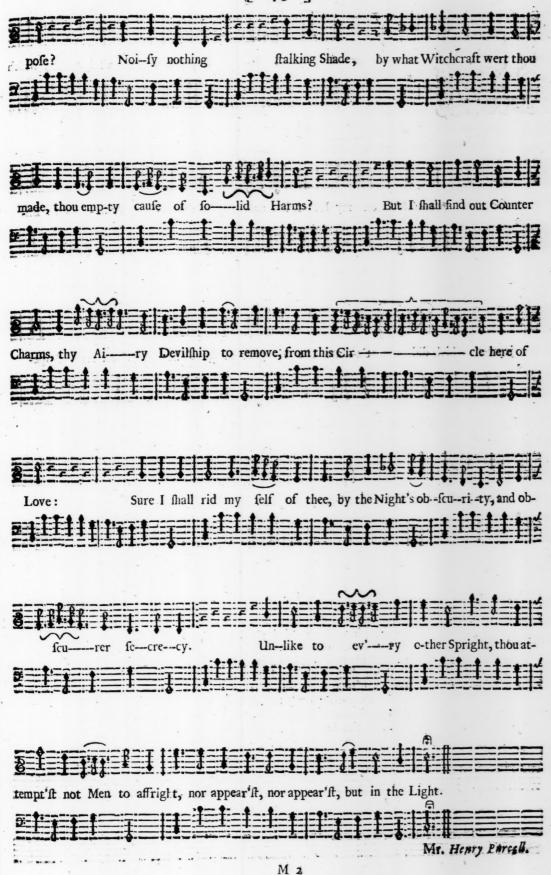
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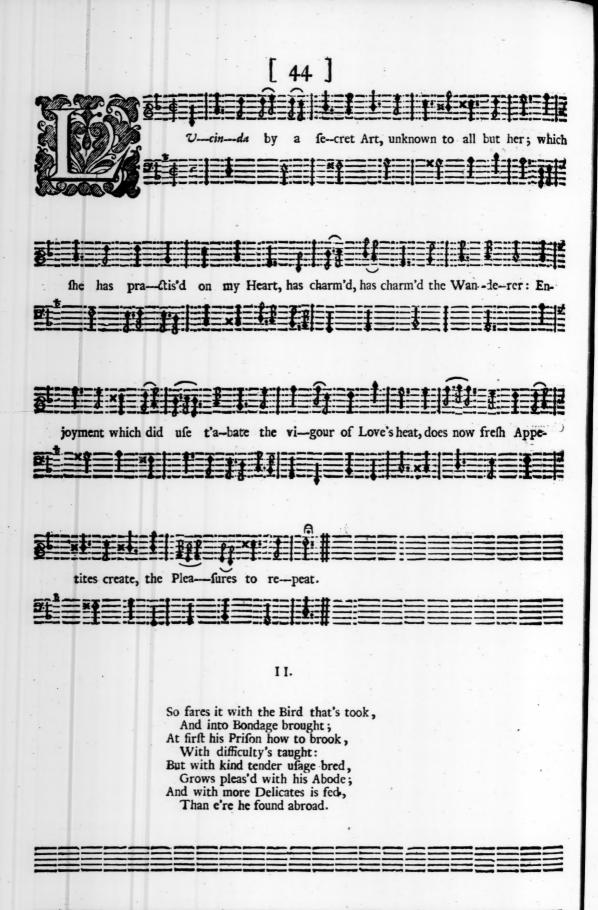


A Song upon a Ground.

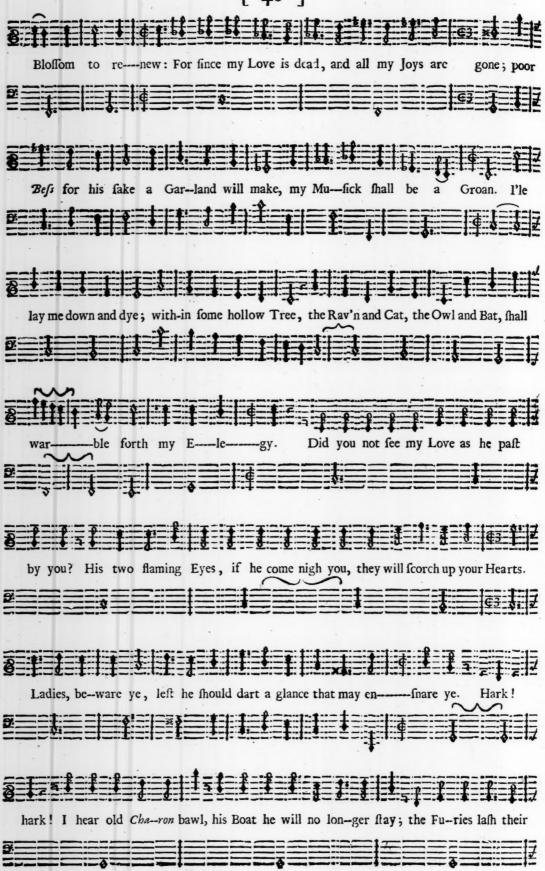


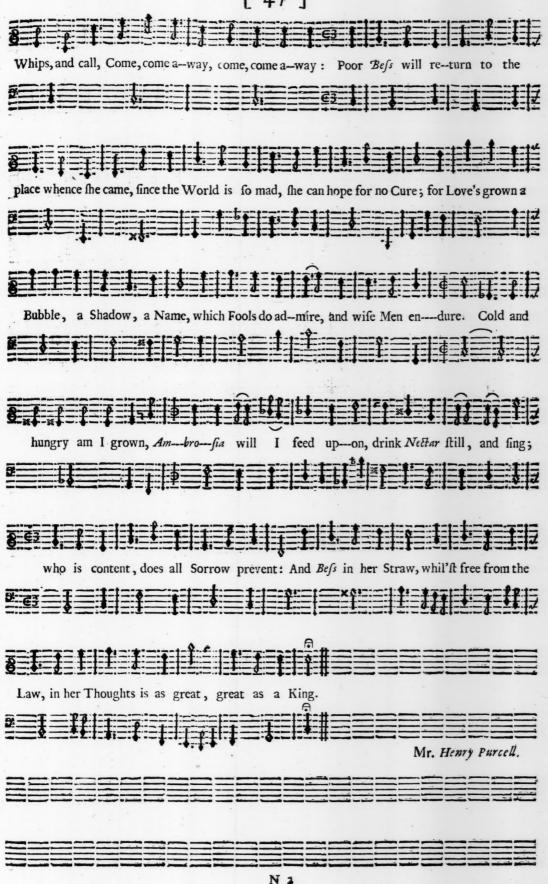


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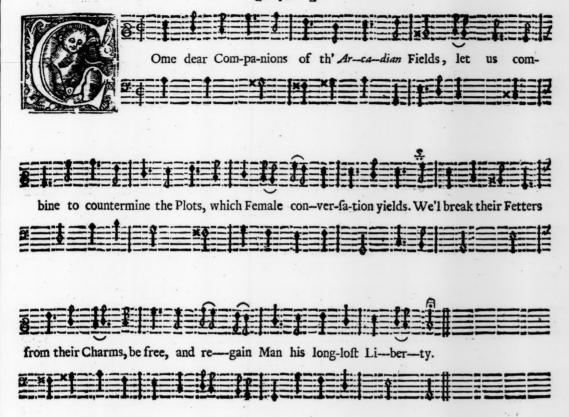




Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

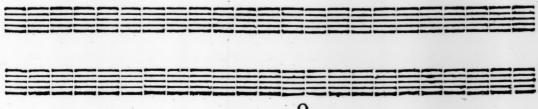
While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If the but the thing deny;
Soon the makes me leave my Railing,
And I give my Tongue the lye:
You whose skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charms compells my Fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom I fear I ought to hate.

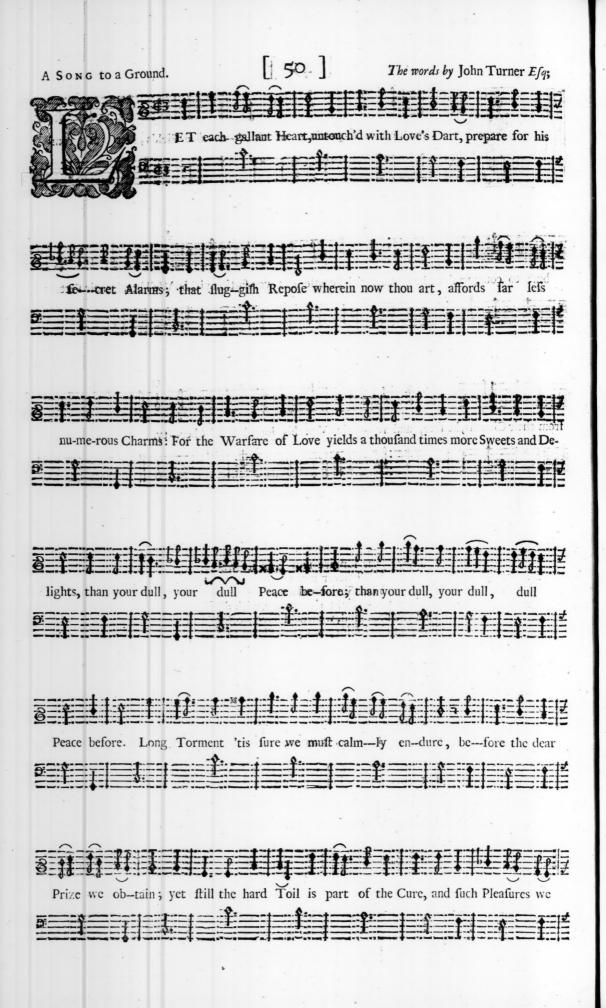


Beauty your Empire now is in its wain,
We'l never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight t'abosciate with disdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still,
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themselves abuse,
And Power lose,
Their strength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Government that's too severe.

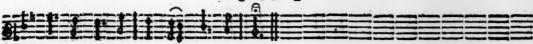






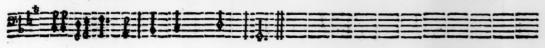






Vows she makes, as Mars himself would move.

Mr. Francis Forcer.



II.

Spare, O spare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
'Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,
In vain she did Adore:
Encrease these Flames, that soon they may
This wretched Frame consume;
And not to torment by delay,

But quickly feal my Doom.

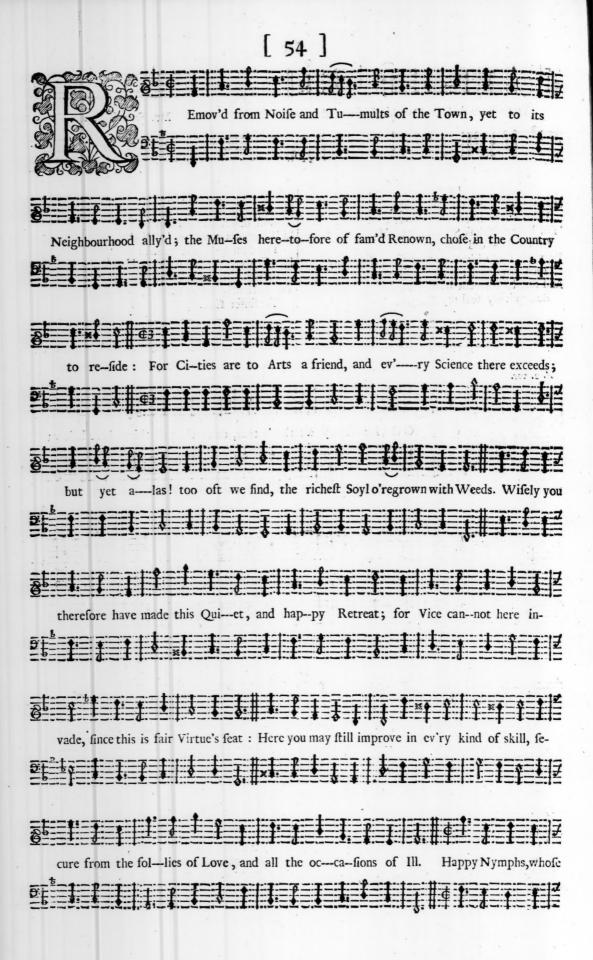
Or if for past Offences,
Must linger out my days
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'le praise:
Deaf to my Vows, fasse to his own,
Perjur'd although he be;
Yet patiently I still submit,
To suffer Heaven and thee.



Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

IMU

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Eafe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.



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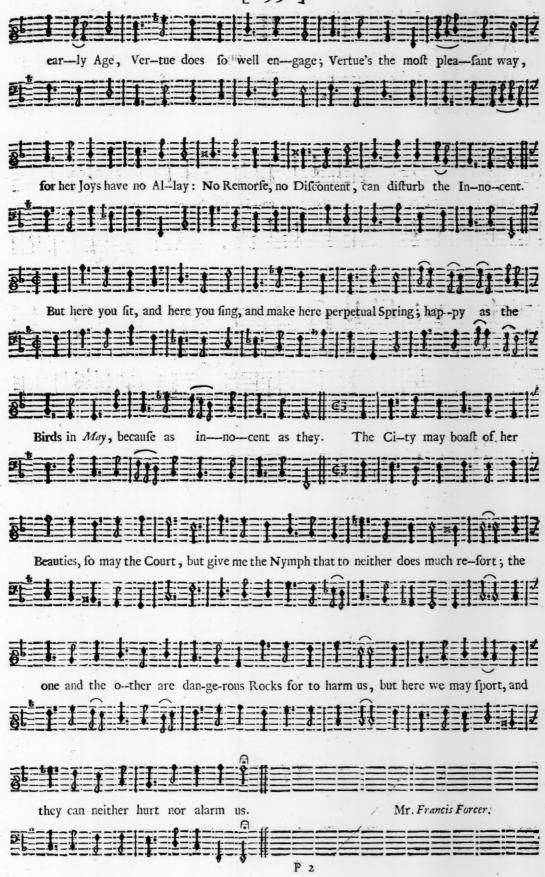
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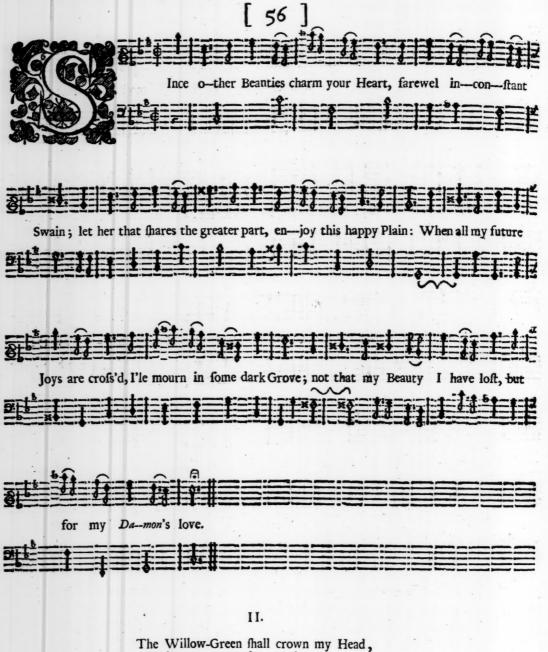
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The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'le gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the mossy Ground:
To every Spring and ecchoing Grove,
My mournful Song shall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)
On vain Inconstancy.



But Love, like the Brave, no fooner fubdu'd
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
Such excesses of Joy,
My Fears to destroy:
Now in Freedom I reign,
All proud of my Pain;
Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses persuade,
'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleasures ne're sade.

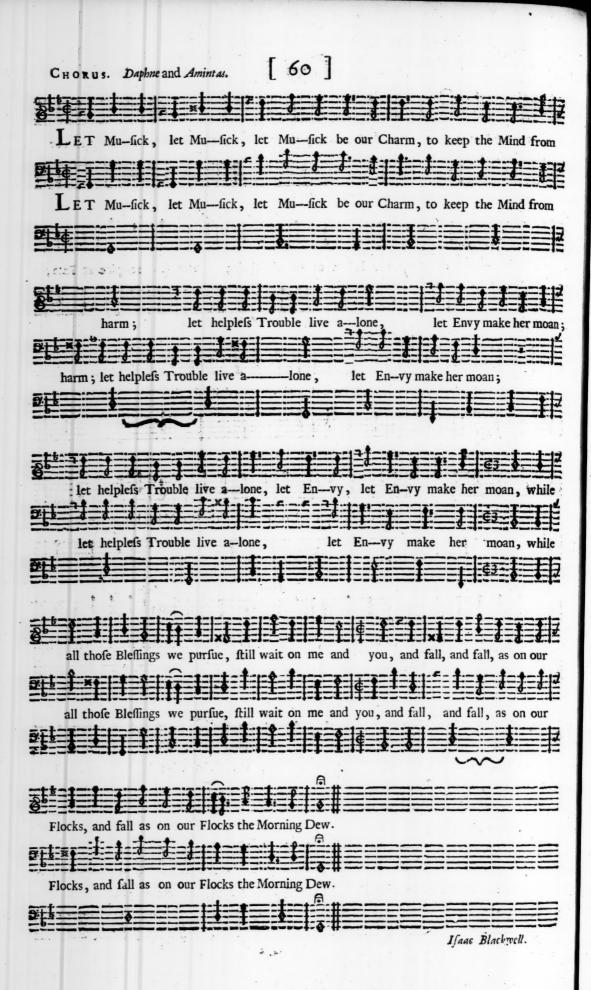


me-rit-less as wise, enjoy the Prize, and Fate her E-qui-ty denies.

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Fortune a Cheat un-

[59] to our Hopes, is fent to steal a-way the Blesling of Content, de-pen-ding on our 1. 1. 1. 1. Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de-spair; But few re-pine at Fate, Daph. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that feem far happier than who happy are. thee, more Troubles undergo, in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we. Amin. Daph. Then to be hap-py, is to be content, 'Twas fo by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled. Daph. No, it must not be, I'le charm a-way thy Grief with Har-mo-ny, all Trouble must be banish'd hence: Then Daphney try thy In-flu-ence.





II.

There the Winds shall in Consort blow, And murmer on the Leaves a Bass, Whilst the glad Druids in Dance below, Singing shall fanctifie the place: There each hollow Tree
An Organ-Pipe shall be,
And from their Womb
Such founds shall come,
As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be
Enchanted with our softer Harmony.

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Tho. Tudway.

II.

Though a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but Deceit,
None were ever constant yet.

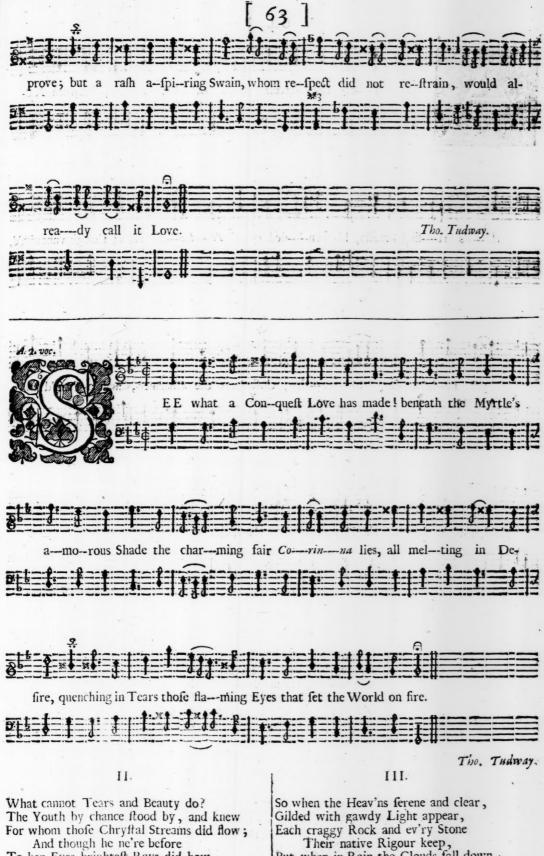
III.

Wifely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.



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To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow, Weeps to, and does Adore.

Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep,
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down, The hardest Marbles weep.



II.

When with a figh the fair Panthea faid,
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The bravest Warriours soonest fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

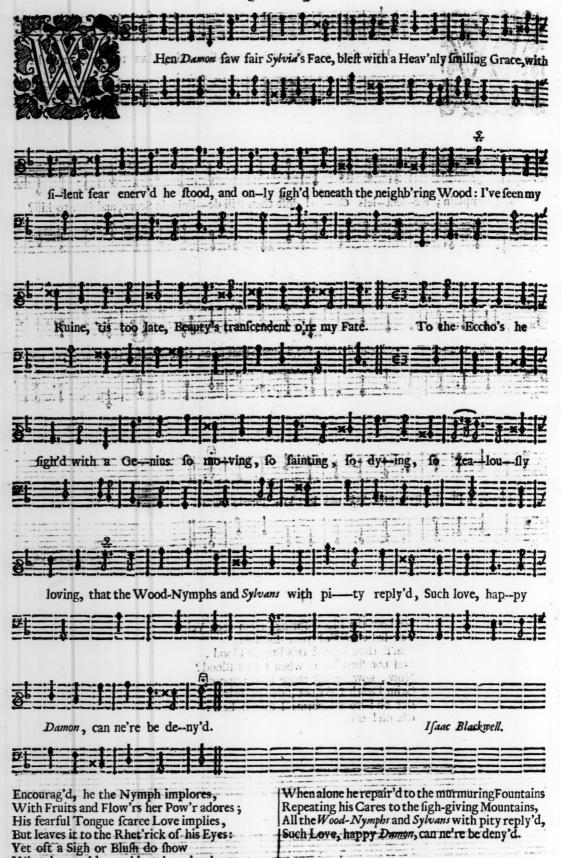
III.

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War,
Nor ceases 'till the noble Prize he bore;
Ev'n her such wond rous Courage did surprise,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.

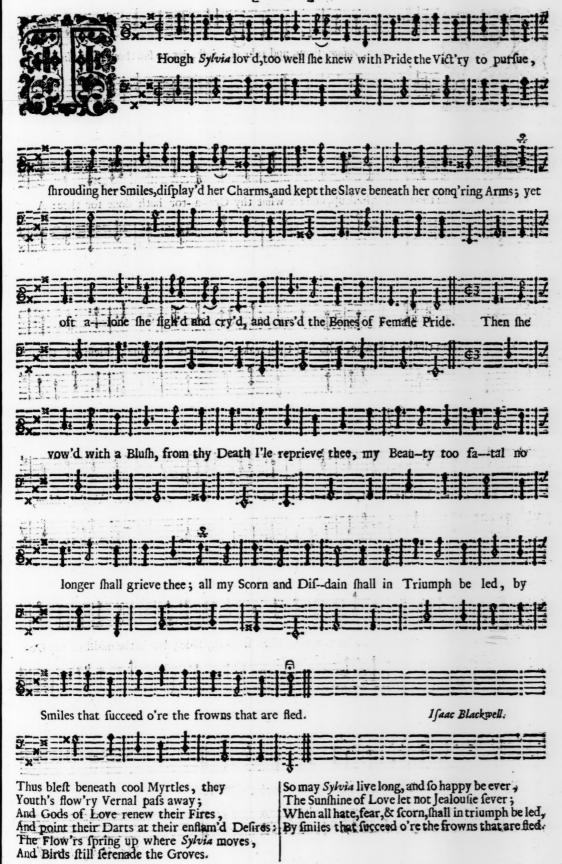


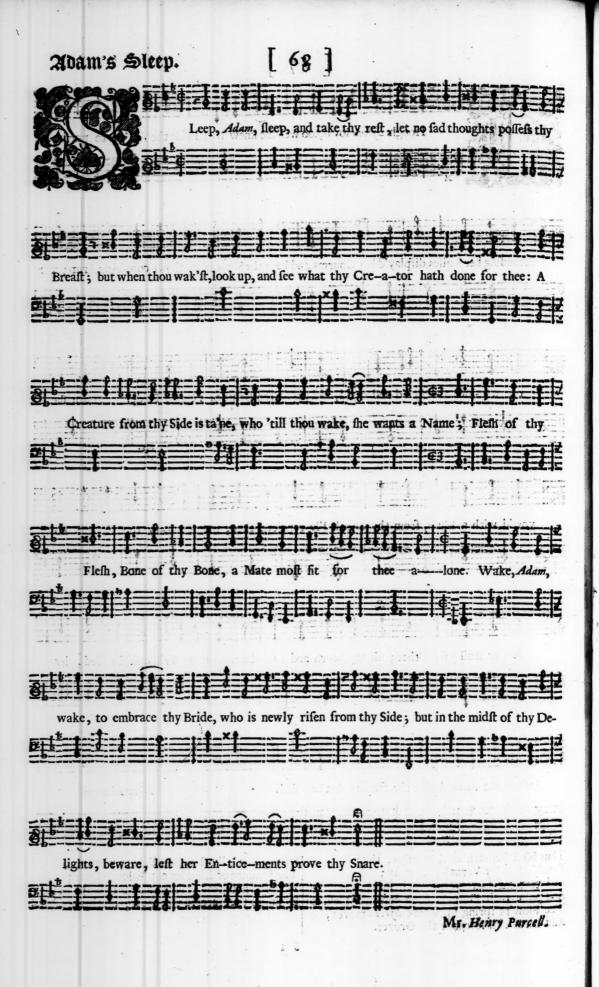
See how the Blood springs from each Yein;
The sad effects of your Disdain;
Can'st thou behold this Purple Flood,
And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?
Now, now at last more kind appear,
Grim Death I do not, do not fear;
But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
But oh! &c.

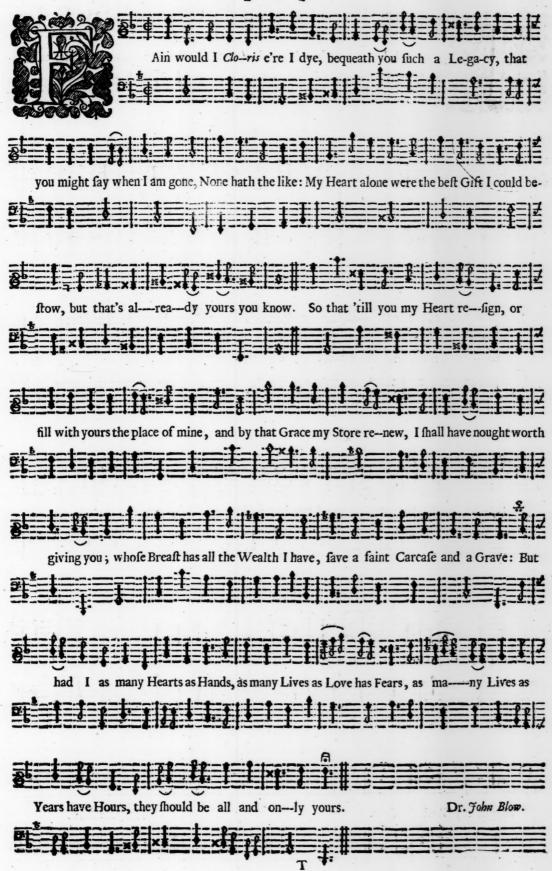
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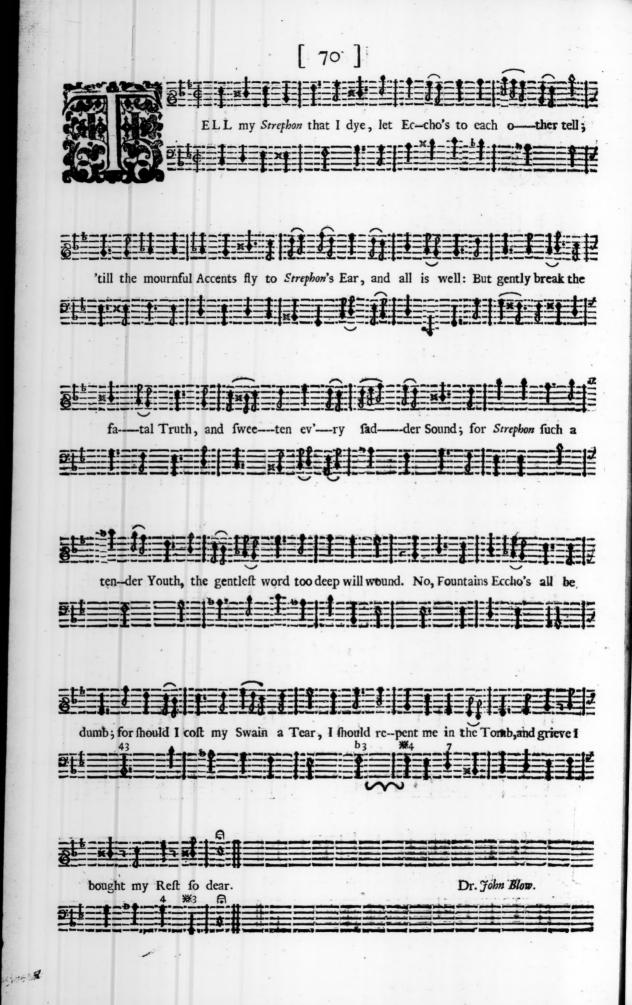


What he would, would not have her know.

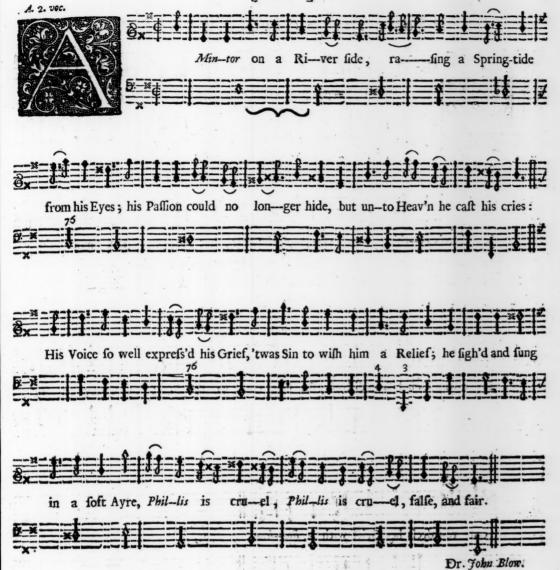












Eccho confined to a Grove,
Being unable to return,
These fatal words, in hopeless Love,
I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part.

I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part,
Whilst Sighs kept fost Time in his Heart;
He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, false, and fair.

441.

Whilst in this Agony he lay,
A Tear did steal from either Eye,
Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
Animor waited but to dye.
Whilst Death sate heavy on his Eyes,
And he look'd like Love's facrisice;
He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, salle, and fair:

A SONG upon the Court-Game BASSET.

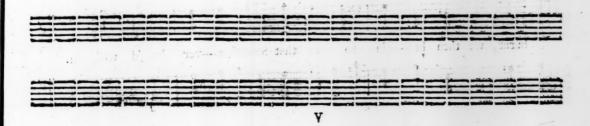


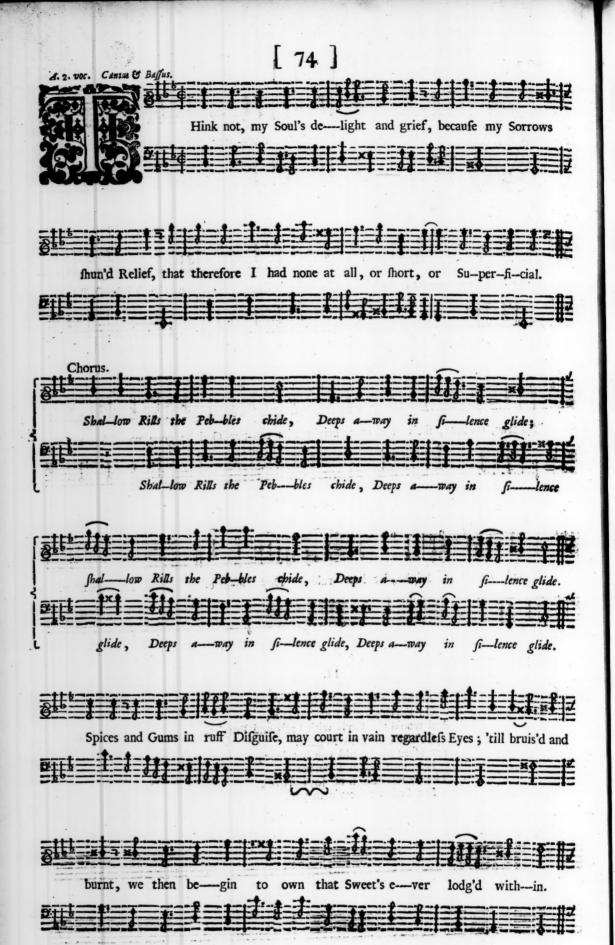
By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and fold;
And that which should be a free Trade,
Is all engros'd by Gold:
Ev'n Sence is brought into difgrace,
Where Company is met;
It silent stands, or leaves the place,
While all the Talk's Basset.



H.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain',
And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
Celestial Crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue
The endless fearch of Joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.





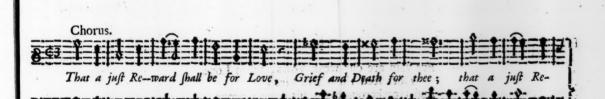
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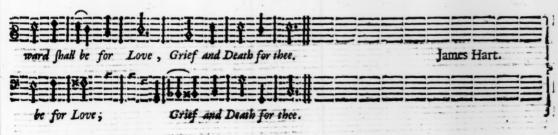
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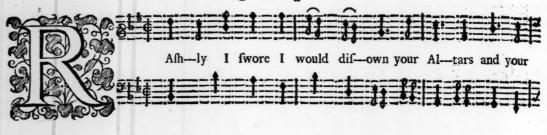


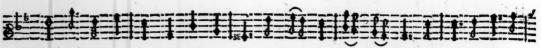


That a just Reward shall be for Love, for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

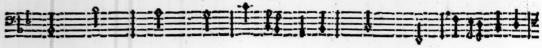


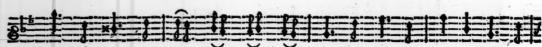






Pow'r; all your vain Idols Love thrown down, and ne-ver Worship more: As much resolv'd I



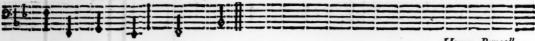


would for-get Lu-cin-da's guil-ded Charms; her Shape, her Beauty, and her





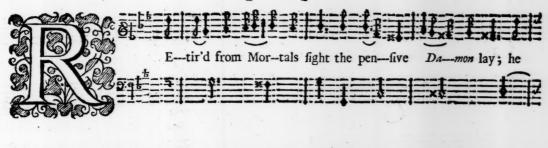
Wit, which tempt me to her Arms.

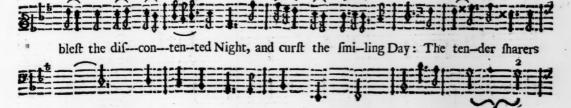


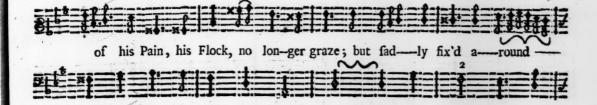
Henry Purcell.

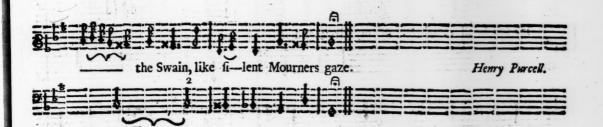
II.

But vain are our weak Vows, when Love
Does feed the active Fire;
And treacherous Sighs his Agents prove,
To make it blaze the higher:
In vain Prefervatives are us'd
To any other part,
When the Infection has diffus'd
Its felf unto the Heart.









II.

He heard the Musick of the Wood,
And with a sigh, reply'd;
He saw the Fish sport in the Flood,
And wept a deeper Tide:
In vain the Summer's Bloom came on,
For still the drooping Swain
Like Antumn Winds was heard to groan,
Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

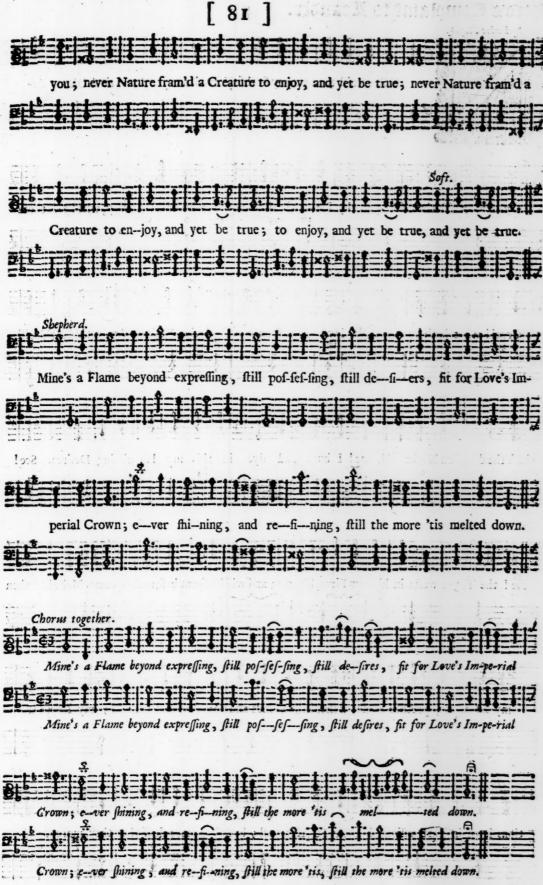
Some Ease (said he) fome Respit give;
Why, mighty Pow'rs! ah! why
Am I too much distrest to live,
And yet forbid to dye!
Such Accents from the Shepherd slew,
Whilst on the Ground he lay;
At last so deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.











Capt. Packs

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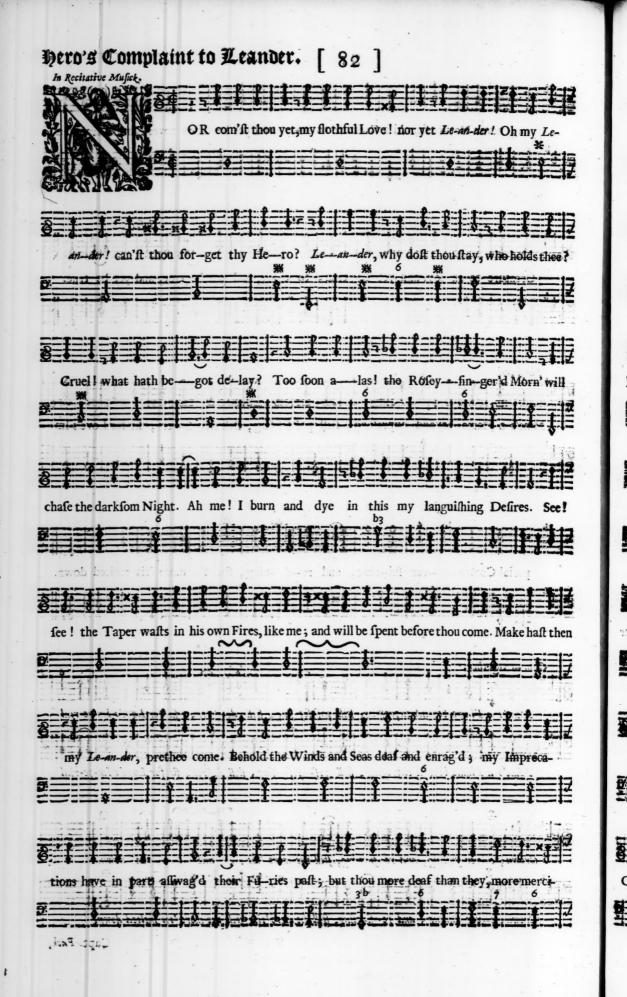
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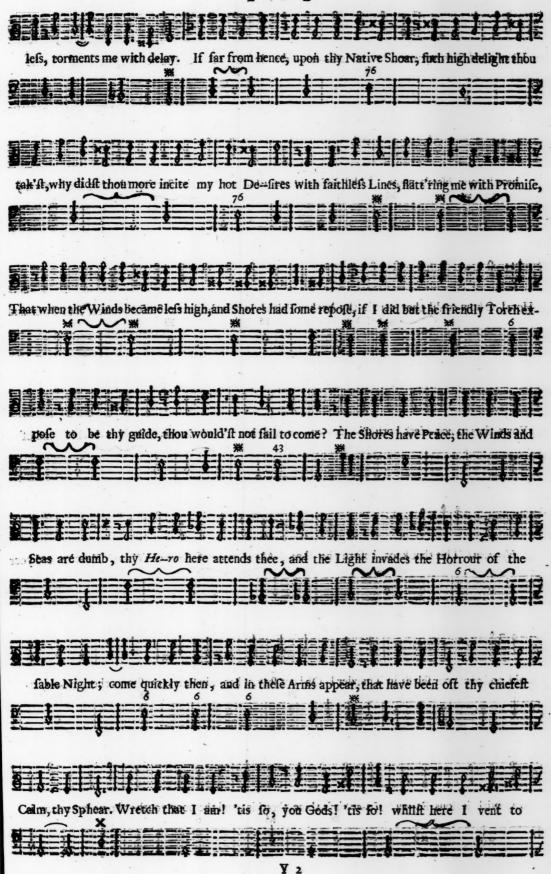
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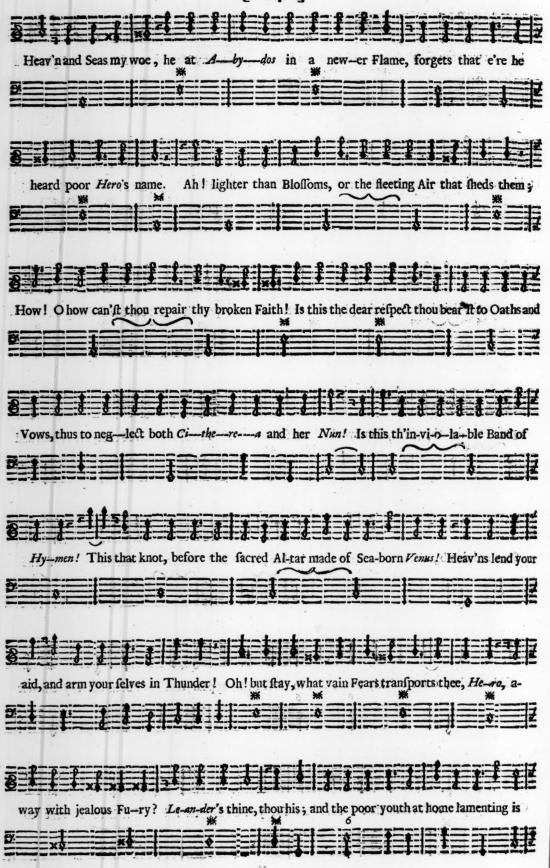
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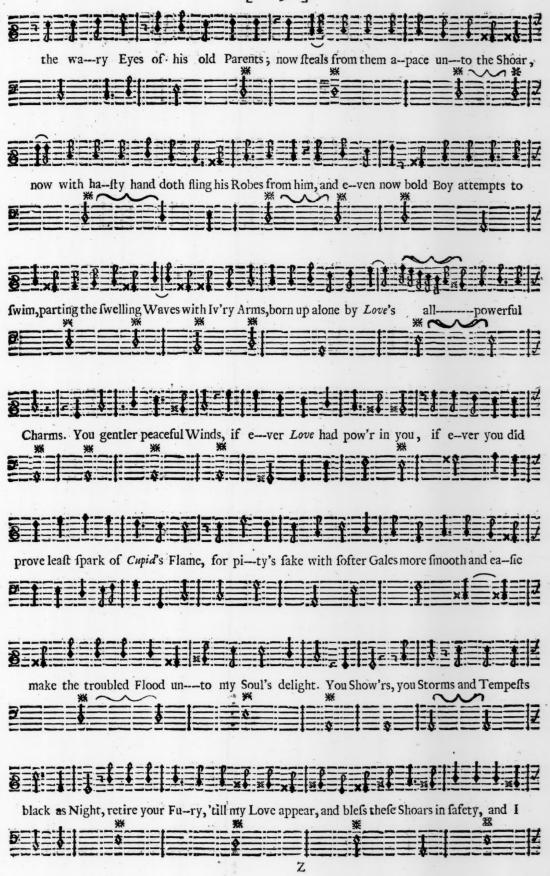
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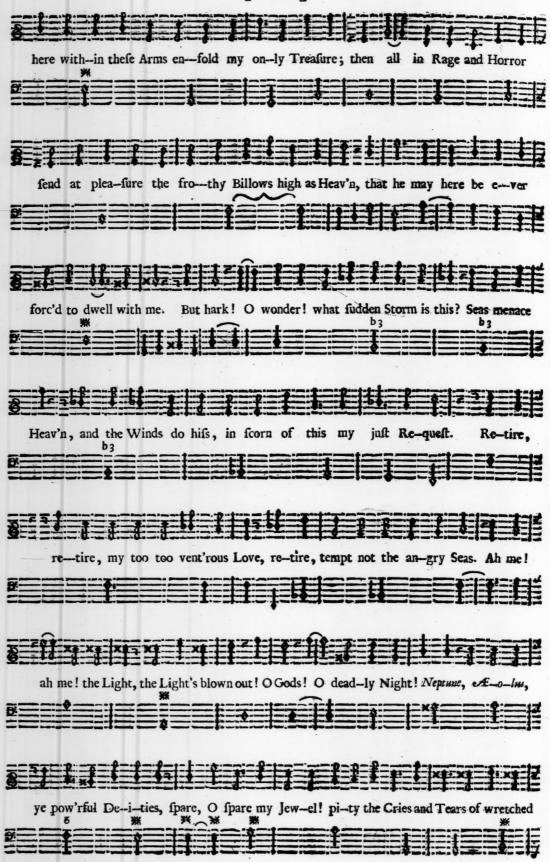
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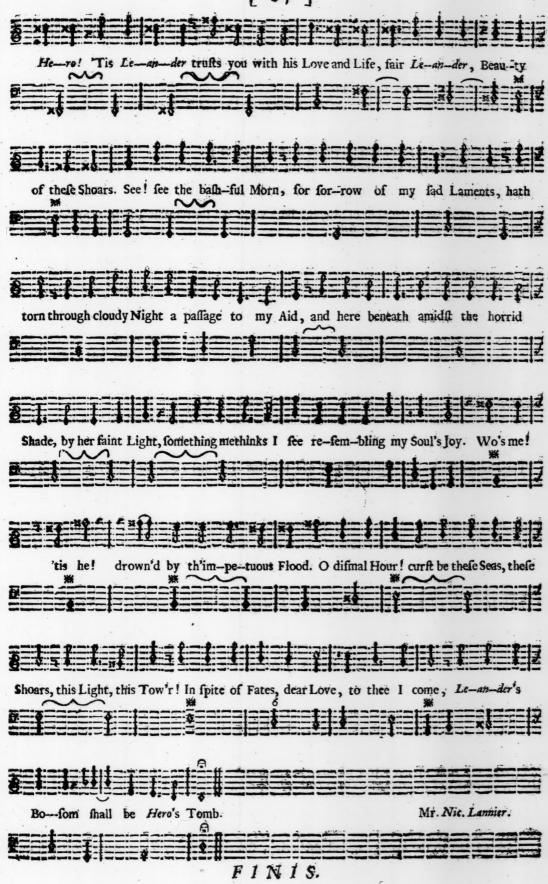








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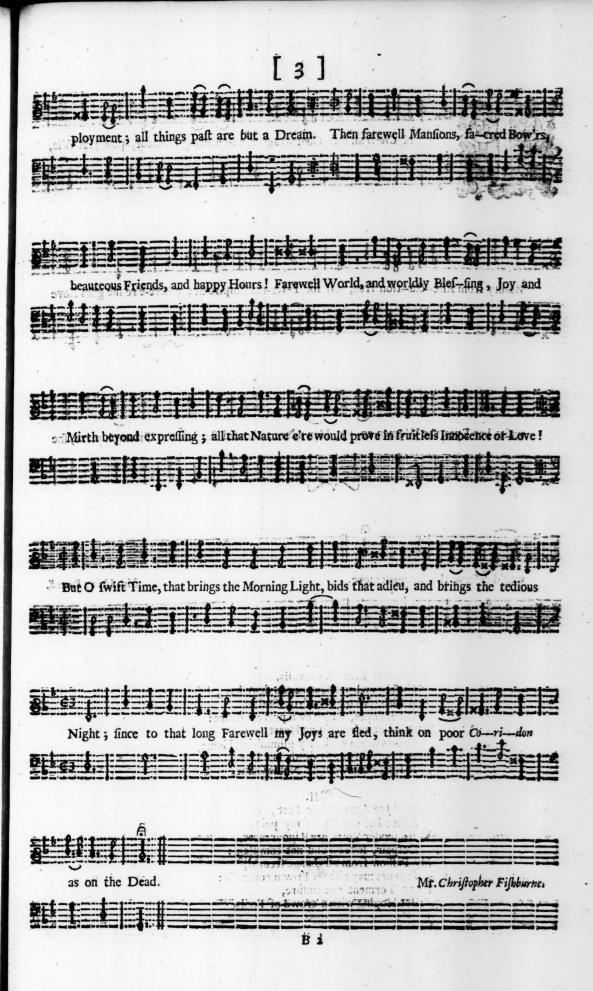
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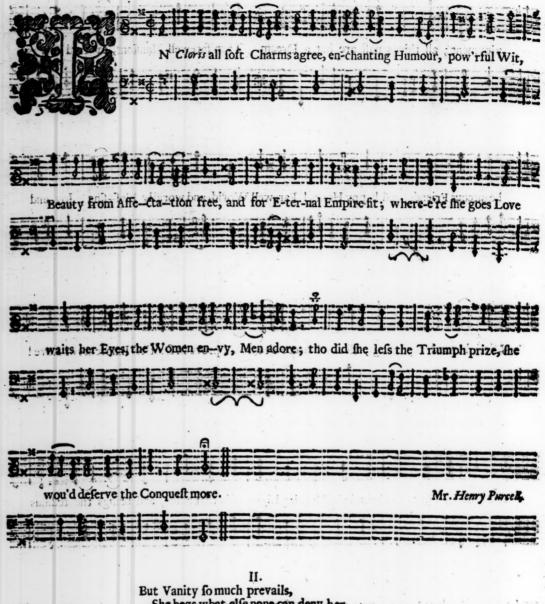
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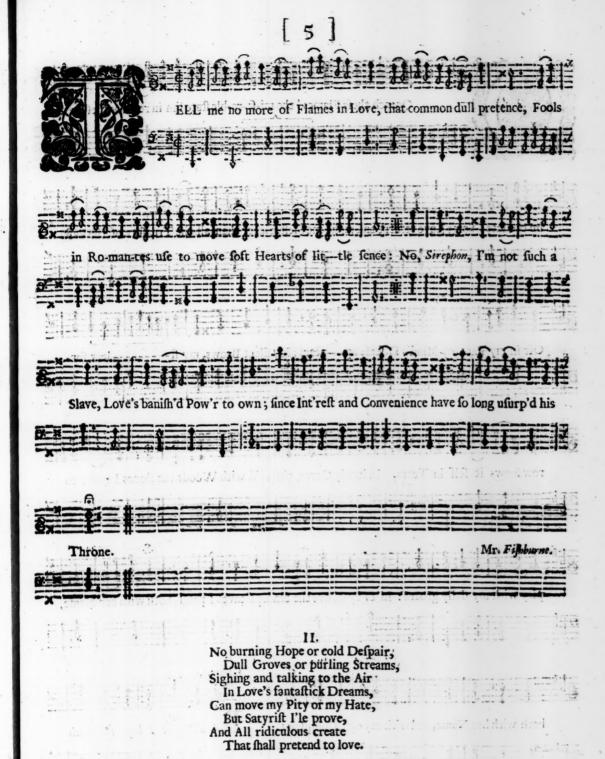




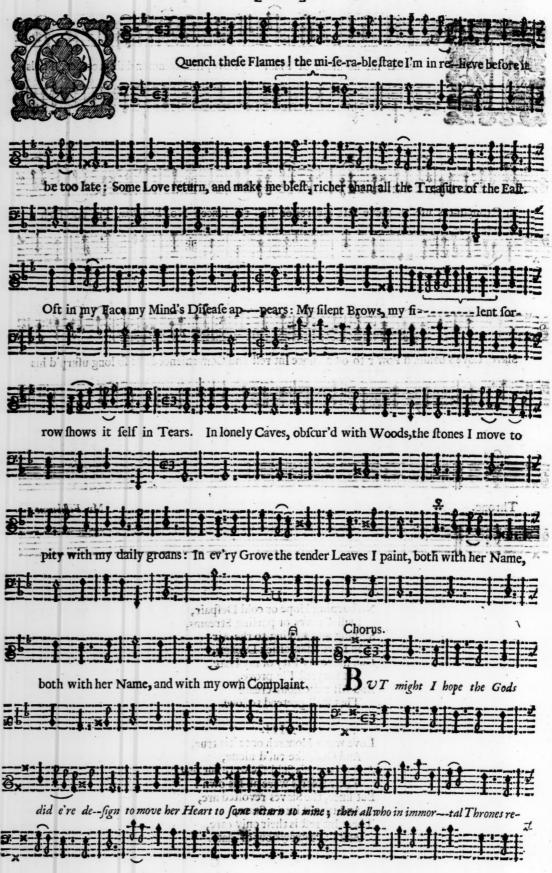


But Vanity fo much prevails,
She begs what elfe none can deny her,
And with inviting trech'rous Smiles
Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent defire:
Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
Grows warm with ev'y glimm'ring Flame,
And common Prey fo deads her Dart,
It scarce can wound a Noble Game.

III.
I could lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her careless of my pain,
With tender Yows her Rigour meet,
Despair, love on and not complain:
My Passion from all change secur'd,
Favours may rise no Frown controls:
I any Torment can endure,
But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.



Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,
And God-like rul'd alone,
And though his Subjects were but few,
Their Hearts were all his own:
But fince, the Slaves revolted are,
And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'reft is their only care,
And Love grows out of date.



<u>ā</u>

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My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep;
But though from Wolves my Sheep I kept;
None could my Heart from Love protect.
But though, &c.

There is not one upon these Plains.

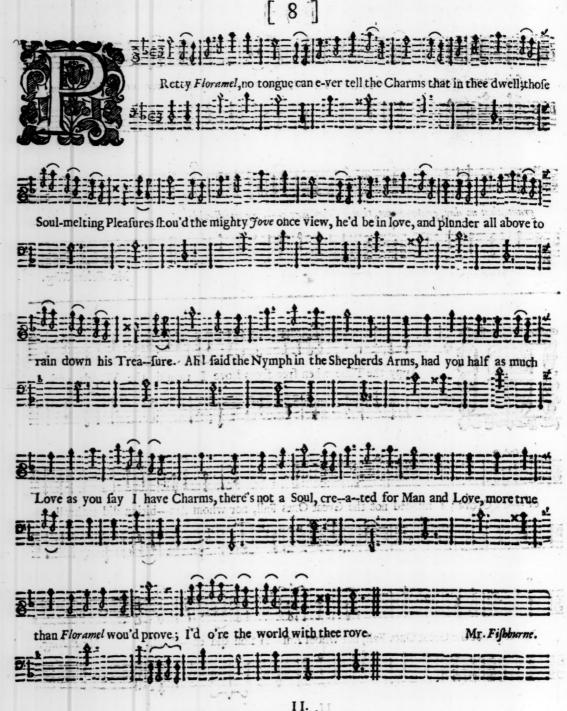
That loves like me of all the Swains:

But I have learn'd now to my cost,

That who loves best mast fuster most.

But I have, &c.

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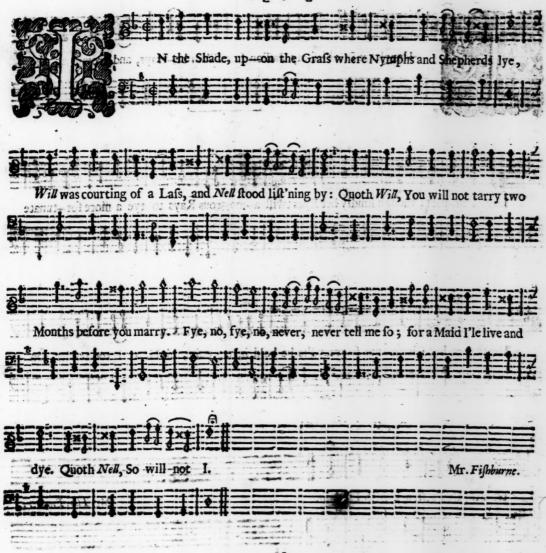


Love that's truly free had never Jealousie,
But artful Love may be
Both doubtful and wooing.

Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne're doubt, for you may guess
My Heart will prove no less
Than ever endless loving.

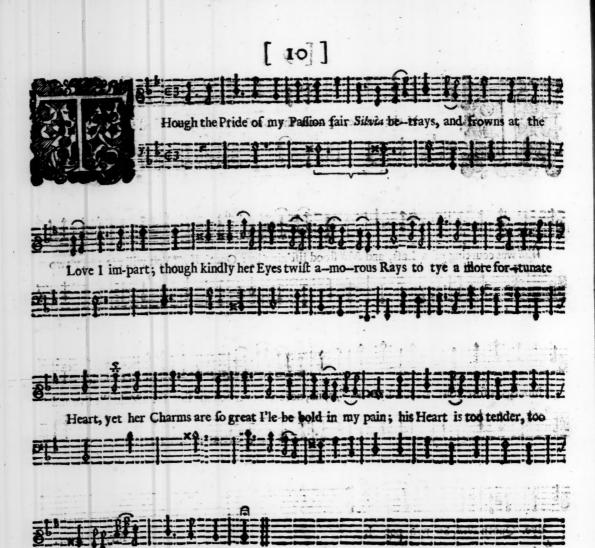
Then, cryes the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,
And I, like the kind Earth, will produce all to thee,
Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'le Off'rings pay
To my Saint. Nay then pray
Take not those dear Eyes away.





Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kiffes mixt between,
With a Songhe charm'd her Ears
How Minds have alter'd been;
Finding his Love grown ftronger,
For fear of ftaying longer,
Cry'd, Good now, pray now,
If you love me let me go,
For fear you change my Mind,
And leave my Heart behind.





Still my Heart is so just so my passionate Eyes,
It disloves with delight while I gaze:
And he that loves on, though Silvia denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys.
I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

ten-der, that's ftruck with Dain.

Mr. The Farmer.



Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the Godo'th' Vine
Makes ev'ry great Commander.
Let fober Sots Small-bear subdue,
The Wife and Valiant Wine does woe;
The Stagyrite had the honour to
Be drunk with Alexander.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the English King of France;
On to the next, a bon speranze:
By Bacchus and Apollo
Thus in state I lead the Van,
Fall in your place by your right-hand Man:
Beat Drum! now March! Dub a dub, ran dan:
He's a Whige that will not follow.





W ATI.

But our Damon's Soul afpires To a Goddels of his Race, Though he fues with chafter Fires, This his Glories does deface. The fatal News no fooner blown In Whispers up the Chesnut Row, The God Sylvanus with a Frown Blafts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

III.

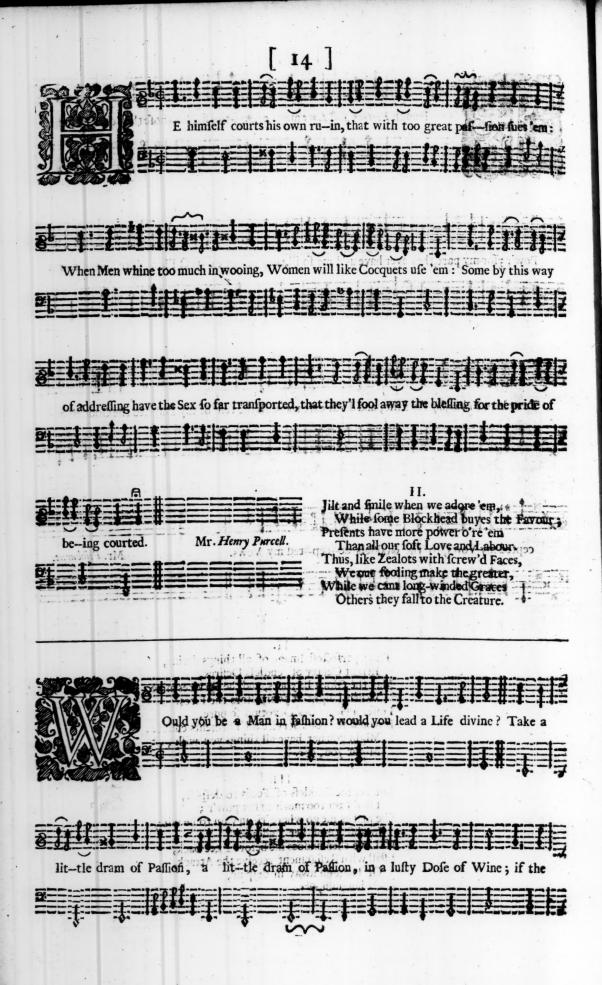
Swains be wife, and check Defire
In its foaring, when you'l woo:
Damon may in Love require
Theftyles and Laura too.
When Shepherds too ambitions are, And court Aftrea on a Throne, Like to the shooting of a Star They fall, and thus their Shining's gone.



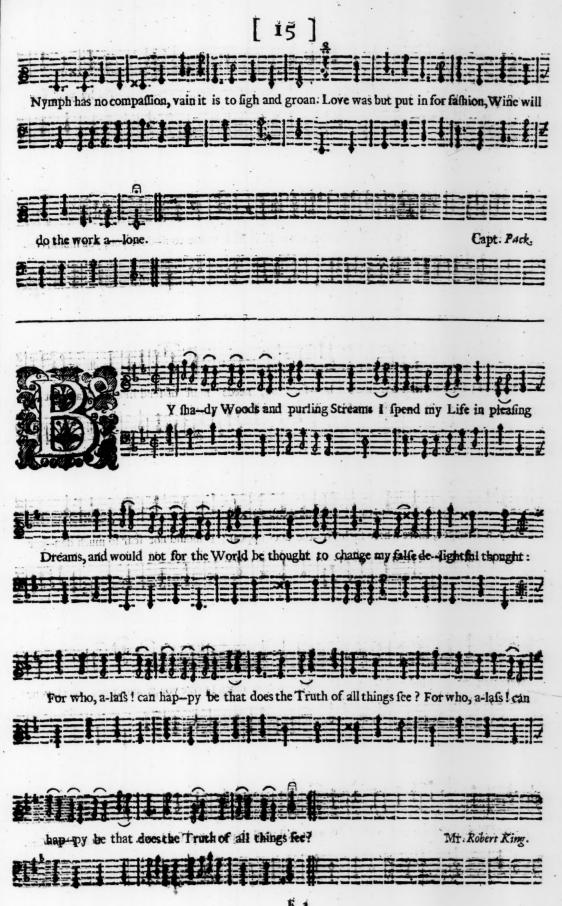
I still with Resignment receive the Attack, Or languish away in despair,

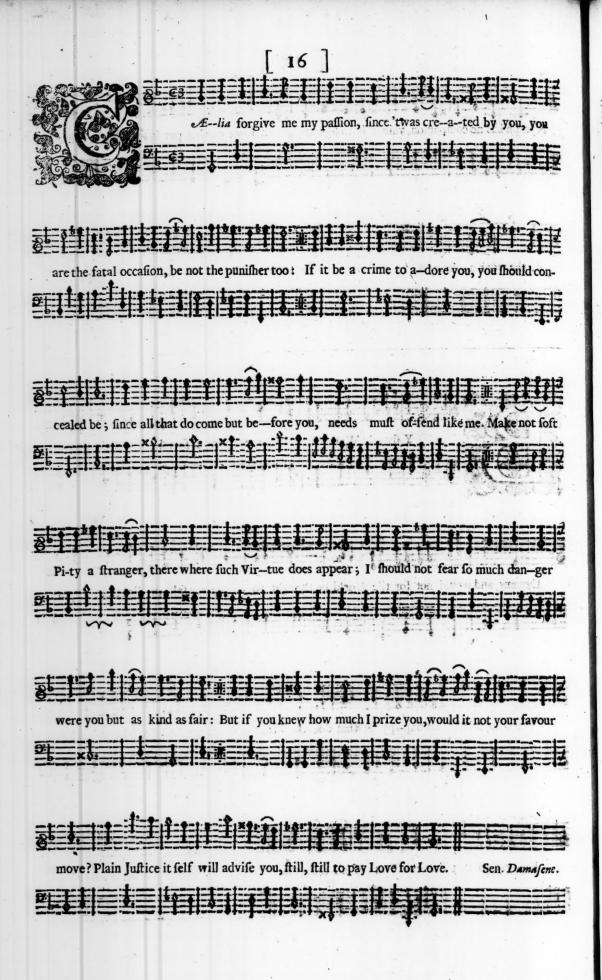
Or languish, &c.

JMI

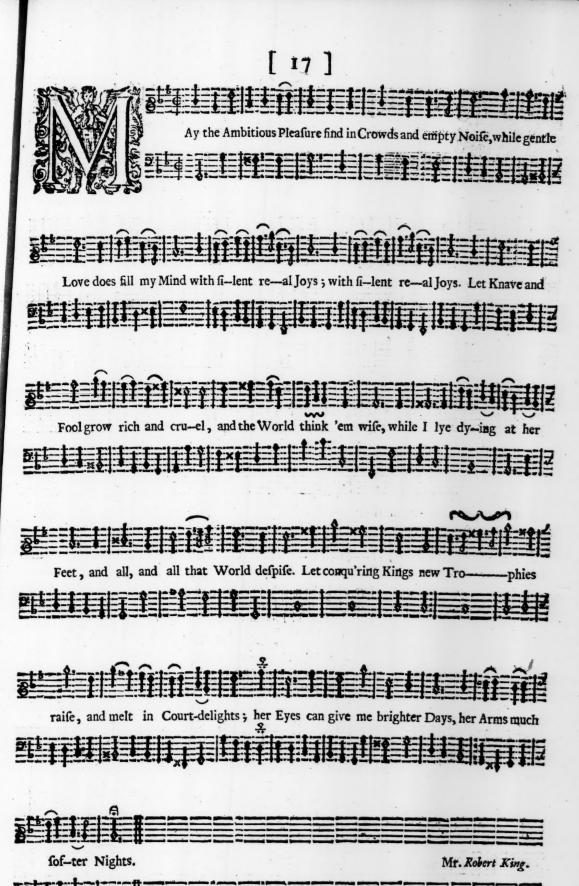


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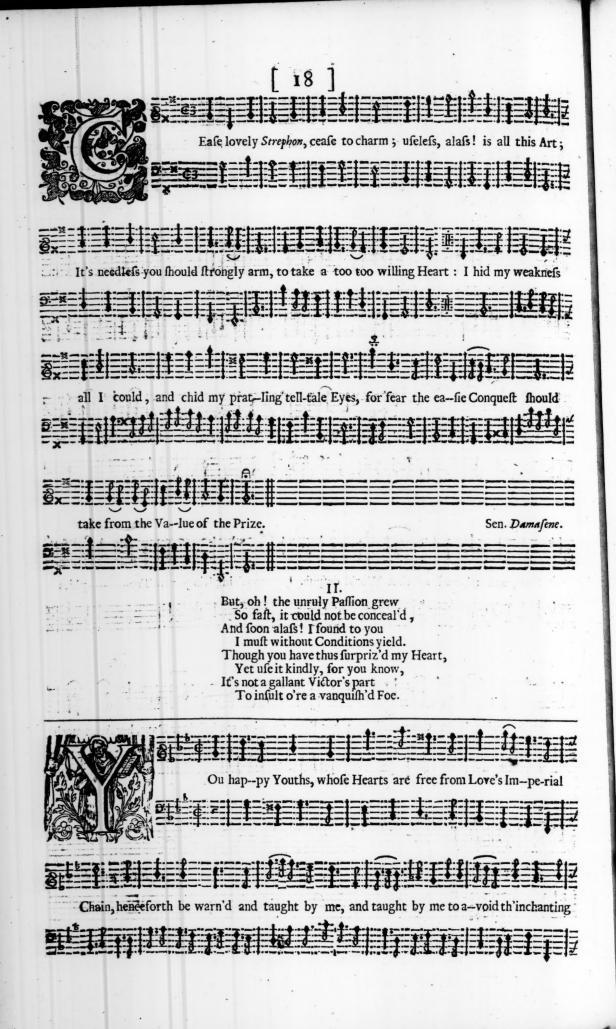
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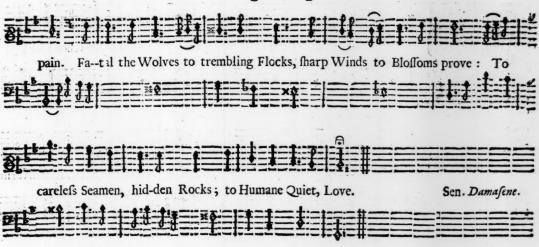


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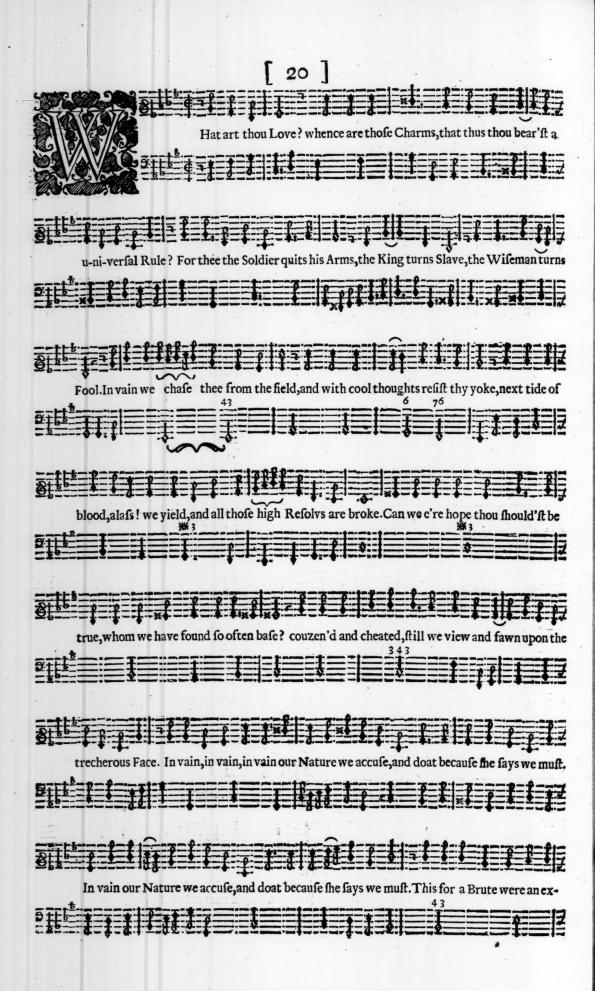




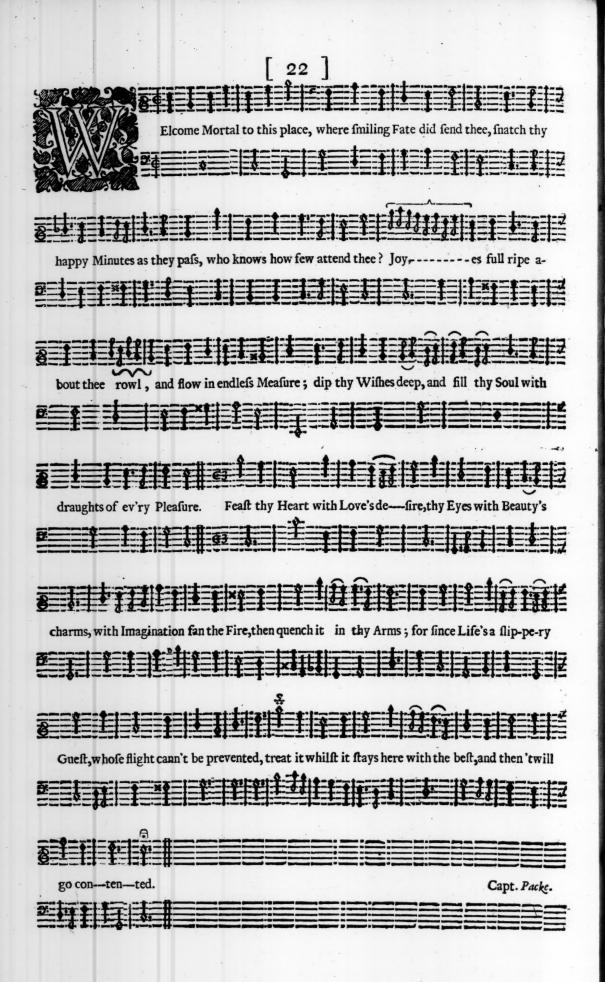
Fly the fair Sex, if Blifs you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That tafted quiet more?
The Kind with reftlefs Jealousse,
The Cruel fill with Care;
With baser Falshood those betray,
These kill us with Despair.



Young Coridon, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move, But smil'd at Cupid's Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love, Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see, With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd his Curiosity.

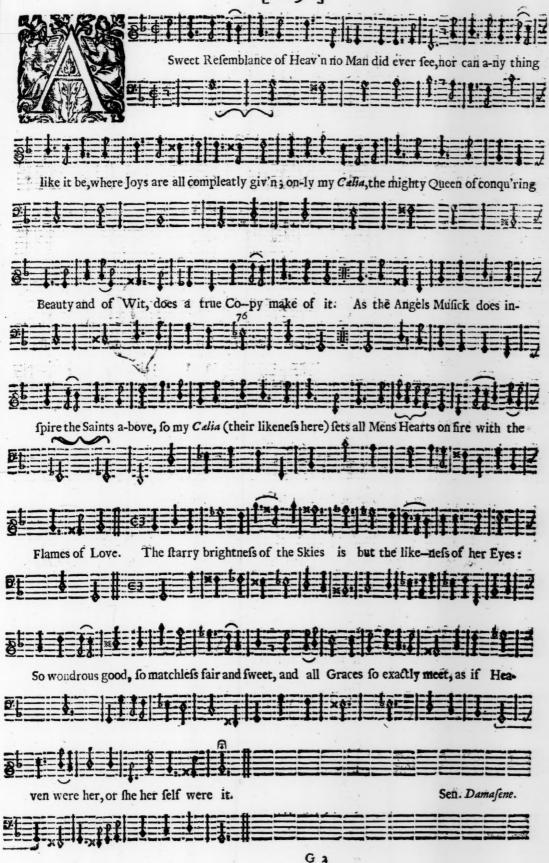


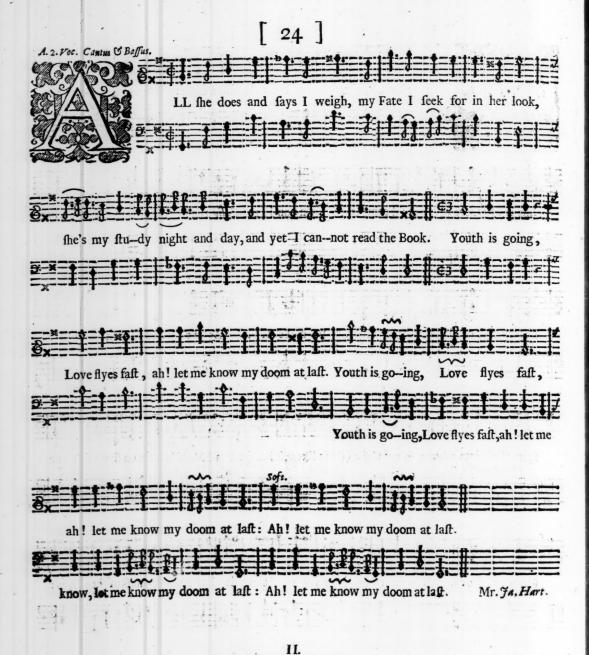




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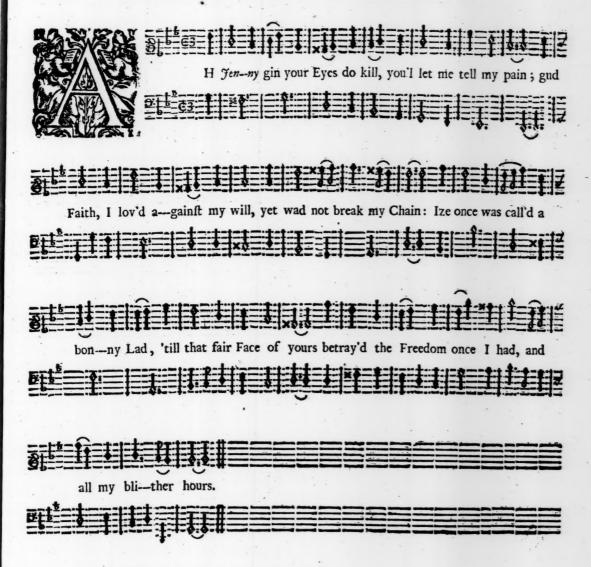




If my Suit cannever thrive,
And my just Charms forgotten lye;
If for you I must not live,
This Hour, this Moment let me dye:
Give more force to your Disdain,
And put the Wretched out of pain.

But if my Despair must end,
And my true Love rewarded be;
If your Heart's my private Friend,
Deny no more your self and me:
Quick to my Embraces run,
Heav'n can never come too soon.

A Song in the CITY HEIRESSES.



II.

And now wey's me, like Winter looks
My faded show'ring Eyn;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.



A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches
To shew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his fide,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

To Pimblico we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We'ave a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Master Wild,

He taught me to beg When I was a Child. And a begging, &c.

VII.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him store of Pelf;
But Jove now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

VIII.
In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

IX.

Of all Occupations,

A Begger lives the best;

For when he is a weary,

He'll lye him down and rest.

And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggers live so well.
And a begging, &c.



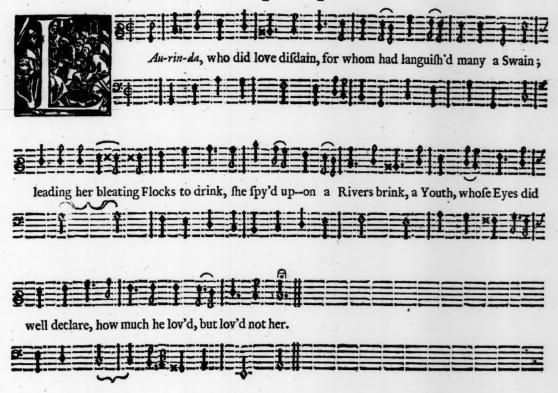
Ah! how many Maids, quoth Jenny,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kifs a body fo as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide fuch foolish doing;
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Fye! is this your way of Wooing!



Nor could Jealousie relieve me, Though it ever waited near; Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me, Still the Monster would appear: That, nor Time, nor Absence neither, Nor Despair removes my Pain; I endure them all together, Yet my Torments still remain. III. Had alone her matchless Beauty Set my amorous Heart on fire, Age at last would do its duty, Fuel ceasing, Flames expire. But her Mind immortal grows, Makes my Love immortal too; Nature ne're created Faces, Can the Charms of Souls undo. And to make my Loss the greater, She laments it as her own; Could the fcorn me, I might hate her, But alas! she shews me none. Then fince Fortune is my Ruine, In Retirement l'le complain;

And in rage for my undoing, Ne're come in its Power again.





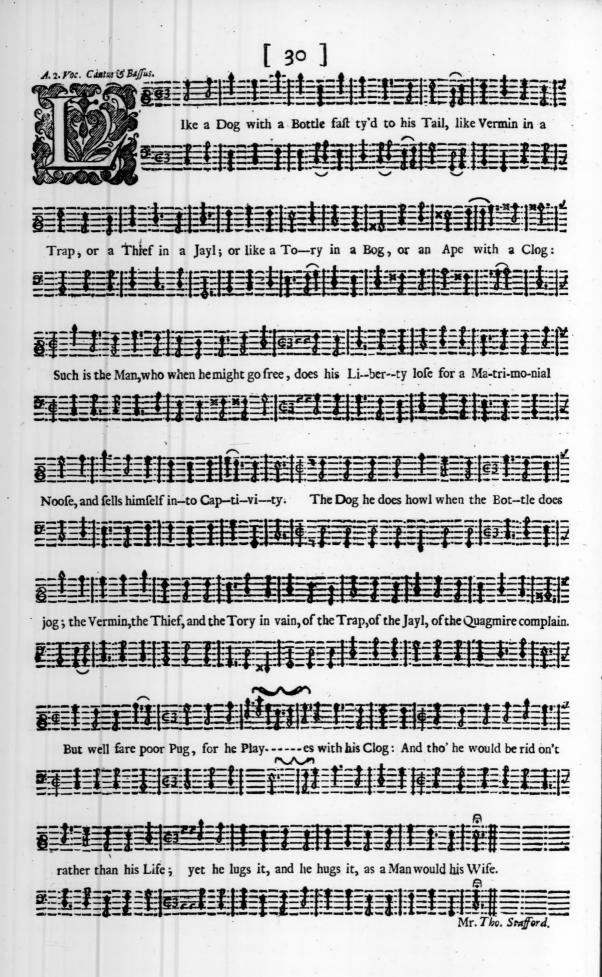
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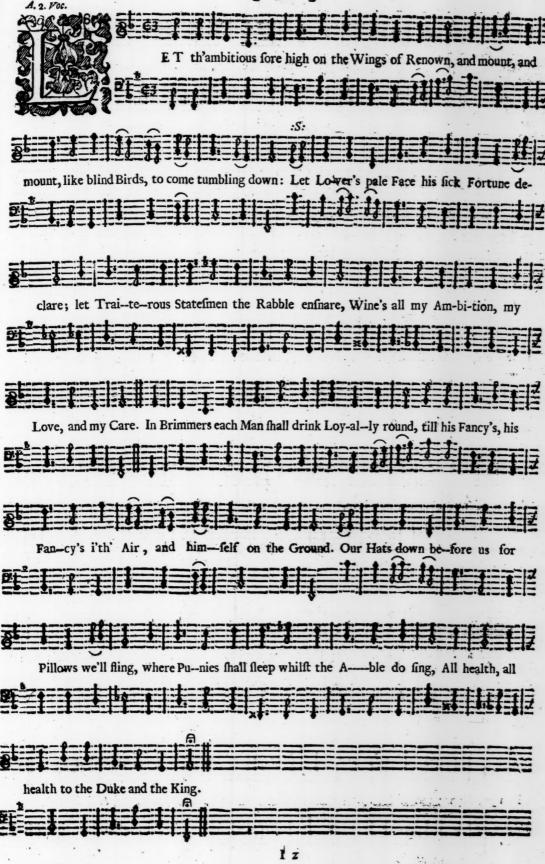
At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while, Which soon it lessen'd to a smile; Thence to surprise and wonder came, Her Breast to heave, her Heart to slame: Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove Thou art a God, most mighty Jove.

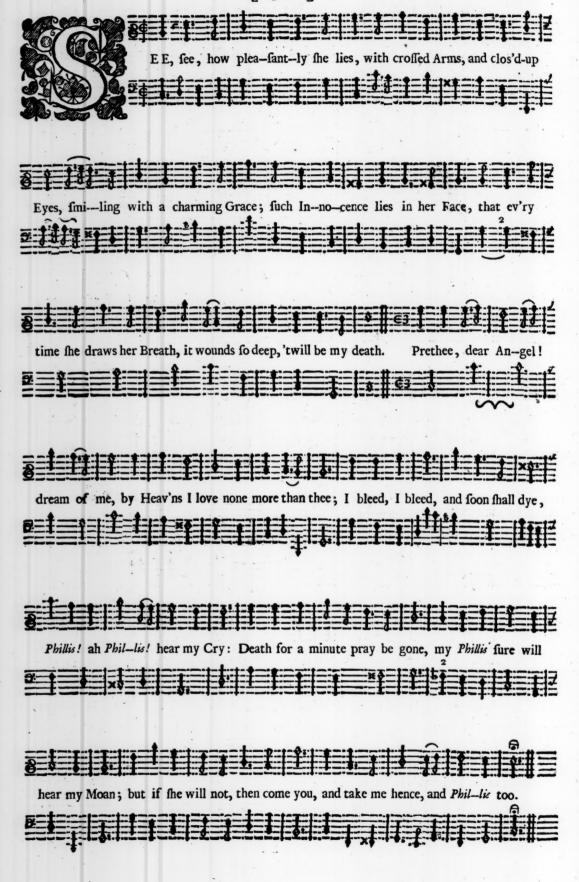
III.

She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd, And bid her first consult her Pride; But soon she found that Aid was gone, For Jove, alas! had left her none: Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late, For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.









A new LOYAL SONG made and composed to Musick, and sung at the great Feast of the Loyal Gentry of the City of Westminster, in Westminster-Hall, Thursday July 19. 1683. ARK how Noll and Bradshaw's heads a-bove us, cry, Come, come, ye Whigs that love us; come ye faith-ful Sons, fall down, and a-dore ye your Fathers, whose Glory was to kill Kings before ye. From Treason and Plots let your grave heads adjourn, and our glo-ri-ous Pi-na-cle adorn. What tho' the Scaffolds all are down here, to entertain the friends of the Crown here. We whose lives and whose fortunes great Charles will maintain; for Monarchy Haters, damn'd Affo-ci-a-tors, Whigs, Baftards, and Traitors, wee'l build 'em, wee'l build 'em a-gain. Let the in-fa-mous Cut-throats of Princes be shamm'd all, their black Souls be



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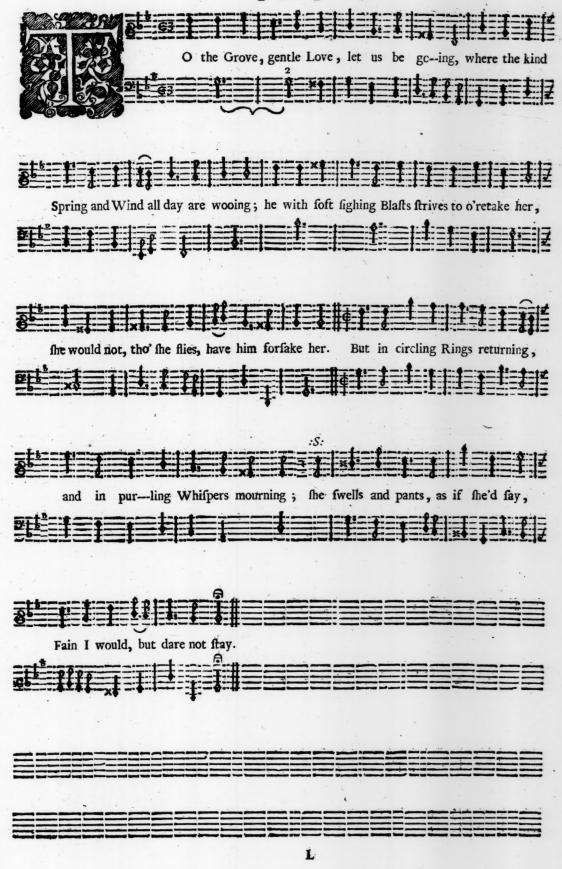
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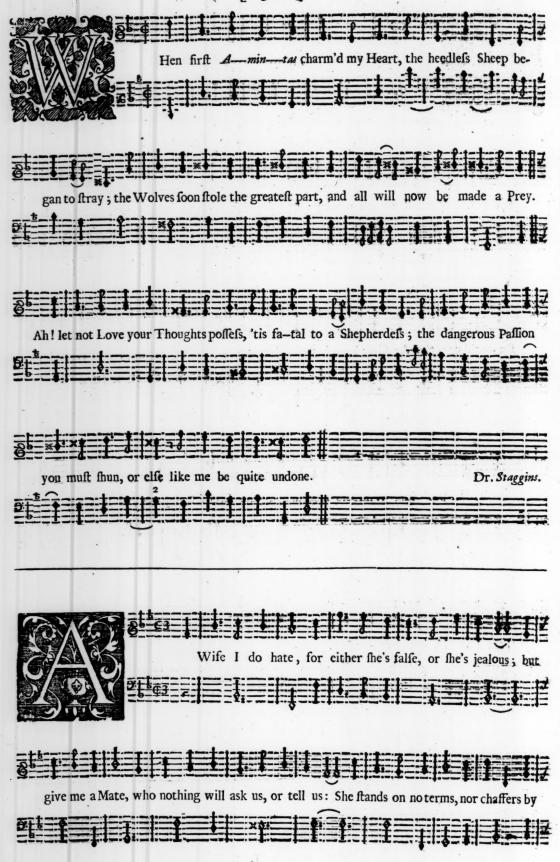
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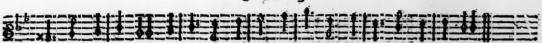
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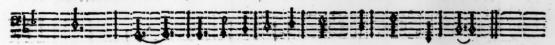








way of Indenture; or loves for the Farms, but takes the kind Man at a ven-ture.

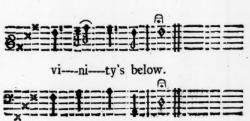


Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

II.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd the next morning.
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats cann't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.





One charming Look from your illustrious Face, Were able to subdue Mankind; So sweet and powerful a Grace, Make all Men lovers, but the Blind: Nor can you Freedom by resistance gain, For each embrace the softer Chain, And never struggle with the pleasant Pain.

L 2





II.

Then Calia no longer referve the vain Pride, Of wronging thy felf, to fee others deny'd; If Love be a pleasure, alas! you will find, We both are not happy, when both are most kind. But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove, And call that thing Lust, which in them is but Love.

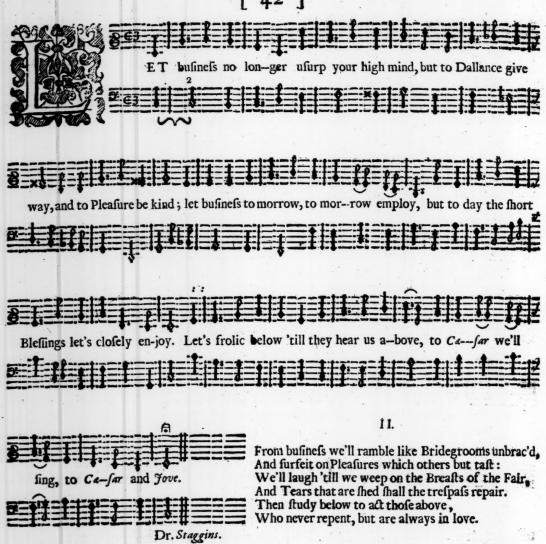
III.

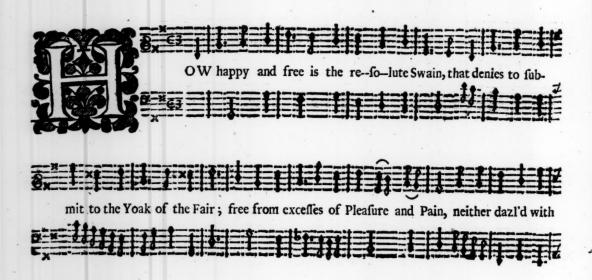
What they through their madness and folly create, We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate; But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief, 'Tis Calia, not Heaven, must give us Relief.' Then away with those Titles of Honour and Cause, Which first made us sin, by first giving us Laws.

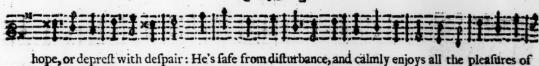


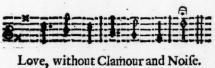






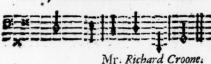




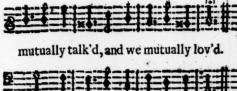


Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevifh, proud, fullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,

For they boyl in their Grief'till themselves they destroy. And thus the poor Darling lyes under a Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'relaid by the Nurse.



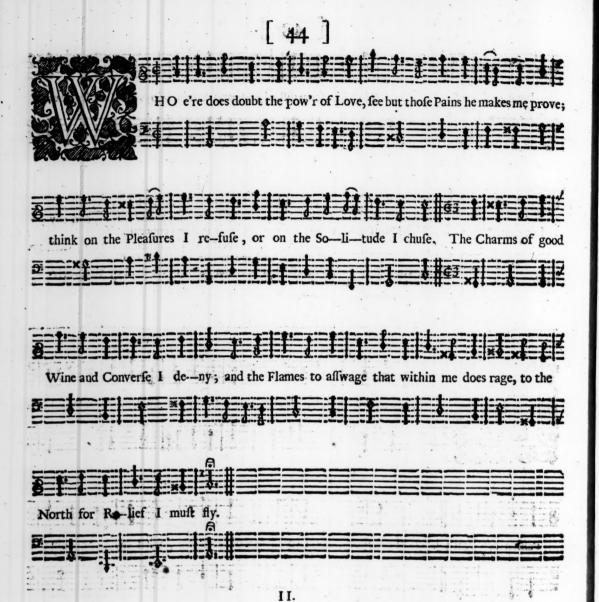




Mr. William Turner

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'reshade its
From Phebu hot Rages, who like Envy had strove;
Had not kind Fate this Provision made us, (Love:
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate,
And above cruel Scorn is our happy Estate.

M 2

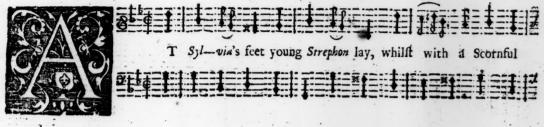


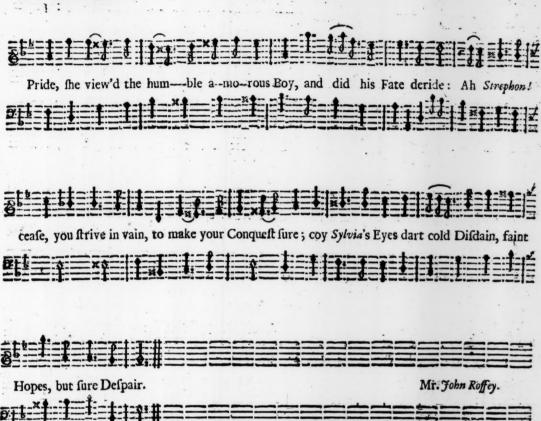
That vigorous Climate shall I find
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy Breast from which I part,
Her never-thawing Icy Heart,
Has still so inur'd me to Cold and Disdain,
That I never shall fear
The Storms that are there,
The North yields not half so much pain.

III.

But fince her Beauty has imprest
Her Image firmly in my Breast,
'Tis vain to leave her, unless I
From my own felf knew how to fly.
Yet fince in the West she her Thousands bath sain,
Her Empire shall be
Enlarged by me,
In the North Doralisa shall Raign.





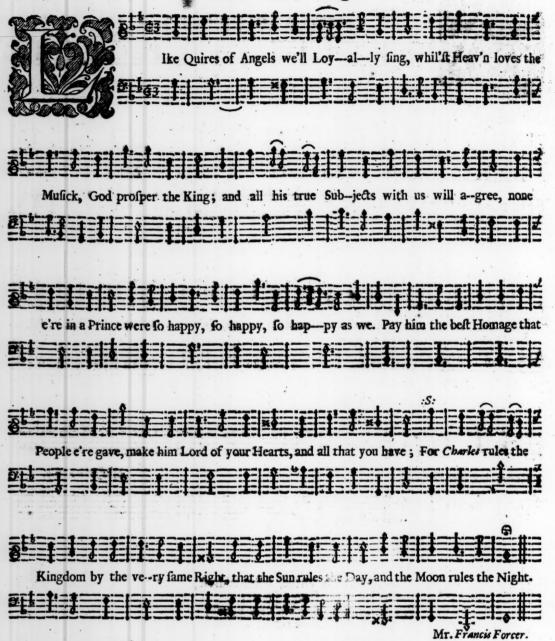


Tears lose their Virtue, when addrest,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on Sylvia's Icy Breast,
To Chrystal strait convert.

Then gentle Strephon feek no more, What thou shalt never find; Thy fruitless Passion give o're, And love a Nymph more kind:

One that shall all thy Joys compleat, And Happiness secure; When both with equal Flame shall meet, Such noble Loves endure. [Sing these four Lines to the latter part of the Tune.]

[46] A LOYAL Song.

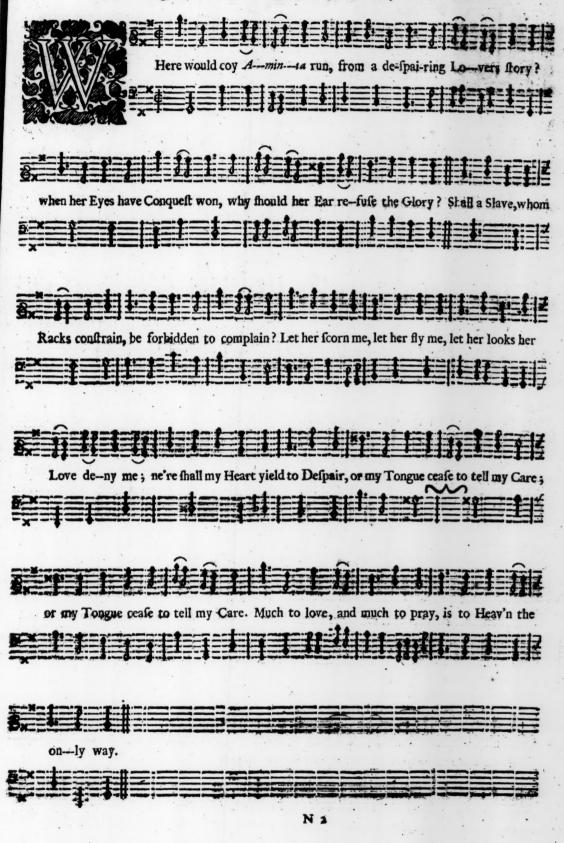


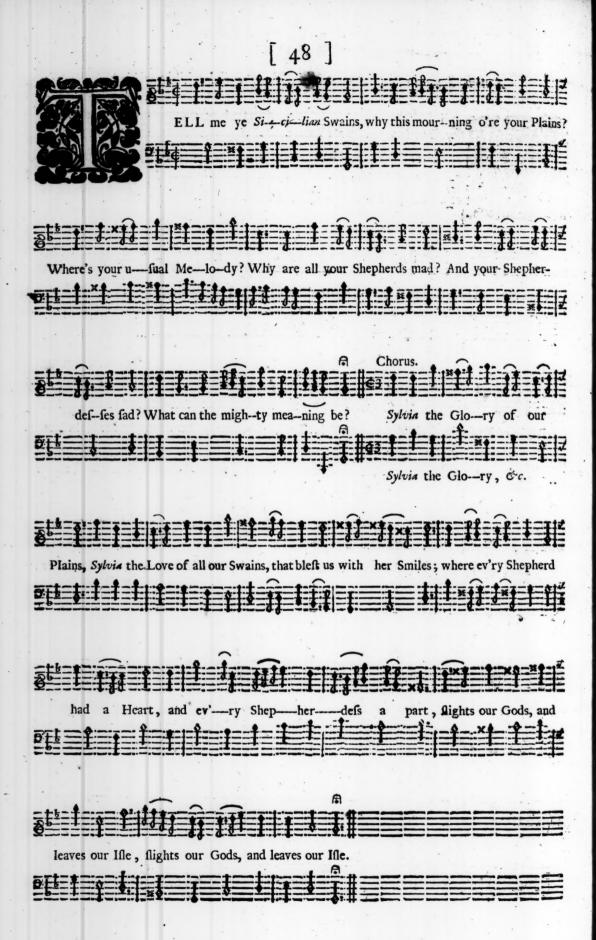
Phanatics be damn'd, who Succession out-face, And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace; With Julian and Plato, and all their Decrees, Who fet up new Princes when ever they please: But long dive the King for to triumph o're these Who thed aws of the Crown or Land do oppose :
And when our great Monarch to Hear a must be gon,
May the rightful Successor then sit on his Throne.

When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forfook, But Charles must for ever the Scepter command,

And the' Whigs in Cabals do daily combine, The Binds of the Air will reveal the defign; And lawful Succession just Heav'n shall secure, As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure. IV.

Bleft are the People, when Heav'n does Espouse The Cause of the King, and establish his House; No Cant of Phanatics, or Commonwealth Zeal, Can ever prevail by a Whiggish Appeal: And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke; Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand; The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown, And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day. And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town: And make his whole Reign a long ThanksgivingA new Song in the late revised Play, calld, Valentinian.







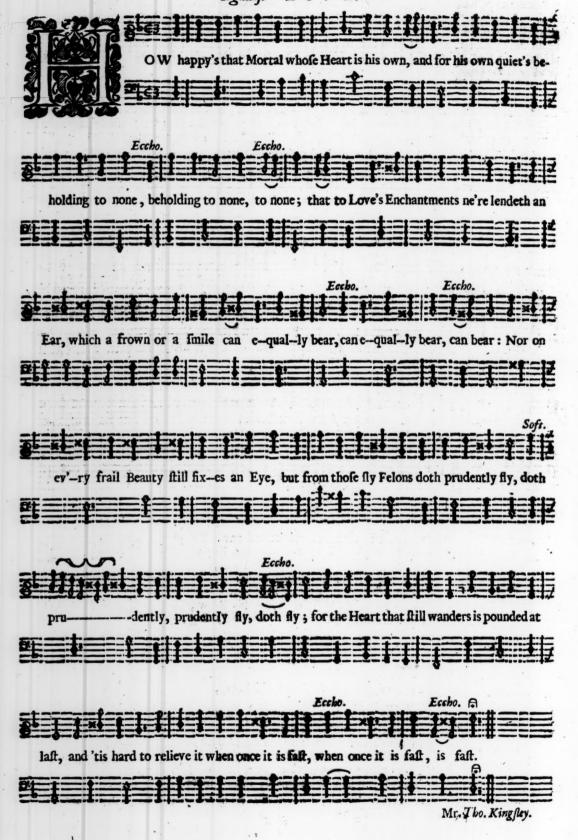
II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and chearing Day;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the loft Youth return again:
Then every pensive Heart that now
With mournful Willow shades his Brow,
Shall crown'd with chearful Garland's sing,
And all shall feem Eternal Spring.

III.

Say, mighty Pan! if you did know, Say all ye rural Gods below, 'Mongst all Youths that grac'd your Plain, So gay, so beautiful a Swain; In whose sweet Air and charming Voyce, Our list'ning Swains did all rejoyce; Him only, O ye Gods! restore, Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

[50] Against LOVE.



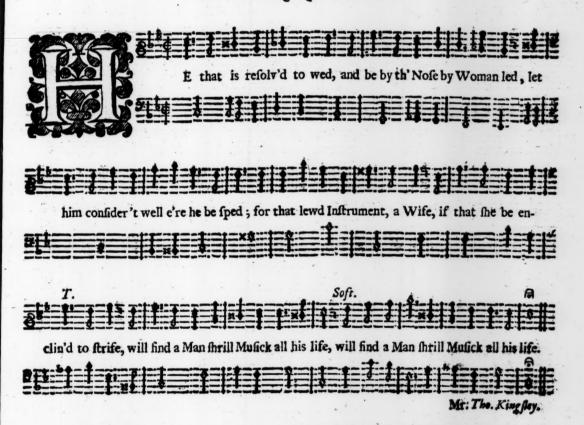
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow stron- Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few : Hedrills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create: But Liberty lost is as hard to regain. Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air, And all the day lingers'twixt Hope and Despair: Like a Fly in the Candle he sports, and he games, 'Till, a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

If Love, fo much talk'd of, a Herely be, Of all it enflaves, few true Converts we see; If hectoring and huffing would once do the feat, There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry compleat: No labour can fave, or relieve't any more.

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer, But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant subdue, (ger; How easie is Freedom once had to maintain;

> This driv'ling and fniv'ling, and chiming in parts, This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts; All pensive and silent in corners to fit, Are pretty fine Pastimes for those that want wit: When this Passion in fashion doth so far abuse 'em, It were good the State should for Pendulums use'em! For if Reason it seise on, and make it give o're,

On MARRIAGE.



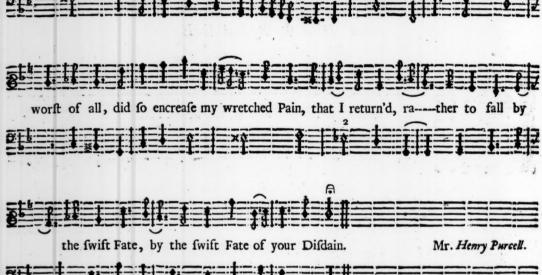
If he approach her when she's vext, Nearer than the Parson does his Text, He's fure to have enough of what comes next; And by our Grammar Rules we fee, Two different Genders can't agree, Nor without Solecisms connected be. : ||:

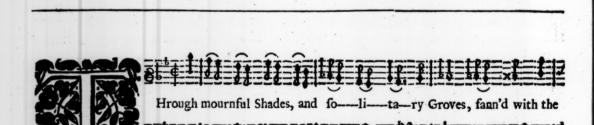
Yet this by none can be denied. That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,

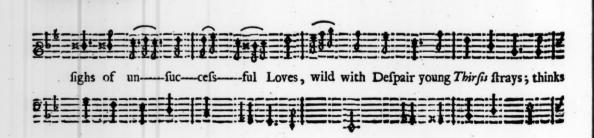
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried! And this convenience Woman brings, That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a fight of's Sins. : ||:

If he by chance offend the leaft. His Pennance shall be well encreast, She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast: And when's Confession he is framing, She will not fail to make's Examen, He has nothing elfe to do, but to fay Amen. :











ÌÍ.

How art thou chang'd, O Thir is! fince the time
That thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her shady Evening Walk she pas'd,
And a bright Day did all around her cast,
Could see (nor be offended at the sight)
The sighing, melting, wishing Swain,
That now must never dare to wish again.

III.

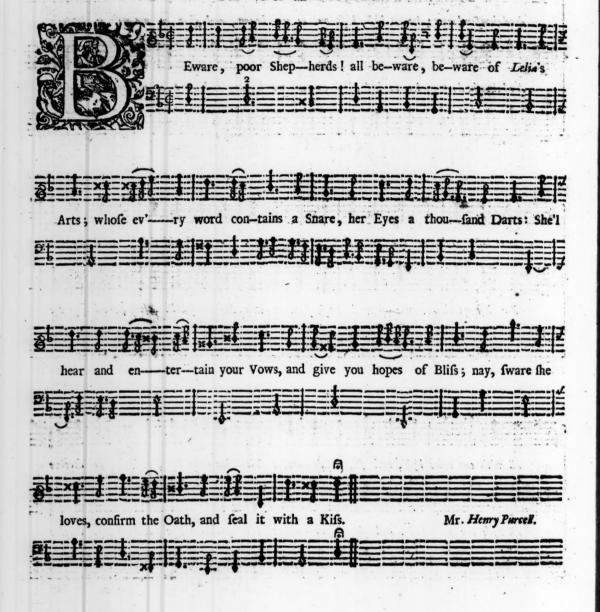
Riches and Titles, why should they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely Amira! could'st thou prize
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes,
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that fighs for thee, and dies?
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.







The CAUTION.

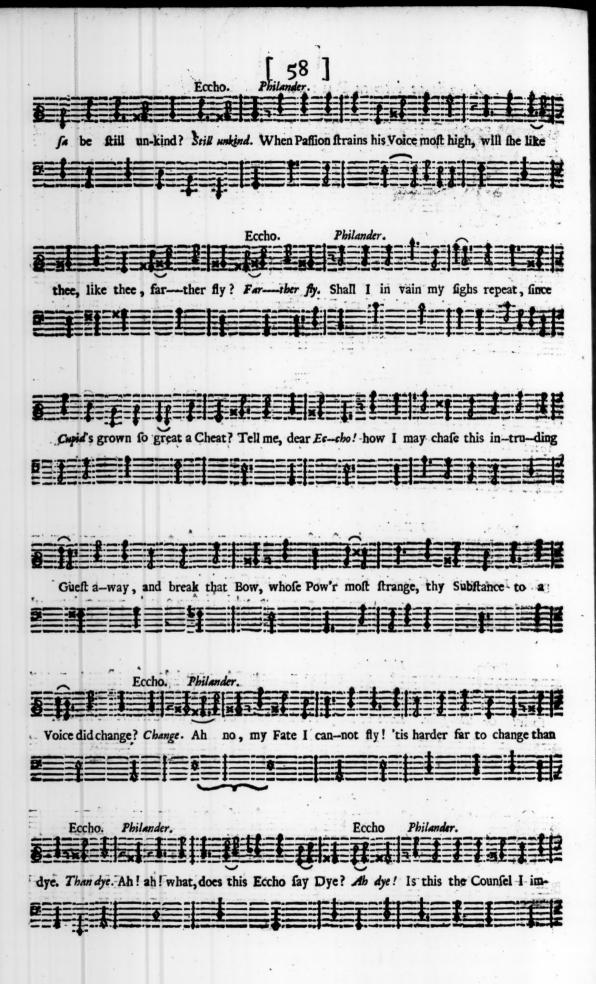


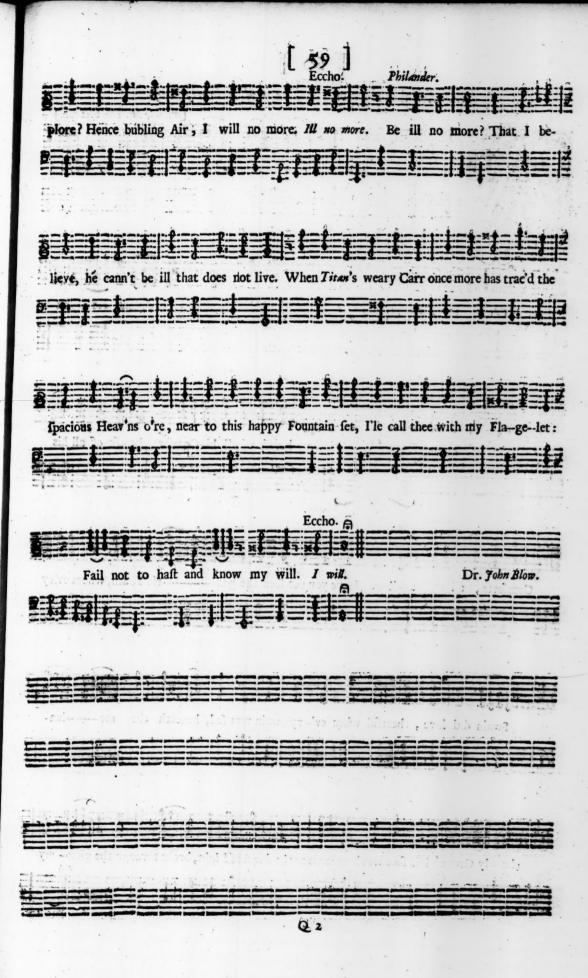
II.

But when the woful circumstance
Proclaims the Conquest sure,
Too late you'l curse the fatal Chance,
Too soon th'effect endure:
I that once thought my self her Care,
Now hopeless must complain;
Learn therefore, learn to shun the Snare,
By thinking on my Pain.

A Dialogue betibeen PHILANDER and the Eccho.

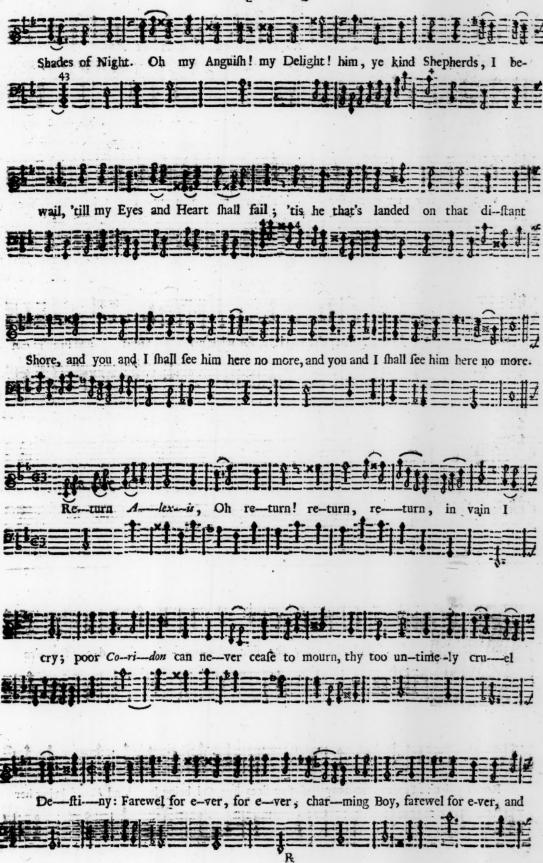


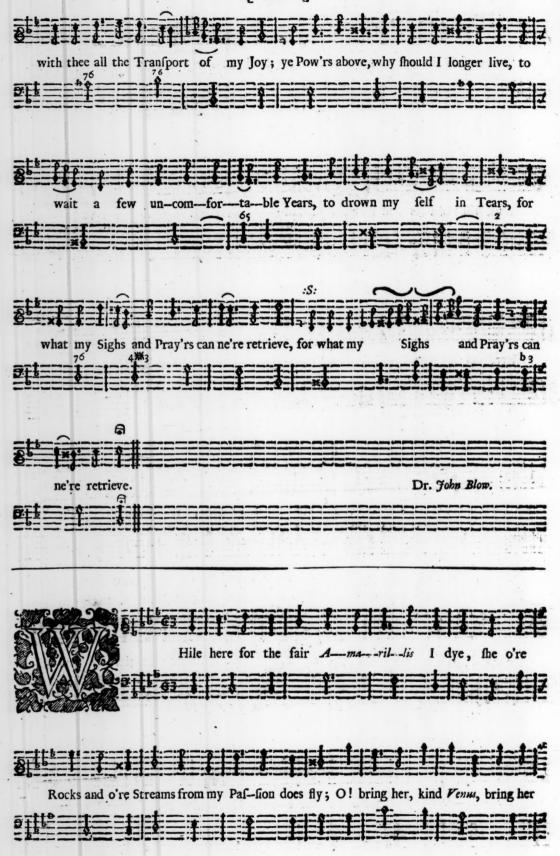


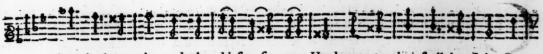


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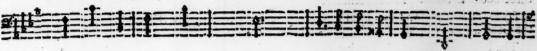


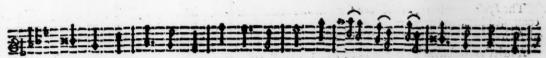






here back a-gain, and the chief of my Herd un-to thee shall be slain: But





if she's appeas'd, if to Love she encline, take all my whole Herd, my lit-tle





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